







TEN YEARS  
IN  
THE UNITED STATES:  
BEING AN  
ENGLISHMAN'S VIEWS OF MEN AND THINGS  
IN THE  
NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY  
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"Why should not the Truth be spoken?"

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## PREFACE.

THE sudden and unexpected Dissolution of the great American Union, accompanied as it is with a fierce war of devastation between men who but yesterday were fellow-citizens, and exulting, as it seemed, beyond all other people, in the Government of their own creation—excites more and more the attention and interest of the British people; and will probably continue to do so, until they satisfactorily understand the immediate causes of these startling convulsions in a great community, apparently so healthy and vigorous.

Never was there a social and political derangement in which almost the whole turn of events so entirely differed from the common expectation. And, perhaps, the most unexpected circumstances are yet to happen before the close of this great Transatlantic drama, of which the first act is now just over.

Two years ago, had the question been debated as to what important national Government would next undergo a great revolution, very few would have named the United States, then so flourishing and powerful, so favoured by

nature, and their people so satisfied with their condition and their institutions—as the world believed.

It is mainly with the hope of explaining the most active and powerful causes of this great revolution, that I offer this volume to the world. Those causes, little known as they were in this country, have long been seen and pointed out by the few who, amidst the universal whirl of life in the United States, took time to reflect upon the tendency of things; but who uttered their warnings in vain, to ears filled with the roar of the passing hour.

A residence of some ten years in the United States, commencing at that memorable epoch of European convulsions, 1848, has afforded me a better opportunity of observing and understanding the people of whom I write—their habits and feelings, their private and public life—than is often enjoyed by those who endeavour to make people better acquainted with their distant brethren.

While observing human nature and studying American politics, I had to work for my living; and I became so far Americanized that I ceased to be regarded or treated as a stranger or foreigner. For some years, indeed, I looked upon the now famous city of Richmond as my home, and only left it with a view to escape from the national scourge, dyspepsia.

The present volume is based upon memoranda and materials accumulated from time to time in various places, for the purpose of illustrating the social and political peculiarities of the United States people. The facts here given were collected, and to some extent arranged, before the present troubles arose. In considering and explaining them, I have had to abandon many preconceived ideas

and theories of my own, formed before I went to the States; and no doubt some of the statements here put forth will conflict with the prejudices and principles of many of my readers. I have, however, regardless of feelings, presented leading and plain facts, carefully and conscientiously; trusting in the disposition at present prevailing in this country, to arrive at the truth as to the right and wrong of this momentous struggle; sinking, for a time, sectarian and party prepossessions.

I have endeavoured, as far as possible, to let the people of the United States describe themselves, and to let the parties and factions state their own views; and many remarks and reflections which are not printed as quotations, may be taken to be the deliberate opinions of enlightened Americans, expressed in conversations and discussions, at times when hackneyed professions and party cries were, for the hour, forgotten. I habitually courted the acquaintance of the most intelligent and independent men with whom I met; and the greater liberality of the people in regard to social intercourse with each other enabled me to command a wider range of experience than one similarly circumstanced could in England. The views that, from time to time, occurred to me, I tested and weighed in familiar friendly discourse; and I soon found a surprising discrepancy between private and public opinion.

When I commenced preparing these chapters for the press, I felt that the volume would require a very apologetic introduction, conflicting so greatly as it did with what was almost the national sentiment with regard to the question between the North and South. But no such requirement exists now, so great has been the change

in public opinion, forced as it were by a series of events, at first very unwillingly received ; except, however, with regard to the facts and theory submitted concerning the coloured population—whose true rights and interests are, I think, here advocated, though in danger of being quite disregarded amidst the vast interests of the North, the South, and Manchester.

There are not a few in this country who still think that the success of the South, thus far, is quite unaccountable. The very attempt to secede seemed to them strange and uncalled for ; and that secession should become triumphant independence appears to them incredible. I hope I shall be able to convince some who hold those opinions, that this success, and the separation of the South from the North, are not only natural, but desirable ; and that true liberty and real progress will suffer no drawback from the fact that such a government as that now swayed by Abraham Lincoln is not destined to rule over the whole continent of North America.

D. W. MITCHELL.

*London, Nov. 24, 1862.*

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# TEN YEARS

IN

## THE UNITED STATES.

### CHAPTER I

Discontent—Condition of England in 1848—The New World much like the Old—The Star-spangled Banner—Virginia a Young England—Scenes of the *Merrimac's* Exploits, and of McClellan's Strategic Tactics—Lightning Bugs—Stuck on a Bar.

I KNOW not what it was possessed me all at once, when I was a much younger man, to start off on a visit to the then little known great trans-Atlantic republic. Of course, I had plenty of reasons to give when asked, since it is very easy to give reasons for any conduct not palpably insane; but I suspect I hardly ventured to confess the real motive even to myself. I was too comfortable perhaps; things went on too easily and prosperously, and life was becoming monotonously pleasant. At any rate, I wanted a change, and to see the world. England seemed to me to have seen her best days, to be overdone, overcrowded. What sort of a career had she to offer to her sons? especially to that large and dangerous class, composed of those at the same time poor, proud, ambitious,

and energetic, unable to command, and ashamed to beg, the assistance of any "influence?" I speak of the gloomy period which reached its worst in 1847 and in the memorable 1848, about the time when Mr. Cobden declared that the age of warfare had ceased. In the subsequent interval England has altered for the better, to an extent which is very surprising to one who left the country before the revolutionary year and returned after the Indian mutiny and the Crimean war.

I was one day sitting at my small desk, in a little dark cage of a room, with no other business than to look out on the crowded thoroughfare. I had just finished *The Last of the Mohicans*. The mildness, the freshness, the freedom of the New World, its abundance of land and scope for enterprise and adventure, all delighted and tempted me. I gazed almost with disgust and disdain on the anxious hurrying streams of people. "Yes," I said to myself, descending from my three-legged stool, and buttoning my coat, "I will get out of this artificial state of things; I will go and dwell with Nature herself, her works and her children"—with much more in the like strain, that now appears sufficiently ridiculous to myself.

I did not know how much I loved poor old England until, on the deck of the parting ship, I saw her white cliffs and green fields flitting away, and gradually disappearing in the darkness and distance; a light only remaining to tell of her whereabouts. That, too, was soon below the horizon; and I walked up and down the deck, or sat wherever I could find a seat, or leaned over the bulwarks. I looked at the billows and the stars, but I thought little of them; the grandeur, and beauty, and

novelty of the scene and situation had no charms for me. Familiar faces and voices, and the few last words so sweet, so painful, filled my mind. I pictured to myself one fire-side now more sad and silent than the dark deck around me. But fatigue, and sleep, and pleasant dreams came at last.

How we crossed the once vast and awful Atlantic I need not relate; that has now become a small, every-day matter. I was as many weeks crossing the Atlantic as an ocean steamer now takes days. Our destination was Richmond, at the head of the tide water, on the James River; for I wished to avoid the beaten track of travellers.

The first American land we saw was Point-no-Point; and all safe and well, every sail set, we gaily entered Chesapeake Bay. How eagerly we looked around us to catch the first glimpse of anything that might indicate the character of "the New World!" We were rather disappointed at its looking so much like the Old. Gradually we saw the low shores; at a little distance we passed a fort—Fort Monroe; a town—Norfolk. Aided by the glass, we made out, too, that the houses had quite an English look; and, in answer to the inquiries of the children, the captain informed us that the people, including even the blackamoor slave, spoke English; that these poor slaves did not wear chains or iron collars; and that, though they were sometimes whipped, it was quite out of public sight.

We passed close to a rough round fortification, rising perpendicularly from amidst the waves. Over it floated the Star-spangled Banner, at which we looked with

much interest; and after considerable discussion, with the exception of our captain, we unanimously agreed that it was not so handsome as our own—

The flag that's braved a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze.

“Well,” said our captain, “perhaps—(they call it the Rip-Raps, my son,” interrupting himself to answer one of the juveniles)—“perhaps, ours is not so showy a piece of bunting as yours; and to be sure, it ain't quite so antiquated. But you must give it time. It's expanding, I guess. We've improved and extended a little since the Battle of Bunker's Hill. Why, you might look over the map of America, and not notice this magnificent bay we're in; and yet you could put England in this very sheet of water, and still have sailing room. It'll be a great country, this will, when it's all fenced in, I tell you.”

“Very true; but it seems to me you think too much of your mere numbers of people and extent of land. I look at quality rather than quantity. To increase and multiply rapidly is, perhaps, all very well; still, if all Africa were under one flag, with its present population, it would be, mentally (and ‘the mind's the stature of the man’), a smaller nation than Switzerland—less important than the single city of Rome or Paris, or even Florence.”

“Take in those stunsails,” answered the captain, walking forward among the men.

It was quite a pleasure, yet somehow disappointing, to find that the State, with the pretty name of Virginia, seemed, so far as the map showed, quite an English sort of a country. It was named after our Virgin Queen, and many of the counties after those of the old country,—

Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, York, Lancaster, New Kent, and so on; towns and rivers being christened in honour of once-distinguished English personages. Richmond, our destination, is said to have been so called from the resemblance of its site and scenery to those of the Richmond on Thames. As the river we were ascending became narrower, and its banks more pleasing and interesting, we agreed that it should have been "The Thames" instead of "The James." The Old Dominion, as Virginia is often called, is full of English reminiscences; and considering the origin, speech, feelings, habits, and mode of life among the people—excluding, perhaps, the negroes and the newer settlements—it might be called "Young England" with more justice than any other part of the world.

Soon we were slowly sailing between high banks covered with dark, luxuriant, green old woods, or presenting large open spaces verdant with that noble crop, the Indian corn, or maize. Here and there we perceived large mansions, generally of red brick, which, in some cases, had been brought from England, and surrounded with abundance of trees for shade. The river wound about as if in no hurry to reach its destination: its waters became clear and of a deep green. As the sun sank behind the masses of forest around us, the calm and quiet, the rich verdure of the banks, the refreshing, yet balmy coolness of the air, made it truly delightful to lounge on the deck and give oneself up to pleasant impressions and anticipations. I had never before so well understood the Italian's "*dolce far niente*," and felt that we were in a more southern and sunny clime than that of England.

As it grew darker, we were surprised at seeing what

seemed large sparks moving about gracefully, curving, as it were, among the dark foliage, each gliding through the air for two or three yards, then going out for a moment, then re-appearing. Of course, we soon concluded they were fire-flies ;\* but we were rather disgusted to learn that in the American vernacular the meteor-like insects were termed “lightning-bugs.” We afterwards found that almost any insect is a “bug,”—June-bugs, candle-bugs, besides other better known species. The rich and influential, the aristocracy, are “big bugs.” The use of the word “bug” to signify any sort of insect, is, I believe, originally English—like most Americanisms. In some of our eastern counties the children say—

Fly away, lady bug, fly away home,  
Your house is on fire, your children at home;

which the young cockney alters to—

Fly away, lady bird, &c., .

addressing the pretty little red-bodied, black-spotted, coleopter, which keeps down the numbers of the devouring aphides.

Slowly we ascended the gracefully winding river, watching the last gleams of sunset and the rising moon, when suddenly a sullen grating sound and a tremor and shock caused us all to stare at each other and then at

\* — Borne

In circles quaint, and ever-changing dance,  
Like winged stars, the fire-flies flash and dance,  
Pale in the open moonshine; but each one  
Under the dark trees seems a little sun,  
A meteor tamed, a fixed star gone astray  
From sil'ry regions of the milky way.—*Shelley.*

the captain, who was giving orders and swearing, irritated, we were glad to see, rather than alarmed.

“D—— and —— the river to ——” (our captain swore shockingly sometimes), he growled, between his teeth; continuing as I went nearer to him—“Any white men on the face of the earth, except these cursed lazy Virginians, would keep this stream fit for the largest liner to go up and down in safety. Here we are, stuck on a —— bar, and got to stick on it half the night! Tide going down. Wind getting up, too, —— them. I wish —— would take all the cuss’t niggers they’re so fond of to heaven or to Africa. By ——, I’d buy a farm here myself, then. I guess I’d show some of the F. F. V.s how to farm, too, by ——!”

“There’s no danger, is there, captain?” said Mrs. approaching on one side, anxiously, her three little ones round her, eyes and mouths wide open.

A true American the captain was—cool and polite in a moment, as he turned and assured her there was none. Then, in compliance with the wishes of our steward, who had procured some luxuries from the shore, we adjourned to supper; and chickens, eggs, bacon, tomatoes, green corn, asparagus, enabled us to make a pleasant meal.\*

\* Since the year when this was written, what unforeseen and, then, incredible scenes and events have taken place on the banks of the James! In no country, so far as any human foresight or speculation extended, were such things less likely to happen than in the region now strewn with human carcases. About that very time, the wealth and respectability of London were in a state of alarm which it is now hard to realize; while America looked on Europe, labouring in the pangs of universal revolution, with mingled condolence and encouragement, pity, and self-satisfaction, in the belief that the Old World was merely struggling to imitate the institutions of the New. Let no nation, then, believe itself beyond the reach of the greatest of misfortunes.



## CHAPTER II.

First Sight of a Slave—An Exploring Expedition in the since famous Chickahominy Region—Meet with an Uncle—Reach a Farm-house near the James—Virginia Farmer's Family, Dwelling, Habits—The Negro Question.

I WAS sitting alone on deck, enjoying the delicious night, whose quiet, however, was to my ear somewhat disturbed by the croakings of numerous frogs. My eye followed a moving light on the river, which proved to be in a boat containing two men. As they passed alongside, I felt inclined to enter into friendly communication with them; so I asked what they were doing there, and where they were going?

English travellers used to be much annoyed by the Yankee practice of asking questions of strangers; but it is, in fact, a practice much to the stranger's advantage, since it allows him to question in return, and to learn much which he could arrive at in no other way.

"We've been fishing, massa, and we'se going home now, down the river a bit to Mr. Amery's, close by Nockatock," was the reply.

"Got a few fish to spare, boys?" asked our mate, who now stood by my side.

"Well, massa, we ain't had much luck; but I s'pose as you're come a mighty long ways, you won't be very 'ticklar; and I reckon we must——"

The old negro kept saying something as he stooped down among his fish; and it occurred to me that I might be able at once to introduce myself to the natives of the region. So when the fish business had been transacted, I inquired of the negro who seemed to be in command whether there was an inn at Nockatock?

"I don't 'zackly understand the gen'leman," said the negro, turning to the mate; "I reckon he don't 'long to these parts."

"Is there a public-house or a tavern at Nockatock—any house where a traveller could get a bed for the night, and a something to eat?"

The grey-headed old fellow looked inquiringly and shyly at us as he replied, "Why, mass'r, I speck ther's mighty few houses hereabouts where a gen'lman travelling couldn't get that much."

"Yes, yes; but is there a public-house at Nockatock, old man?" asked the mate.

"Well, it's mighty late now, mass'r."

"How far is it from here?" I inquired. "How long will it take you to get there?" \*

It was with much trouble that, assisted by the mate, I at last found I could get to Nockatock in about an hour. I had soon bid good night to him and the one or two men in sight, and was floating down the James in the fishing-boat with my two rude companions.

\* In what few pages the author speaks of himself and of private persons in this volume, names, dates, and localities are changed, so as to avoid the possibility of annoying any one by bringing their domestic habits, circumstances, and affairs before the public. This plan, however, does not affect debateable facts; for all of which authority is given, since I wish to make this little book indisputable testimony on the subjects concerning which the United States have been pointed to as the living illustration.

For various reasons I thought it best to say little, and we soon reached our rough landing-place, where it was arranged that the younger and more taciturn negro should carry my small valise and walk with me to my destination. He was not well acquainted with the road, but he was told he couldn't miss it with a little care.

At first we walked along the carriage-way; the dark forest on both sides, with a few lightning-bugs gliding about; a number of frogs, of all voices, from shrillest treble, and higher, down to a deep bass, interfering very much with my reflections and with the night's serenity. I congratulated myself on having left the ship, and thus plunged in *medias res*, instead of waiting and disembarking at the ordinary landing-place. I was now, I presumed, in a portion of the virgin forest of the New World.

Not wishing to run the risk of appearing ridiculous, I refrained from asking my guide whether wolves or bears, or other wild beasts, still infested the country, and whether the Red Indian had entirely disappeared. In fact, although Virginia has been so long settled, both bears and wolves are common in some ranges of the not very lofty mountains which run through the centre of the State, dividing it into Eastern and Western Virginia; and, at no great distance from where I was, there still remained a village of inoffensive red men.

All at once my guide broke silence by exclaiming, "Ah! all right, massa! here it is. I gan to tink I lost de track—dat is fact."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Why, I tort we had somehow passed dis ole hoss's white head," said he, pointing to a white object on the

ground at our feet, which I guessed to be the bleached skull of a horse. "Now, we've only got to take dis left fork, and then we come to a fence and an ole field——"

He continued rehearsing to himself the route, which comprised so many points that I anxiously hoped he might make no mistake; the more so as we heard the roll of distant thunder, and a stillness and sultriness all round—not a leaf moving—seemed to give warning of an approaching storm.

"The quicker we gets out of dis de better, massa, I reckon," said my guide, as he lumbered along a few feet ahead of me. "It looks mighty like we're going to have all sorts of a storm 'fore long."

I now began to wish I had been contented to sleep on board, and had checked till daylight my curiosity to explore the still to me New World. At night the sea is solemn and awe-inspiring; so is the desert; but in the midst of an unknown forest, danger seems more imminent and there is something more awful than in either. Now and then my guide would mutter to himself. The distant thunder murmured. I with my London eyes couldn't avoid roots, small ponds, and other obstacles so easily as he did; and we had to cross two or three stony gullies, with which the heavy rains cut up the country, and the wood seemed to get thicker and darker.

This was the nature, I afterwards found, of a great portion of Virginia; three-fifths of it being still in its original forest state. Such appears to have been the natural condition of the whole of the eastern side of the continent; one vast forest covering the uneven surface, from the Gulf of Mexico northward, till the climate stunts and thins vegetation.

"'Scuse me, massa," said my guide, interrupting my meditations, and touching his hat, "I reckon we'd best be gitting along; if it rains like it lightens, I don't know how we'll git across the branch."

"The what?"

"The branch, sir; and I 'spected to got dar 'fore now, but the lightning sort o' bothered one, I 'spose."

"What branch do you mean?" said I, wanting to arrive at a better understanding.

"We calls it de branch, massa—dat's de only name I ever heerd. It runs into de river away down yonder."

I found that he meant a stream of water; any fordable running stream being so called in this section.

"Well, sit down a minute or two, and try this," I said, handing my guide a small drink of brandy from a little flask with which the provident mate had supplied me. He drank it off, every drop, with evident satisfaction, and seemed all the better for it, physically and mentally.

The negro evidently began to suffer considerably, breathing heavily now and then. Remembering the instructions of my friend the mate as to how to speak and behave towards the "nigger," I said to him, "Boy, why don't you sit down and rest yourself?"

"Goramity, massa, tank you; I just wants to git out of dis—dat's all I wants. It beats my time."

He was evidently in a state of suppressed alarm.

"Don't you often have such lightning as this?" I asked.

"Never in my born days, massa!—I swar, never! It puts me in mind of de words of de preacher at de revival not long ago. It is mighty awful. I'm right glad dar

ain't no more thunder, or it would be like judgment day."

I had sat down on a log, and told him he had better do the same for a few minutes.

"Well, massa, I'se mighty tired, but there's snakes in these woods, and I don't 'zackly like sitting down promiscus."

"Snakes!" I cried, jumping up as if electrified, and causing Washington to strike an attitude of alarm. I at once began to inquire into the ways, and habits, and numbers of the species of the hated and accursed genus which infested the country; and then I ventured to sit down again on a protuberance from the foot of a tree, first spreading my white handkerchief to sit upon. I, for my part, have not that horror and disgust at sight of ophidian reptiles which seems natural to most people, especially to negroes; for when I was a boy, one of my fancies was to keep a tame common English snake.

After walking a little farther my pioneer stood still, lost; then suddenly exclaimed, "Dar's a dorg," meaning that he heard a dog bark. We pushed on, and came to a farm road, then to a wooden gate, and soon saw a light. The negro now warned me to look out, as he reckoned that was a "mighty severe dorg," and that most likely there were a lot more—enough to eat us up—all loose at this hour, when visitors on foot were not expected. And in fact, as soon as my black cicerone had got near enough to call out, "Uncle!" to an old black who was moving about a sort of stable-yard with a lantern, several "dorgs," little and big, rushed towards us, notwithstanding uncle's calls to them to come back. After no little alarm,

uncle went with us towards "the house," the occupier of which appeared in the porch. My guide seemed to have explained things, and the gentleman, in an affable, undisturbed sort of way, invited me to walk in and rest myself.

I had merely noticed that the house I was entering was large, not very new, mostly of brick, with a plain whitened portico of wood in front, around the corners of which clustered some climbing plant. From the wide hall or passage, in which were an old-fashioned mahogany table, two rush-bottomed chairs, a gun, and some hats and coats, I was ushered into the family sitting-room, and courteously and pleasantly invited to take a seat in a large leather-covered arm-chair. The first feeling I experienced was one of surprise at finding myself in such a homely, old-fashioned, pleasant, English-looking room. The members of the family were two grown young women, one pale, one rosy, both plainly but neatly and comfortably dressed, both rather good-looking, and having that ease and self-possession which Americans rarely want; a slender, growing girl; a boy, brown and bold; and a fine young man of some five-and-twenty. The household had less of strangeness to me than I had experienced in my own country, under more favourable and usual circumstances.

I at once explained my situation, and narrated my journey, and I happened to mention that my guide had dated his misguidance to the time of finding the horse's skull. Upon this, a little negro, who was sitting in one corner, listening demurely, showed signs of interest, looking askance at his young master, who laughingly informed me that he and that young black rascal had passed that

way yesterday with the cart, and that coming back the boy had tied a string round the old skull, which had long lain at that spot, and attached it to the cart; so that it was dragged some distance, and finally left where we found it. This little incident set us all laughing, and seemed to make us acquainted with each other better than the best of regular introductions could have done. The father of the family, a widower, some fifty years of age, a stout, hearty, cheerful, thoughtful-looking man, declared that if I was not particularly sorry, he was very glad of the accident. This led to stories of being lost and "turned round" in the woods. All took part in the lively and unaffected conversation, except the youngest girl and the negro boy, who lounged on the floor in one corner, and a negro girl, some ten years old, who sat on a hassock in another corner, with eyes and mouth open, looking and listening, laughing and grinning, attending very little to the occupation they had in hand—seeding cotton.

Some tea, boiled bacon, and chicken, eggs, wheaten bread, and corn cake—in American, "corn" means Indian corn—were set in one corner of the large old mahogany table for my benefit, the family having supped before my arrival. To these viands, without the least hesitation, I did full justice: there was such a feeling of ease and security and goodwill in the people and the place, that I went on eating, drinking, and talking as if quite at home. It was the finest of hospitality, which I afterwards found not uncommon in the South. Had Prince Albert walked in, *cognito*, he would have been received much as I was: with as little constraint, pretension, or formality, and with scarcely more attention or ceremony. And very



sorry I am that, during his visit to America, the Prince of Wales fell into the hands of Yankees, who contrived to prevent his seeing the Southerners at home, rendering even his hurried visit to Richmond almost an affront.

After supper, we sat for some time talking on various subjects—on England and Europe; then on America—the North and the South—the “peculiar institution.” The storm-cloud that has since spread over the whole country, and burst at last, was then no bigger than one’s hand, and by very few believed to be a real storm-cloud. My host did not set up for a philosopher or a politician, still less did he delight in argumentation: he took the total circumstances in which he was placed as a fact of which it was his duty to make the best. He had little care or curiosity for abstract right. “I judge of the tree by its fruit,” said he; “I maintain that my negroes and our slaves are, on the whole, better off, better treated, and in every way in a more improving and flourishing condition than niggers or coloured people of any race anywhere else. Take New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, East and West Indies, Dahomey, or Massachusetts, and compare their histories with that of ours since the Africans were first brought here, and no man can deny that our negroes have in every way the advantage. We have, of course, practical undoubted evils, wrongs, enormities—too many of them; but when we compare the whole state of things here with what exists elsewhere, we have the best of reasons to let well alone, and to advise the rest of the world, including our Northern brethren, to mind their own business.”

I asked my host if he thought there was any real

danger of future civil war or separation on account of the peculiar institution. He replied,

“ Well, no ; I reckon not. The Northerner looks upon the negro as an outcast, an obstacle, a nuisance—much as the Western pioneer looks on trees, and wolves, and Indians. I was once in New York and Boston. I had some trouble, for certain abolitionist scamps tried their best to persuade old Joe, this boy’s father, to let them run him away ; but they couldn’t manage it. The abolitionists are a mere fanatical, wrong-headed, one-sided set, and I don’t see how they can overcome the instinctive dislike of the Northerner against the black man. I should think nothing of all the dangers which some imagine, only one of our best men, C. J. Calhoun, is of opinion that a collision will some day come, and he is one of the very few of our politicians in whom I for one really believe.”

Such, with even a fainter shadow of apprehension, was the general tone of public opinion in the South ; the few who thought that a clash between the two sections was preparing were poolh-pooled as alarmists or croakers. This was in 1848. Almost in the neighbourhood where this conversation passed was fought the edifying battle of Bull Run. For the benefit of demagogues, and politicians, and intelligent majorities, I shall in the course of these chapters show by what means a free, humane, money-loving population permitted itself to be stultified, disgraced, cheated wholesale, plunged into the wildest extravagance, led into a cruel, dishonourable war, and subjected to a rigorous, worse than Russian or Jacobin, despotism ; finally becoming a warning to all lovers of

liberty, a by-word and an example for the use of every supporter of despotism.

After some further miscellaneous conversation, I was surprised to see the youngest daughter place a large Bible on the table. The little circle became quiet, two or three black servants entered the room, and the father opened the sacred volume, and commenced reading—having chosen that appropriate chapter in which we are exhorted to be kind to strangers, and are reminded that some, while practising the duties of hospitality, had entertained angels unawares. After the reading, all knelt down during a short prayer; then the servants left the room, the two youngest daughters kissed their father and retired, and the rest of us sat talking. A short time after, I asked to be shown my bed, which I had been informed was ready; and soon I was comfortably reflecting on the interesting events of my first day in America.

Certainly all my preconceived notions of domestic life and manners among slaveholders were entirely falsified. The people amidst whom I had fallen recalled to my mind “The Cottar’s Saturday Night” of Burns, although there was nothing rustic in the dress or behaviour of the members of the family; on the contrary, they had the air of well-to-do people accustomed to society. Gradually my mind wandered back across the Atlantic, and I fell into a slumber agreeably enlivened by dreams of home scenes and home faces and voices—the usual dreams of the wanderer, until new interests and affections have overgrown the old ties and feelings.

If the reader thinks I enter too much into details, I have only to say, by way of apology, that this chapter fairly

represents the ordinary life of a large portion of the population of Eastern Virginia—a plain, self-respecting, quietly religious people, living in abundance on their carelessly-cultivated farms, surrounded by woods, with large numbers of horses, more than plenty of dogs, and rather an excess of the much talked-of troublesome “nigger.”

## CHAPTER III.

*Farm-house Interior—Garden—Farm—Crops—Manner and Looks of the People—Domestic Servants—Southern Agricultural Population compared with that of the North—The Press—The Slaves—The Union.*

EARLY in the morning, as early as the sun, I got up and looked around me inquisitively. The walls and ceiling of the room were whitewashed, the floor was clean and bare, an old-fashioned looking-glass hung on the wall, and also two or three cheap coloured and framed engravings of ideal Annies and Maries, issued, I afterwards found, from Nassau Street, New York, and widely diffused by Yankee pedlars over the whole of the States. There was one old landscape in oil, of some merit, it seemed to me, who am no connoisseur in such things; and I rightly guessed that it came from Europe. There were plain white window curtains to the two windows. A large old mahogany chest-of-drawers from England, three or four unpainted, rush-bottomed chairs, of Southern manufacture, very comfortable to sit in, and wash-stand, &c., completed the furniture; except that a Bible, a *Whole Duty of Man*, one volume of *Clarissa Harlowe*, and a yellow-paper-covered New York edition of *Pelham*, price twenty-five cents, all dilapidated, the last by legitimate wear and tear, lay on the mantel-piece. (In reading books of travels I was always fond of details myself, and rarely found travellers sufficiently minute in this respect.) The farm, the family, and the dwelling of

which I now speak, formed, in most respects, a fair, but perhaps somewhat favourable specimen of what may be called the middle class in Virginia, and of a large portion of the older settled of the Southern States. Names, dates, and localities I may generally alter; but I shall aim to depict scenes and incidents without varnish, extenuation, or exaggeration.

A little dark-brown negro brought in my boots, polished, and proceeded to brush my clothes. He then showed me the way downstairs and to the porch in front of the house, where the eldest son pleasantly wished me good-morning, inquired how I had slept, and invited me to "take a turn round the house" till breakfast was ready.

In front of the dwelling was something of a garden, very slightly cultivated; the principal flowers being hollyhocks, sunflowers, and luxuriant rose-bushes. Two noble white oaks gave abundant shade, very grateful and necessary in the hot summer days. Passing through a gate in the whitewashed paling, we walked round a patch of about an acre devoted to cabbage ("cabbage and bacon," both boiled together, is almost a sort of national or State dish with Virginians), "sweet corn" (a variety of Indian corn used as a vegetable, which is worth the attention of our market-gardeners), vegetable-marrow, potatoes, and tomatoes. These last are very much used in the States. Few like them at first, but gradually one comes to be extremely partial to them. They are used in all possible ways, cooked or uncooked, and are said to have a special beneficial action on the liver; which is very fortunate, if true, considering the great prevalence of liver complaints in the country.

Then we came to the turnip-patch, about an acre in extent. A careless ploughing, a little rotten manure, a quantity of seed sown broadcast—that was all the care the turnip usually received ; although I afterwards remarked that land in this part of the country abundantly repays good cultivation.

Through another gate we entered the field of Indian-corn—a noble crop, about my own height (which is considerable), of a healthy dark green, each stalk surmounted with its plume-like tassel, and each ear displaying its purple-tipped silk. It is planted in rows, about three feet every way between each plant. The field averaged about two ears to each plant—considered a fair yield. This is the most reliable, and frequently the most important crop of the farmer throughout the northern, western, and middle States. It helps largely to feed the family and the negroes, and also the pigs, cattle, and poultry. A few pumpkins, used for the cattle, and for pies, were growing among the corn.

Next we came to a small patch of buckwheat, which, among other uses, furnishes the deservedly famous but, I fear, rather indigestible luxury of buckwheat cakes. Then we came to a field of some thirty acres of fine wheat, just ready to cut. But most striking and pleasant to me was the orchard. The ground was in parts yellow with fallen apples, which were to be collected to make cider and to feed the pigs. A number of peach-trees were laden with fruit not yet ripe. There was all around a look of carelessness and abundance. We had got back near “the house” again, and I could see my young black attendant walking about with the hand-bell for

breakfast, ringing it, apparently for his own gratification, for an unnecessary length of time. We went in and found the family awaiting us. I was received with a slight bow or a quiet good-morning from all. On the table were coffee, small hot wheaten rolls, batter bread, and hoe-cake, made of Indian flour; milk, eggs, and rashers of bacon; a loaf of cold wheaten bread,—“stale,” they called it—and a pitcher of deliciously cool spring water. Before we commenced, the head of the family briefly said grace. A negro girl attended assiduously to my wants, and whenever she handed me any white dish, I involuntarily looked to see a black mark from her fingers.

The chief peculiarity that struck me in manner and conversation was the greater coolness and deliberation, compared with the English. The seniors seemed to think twice, at least, before speaking, and to keep thinking even while talking, weighing their words well. All impressed me as being more acute, guarded, considerate and self-possessed than English people. And after I had been among Americans for years, and had studied and insensibly acquired their manners and idiom, I still felt my decided inferiority in this constant guardedness and deliberateness of speech; and, I may say also, of action. Englishmen generally, I believe, are conscious of this characteristic difference; and, though less so, even Scotchmen feel it.

. The tone of voice, I observed, was somewhat higher than the European average. But this, and the nasal peculiarity, are most strongly developed “down east,” or in the Yankee States, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont and Maine.



As to the physique of the family, there seemed a want of robustness, a lack of hearty cheerful health; except in the two sons, who displayed as fine a physical condition as could be desired, tempered with a highly developed nervous system.

Much observation has since convinced me that the American descendant of Europeans has not constitutional physical stamina equal to that of the European. Were the Americans subjected to poor and scanty fare, insufficient shelter and clothing, excessive labour and mental depression as extensively and frequently as great numbers in Europe, the population of the United States, I am convinced, would show an unmistakable deterioration. I speak of the most populous portion of the continent of North America; the atmosphere of which, for two-thirds of the year coming from the west, has passed over the vast breadth of land bounded by the Pacific, and is, therefore, in a condition very different from that of the air we breathe in the west of Europe, which also coming from western quarters for about two-thirds of the year, is a sea air. Our scientific knowledge on this subject is probably very imperfect; but that in a long course of years such an atmospherical difference must tell on the human constitution, every one will believe who notices the respective effects in England on his own feelings, and on vegetable life, of the east and west winds.

It was, of course, very pleasant to find myself all at once dropped into such an agreeable set of circumstances. I could hardly realize that I was among strangers in a strange country: that I was so, however, the negroes more than anything else constantly reminded me. I

watched them curiously, almost anxiously; for some time the predominant idea they suggested was, that they were slaves, liable to be bought and sold.

But it was not long before I felt instinctively that between them and the white man there was a difference, however it originated, which it would take a long time—how many generations I would leave to Mr. Darwin—for circumstances and education to remove; even supposing the white to stand still, while the negro was mentally and physically advancing.

The negro who does nothing but work at agricultural labour—the field hand—is coarsely, but in most cases sufficiently, clad. He wears a round felt hat, thick bluchers, and jacket, &c., dark-coloured or blue grey, of northern manufacture. But there are ranks and classes among the slave population; and perhaps more than in most societies do the duties and position of the negro depend on his fitness and capacity. The smartest, best-looking girl will, most likely, be selected to serve in the house, or wait on the mistress or her daughters; the most intelligent and trustworthy man will be employed in various ways, at something better than mere hoeing, and so on. These fortunate individuals dress and fare very well; and though they must not be hurried or worried, and require humouring, no one once accustomed to them would willingly replace them by an ordinary London or New York servant: a fact worth notice.

After breakfast my host told me that the stage would pass by to Richmond early in the afternoon, and at the same time every other day; he and his sons would be busy for some time, as they were commencing getting in the

wheat; but there was my own room, and the family sitting-room, and all the farm; and with some books and newspapers at my disposal, I was to make myself at home: so being inclined for rest, I took the papers and sat down in a large chair under the shade-trees in front of the house; my little canine enemy of the night before coming and making peace with me, and lying down by my side.

Intending some day to write a book about America (an intention of which every English traveller is suspected), I set myself to making observations.

The house was of dark red brick, quite old. The brick had been brought from England, as it always or mostly was before the Revolution. The roof was of wooden shingles. Two dormer lattice windows looked to the front; the rest of the windows had green shutter blinds outside, white curtains inside. An ample wooden porch, painted white, and rather rickety, extended along the whole front of the house, having two or three steps in the centre opposite the door, and shaded and beautified at one end by a climbing rose blooming splendidly. Such a house might stand in many parts of England and present no appearance of strangeness to the passing observer, except the wooden shingle roof, and the green external window blinds.

A coloured servant-girl appeared. The word "slave," by the by, is seldom used; the term is generally "servant," sometimes man, boy, coloured person, or negro, or nigger; but this last is an insulting epithet, and though commonly used when speaking of the slave, it is only used to them in anger or contempt. The girl placed a large rocking-chair at the rosy end of the porch, and soon an

elderly lady occupied it, knitting and gently rocking herself. On seeing her the small dog left me and took up his place by her; for which she slightly scolded him, and asked him whether he didn't know better than to leave a visitor alone in that abrupt way.

The farm was entirely surrounded by the woods, consisting of oak, walnut, chestnut, maple, and other trees of temperate climes. They were mostly deciduous, but here and there was a cedar or other evergreen. The house of the nearest neighbour was nearly a mile off, only the smoke from the chimneys was visible. From the spot where I sat in the grateful shade of the two white-oaks, in front of the house, I could survey the greater part of the farm, surrounded by the level horizon of forest, through which a pathway led to the neighbouring farms and roads, all hidden amidst the trees at various distances; but it was pleasant to know they were there. In a distant field I could see the labourers at work cutting down the wheat; so I folded up the newspapers and walked that way.

But I must first give my impressions of the newspapers. The bad printing and poor paper, and number of quack advertisements, strike one at once; next the variety and brevity of the items and articles, and an absence of that formality and stiffness—or dignity, as the case may be—which are very generally maintained by the European press. Indeed, an Englishman at once feels that the American usually exercises his organ of veneration much less than an Englishman; while much more energy is thrown into his self-esteem. At the period of which I write, Europe was convulsed with the struggles of democracy. Louis Philippe had taken flight; France was a

republic once more; everywhere the masses were rising, thrones were falling quickly, one after another, and the peoples were demanding and proclaiming their "inalienable rights."

An important journal thus descanted upon the state of things, in Europe on the one hand, and in the United States on the other. The remarks are here condensed, but the quoted matter fairly represents the style and spirit of the United States—or rather of the Northern press—at that memorable revolutionary saturnalia of the peoples—to use Kossuth's word:—

"At length the benighted nations of the Old World are following our example and imitating our institutions. They have seen the peace and prosperity and power and growth of America; they have studied the laws and institutions to which those blessings are owing, and have determined to be the prey of priests, kings, and aristocrats no longer. Oppressive dynasties a thousand years old have come to an end; the rights of man, which we first proclaimed, are being everywhere asserted; human equality will ere long be universally acknowledged. The days are at hand when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and men beat their swords into ploughshares. While the world is thus in the throes of a new birth, and every day may bring us the news that at last even England, the most aristocratic of all countries, has become republicanized (we publish in another column the triumphs of the Irish patriots at the great and bloody battle of Slievegammon), the Stars and Stripes float calmly and proudly over our vast country, in which the child of the foreign pauper has an equal right and chance with his millions of fellow-

sovereigns of arriving at the greatest wealth and the highest honours,—even at the Presidency. Soon our flag will be the flag of the whole of North America. Canada must desire to share our wealth and greatness. Our sway is rapidly extending over the whole of the Pacific coast, and the profoundest human wisdom can see no limit to the increase of our grandeur, the extent of our progress, the continuous rapid growth of our prosperity.”

I am not caricaturing. In most of the papers which I read—leaders, or “editorials,” and speeches—there was a total blindness to any possible dangers or misfortunes happening to America or her institutions, an assumption that the United States was the model republic; and, mingled with much liberality and good feeling, there was an amount of self-confidence and self-glorification greater than individuals or nations can safely indulge. I hoped that I had not met with a fair average of the American press, or that the press was not a true reflection of the national character. I shall have more to say on this subject hereafter.

In this volume, condensed from materials intended to form more than one work, and which I gleaned during my sojourn in Unistatia—as it has been proposed to call the very awkwardly named republic under consideration—the reader may occasionally meet with sudden breaks and transitions, which I hope he will excuse as unavoidable. In going from place to place, also, I have not troubled him with describing the railways, railway carriages, hotels, and steam-boats—of all which there are many ample and amusing descriptions—or the intervening space. Having thus propitiated the reader, let us return to life in Virginia.

It is curious that while the Virginians and Southerners generally are a very social people, exchanging uncere-  
monious visits—the younger portion of the family spending  
great part of their time, days and weeks together, with  
neighbours and relations—they are also fond of a rural  
life; more so even, I think, than the English. Probably  
three-fourths of Virginia are still in forest, and the bulk of  
the population is scattered amidst this forest; the farm-  
houses for the most part being so far secluded as not to be  
visible to the nearest neighbours. Almost every man of  
any wealth, carrying on business, in the few small towns,  
has his farm, easily accessible, where he and his family  
spend much of their time. In this respect it is very  
different in the North, where rural life seems to be a life  
of repulsive drudgery, and the towns are looked to for  
pleasure, ambition, refinement, and social intercourse.

But on this subject the following remarks of a distin-  
guished citizen living in this part of Virginia, a leading  
scientific agriculturist, and, of course, a slaveholder, will  
be found interesting. He says, addressing a meeting of  
the Virginia State Agricultural Society:—

The most distinguished men, and especially statesmen, of the  
South, have at least as often been natives and continued resi-  
dents of the country as of towns; and in talent and in numbers  
they have far exceeded all from the North in our public councils.  
In the northern states there are indeed many men of the highest  
talents, education, and learning; and, it may be, in the latter  
respects exceeding any in the South, because of the greater advan-  
tages offered by great cities for literary and scientific pursuits. But  
these great men are either produced in or gathered to the great  
cities only. They are men who have acquired their just renown  
either as lawyers, physicians, divines, or professors in scientific and

literary institutions. All of great intellectual power that now exists in the great states of Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, is to be found in their populous cities only; and almost exclusively in their respective great capitals. Some truly great men may be, and sometimes are, furnished from these cities to aid the public councils. But never does one such come from all the twenty-fold greater country and village constituencies—which, even when disposed thus to honour the highest talent (*which is not often the case, either in town or country—north or south*) (Mr. Ruffin says), could not possibly find among themselves any high talent to honour. The difference between the intellectual conditions of the northern and southern agricultural population is the cause of the usual long existing and well known commanding influence of the southern states in the Federal government, through their representatives, in whatever measures of national policy are directed by wisdom, or intellect, or for the benefit of general interests. But we are now much the weakest in votes, and in whatever of public policy is connected with sectional interests, or still baser private self-interest, superior intellect has no influence, and we are governed by the brute force and cupidity of superior numbers.

To return from this long sociological digression: it was now past nine, and the sun was hotter and more glaring than was pleasant. My young negro attendant came running after me, sent by “missus,” with an umbrella, with which I was glad to shade myself. I strolled along leisurely, observing the trees and wild-flowers, to see wherein they differed from those of England. It is years before one loses this habit of comparing the new with the old. In whatever city he comes to, the cockney compares its largest edifice with St. Paul’s. With pleasure I saw the old familiar blackberry-bush in the hedges; how many pleasant recollections it immediately awakened! And then there was the wild-rose, with its bright blooms,



and hips and haws too. One field had a hedge of the well-remembered "May" bush, as the London schoolboys call it. Then there was the oak, and the holly, and other trees, very like those that grew in the fields and woods of old England; while there were many others, and weeds too, quite strange to me. Fine butterflies, some rather larger and gaudier than the English, were floating about; a dried up, neglected piece of ground was alive with grasshoppers, of which one kind was as long as one's little finger. I sat down for some time on a stump to watch the interesting operations of a burying beetle, called by ladies the tumble-bug, by others by a still less elegant name. These industrious beetles were of a bluish-black colour, about half an inch in length, of a thick, strong, roundish make. I watched them at their curious work of rolling the ball they had formed, for a considerable time; and the same black boy, having again overtaken me on his way to his master with some message, stood watching me, evidently wondering what sort of a white man I could be to take so much interest in what he passed by many times every day without deigning to notice. What finally the busy beetles did with their prize I did not wait to see. Like ourselves, they were little aware of the ultimate end of their labours—to contribute very materially to preserve and increase the fertility of the mother earth, by burying safely beneath the surface for the use of the vegetable world the invaluable material which otherwise, acted upon by sun, and wind, and rain, would most of it be washed down the rivers, and so into the sea.

Let us not be in a hurry, but take our time; using the microscope as well as the telescope, and observing

little as well as great things: sometimes sitting down quietly on a fallen tree, watching the clouds, or studying the weeds, till the birds and other creatures move about and near us, unconscious of our presence; or again, standing at street-corners, lounging about amidst the thoroughfares, auctions, markets, theatres. Thus we may not only see, but think, and compare. What thought this is the age of railways, telegraphs, photographs? It takes as long now to digest a meal as it did in the dark ages; on the whole, rather longer, considering the prevalence of dyspepsia in these days: and so, to observe, reflect, think, and digest our thoughts, we must take about as much time as our ancestors did. I hope I have all due respect for a steam-engine, and appreciate its services to mankind; but rushing through extensive regions at twenty or fifty miles an hour—trees, fields, villages, and distant towns, whirling by—stopping now and then at large hotels, glancing at remarkable places and large buildings, collecting the names, and outsides, and prominent features of things—all this is a very imperfect and deceptive sort of travelling. “Go ahead!” is the cry of Young England, Young France, and Young America. Ah! “Go ahead” had become the motto of this last juvenile. He thoughtlessly borrowed and abbreviated the saying of his brave old pioneer: “Be sure you’re right, *then* go ahead!” The youth thought he had no time to be sure he was right; so, spite of many warnings, he went ahead—till he met with the shocking collision at Bull Run.

I believe every one should study—not merely read—Gilbert White’s *Natural History of Selborne*, or some such work, before commencing the *Kosmos*. We all

love to hurry to conclusions. To suspend the judgment, to refuse to form an opinion, is to many disagreeable, difficult, even painful. Men like to believe; only an intellect considerably cultivated can restrain itself in a state of doubt, even when good grounds are wanting for a more satisfactory mental condition. We have no time, we fancy, for ample details, for numerous facts illustrating one truth, for queries and qualifications. We want to arrive at the end as rapidly as possible : to condemn or approve, to support or oppose. As the operations of civilization become more rapid, this tendency increases ; but it is a dangerous tendency. So, if at times I am slow, hesitating, apparently over-cautious, the reader will pardon me. In a new and vast field of observation the observer should take nothing for granted.

I reached at length the field where the reaping was in progress, and as the sun was now hot—90° in the shade at least—I was glad to find a small clump of trees in one corner from which I could look on the scene. Four black men, three “ boys ” and a lad, were at work ; these were cutting with scythes and cradles, a contrivance new to me—the cradle consisting of five or six thin strips of wood as long as the scythe-blade, eight or ten inches apart, so that the wheat as it falls is caught, and at the end of each sweep of the machine the whole swath slides off regularly on to the ground. The men went at their work in a sing-song mechanical manner, without much spirit or nervous energy ; but they were longing for dinner and rest, the time for which was near at hand.

I regarded the poor slaves with much interest. The oft quoted *sic vos non vobis*, &c., came into my mind. I

wondered how often my host used on them the whip of which I had so often read, and for which I could hardly help looking round. He, a quiet, easy, circumspect, yet frank-looking man, by no means corresponded to my idea of a slaveholder. But then the best of men get used to the worst of systems; and I thought of what British officers, and liberal mill-owners, and humane proprietors of collieries, and others, had done, and maintained their right to do, in England, within a few years. But what seemed to me the hardest part of the slave's lot was, that he could feel no interest in his labour, that he could take no pride or pleasure in his work.

I recalled my own experience as to how soon even a moderate quantity of exertion at any occupation to which we are averse, and from which the mind is absent, becomes a wearying, disgusting drudgery. And here were these poor fellows, condemned to perpetual labour for others; at the command of others; wanting alike the wholesome stimulus of ambition, and of necessity. I thought how slowly the shadow of the sun must move to them. I wondered how long they worked. What a revolutionary world this is! It was 1848, the year of revolutions in the Old World, America looking on patronizingly and pityingly. A few years previously deer, bears, and Indians roamed in these woods; not long ago the chivalric Captain John Smith—worthy of a higher-sounding name—was the first white man to sail up the James; at a little distance still lies the rock on which he was about to suffer a captive's death from his red foe, King Powhatan, when he was rescued by the king's beautiful and pitying daughter, Pocahontas, claiming him for a husband. He

was an adventurer worthy of the time of Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh; though, it is said, he did not treat his wife so well as she and we might have expected. Her grave, I believe, is at Gravesend; his, in the church whose bell tolls unhappy wretches from Newgate into eternity. The Red-man was gone—disappeared, as we say. The pale-faced descendant of the Saxon and Norman was lord of the land, and to serve him as hewers of wood and drawers of water the brawny savage sons of benighted Africa had been brought, perhaps from horrible Ashantee or Dahomey. May we not hope that in time the true philosophy of these changes will be understood, and that ethnology and anthropology will emulate and advance with natural history and geology?

The master was in the field looking on; for he was his own overseer, as is very commonly the case among all but the more extensive and wealthiest farmers in Virginia.

Seeing me, he came towards me; having first told the hands to get their dinners. They dropped their implements very promptly, and started off, swinging along under the burning, glaring sunshine, towards a long shed partly sheltered by trees. We proceeded towards the house, talking about the strange revolutions in Europe. I was struck with the difference between the guarded expressions, the moderate expectations and views of my host, and the rash predictions, the hasty and extravagant conclusions of many of the papers I had been reading.

As we went along I told my kind entertainer that I would take the coach when it came by. He invited me

to call again should I ever pass, or have a day or two to spare. A black lad met us before we reached the house, and, touching his hat and making his bow in negro fashion, handed me a letter: to my surprise. It was from a friend who happened to be at his farm a few miles off, apologizing for not at once coming over, but introducing me to the gentleman whose hospitality I was already enjoying. This was very pleasant, and it placed me quite at my ease; though I was pretty much so already—thanks to the kindly unembarrassing manner of the whole family. We refreshed ourselves by a slight wash in cool water, and then went in to dinner. The meal consisted of a tomato soup, cabbage and bacon (boiled together), fowl, wheaten and corn bread, potatoes, green corn, and apple-dumplings, with water deliciously cool from the well—a plain and plentiful repast, and a genuine Virginian dinner. I afterwards found that throughout the States, outside the largest cities, fresh meat is not much used; very much less so than in London: in the West, especially, roast beef is about as great a rarity as it is to an English agricultural labourer. Water is drunk to an extent rather surprising to a genuine Englishman, who regards mere cold water as a poverty-stricken and rather unwholesome article of diet; except, perhaps, occasionally, after indulging a little too much in something better—to his notions.

My host, I found, kept port, sherry, whisky, brandy, and cider in the house; but none of them was placed on table at dinner. People living in a more fashionable style follow pretty nearly the New York and European fashions in such matters, according to their means. At the time

I write of, the current of public opinion had set in against the old drinking habits of the State, and consequently there was much larger consumption of intoxicating liquor than met the public eye.

Rising from the table after a moderate time—enough for mingling a little conversation with the proper business,—the company proceeded to an adjacent room, considerably better furnished; the outer shutter blinds being closed to keep out the mid-day glare, and the windows opened to admit the slight breeze. My host sat down by me on a sofa, asking about England; the rest of the family sat scattered about; the eldest and the youngest in rocking chairs, some chatting about their own affairs, one or two indulging in that *dolce far niente* which one soon learns to enjoy under the influence of a southern clime. Though, in fact, the true American only half enters into that condition to which the Italian abandons his whole self; the mind of the former, the observing faculties especially, being usually quietly and somewhat secretly active, while the body is in a state of repose.

“I reckon I may as well go and see how those boys are getting on,” said the eldest son to his father, meaning the men reaping. In the South they “reckon;” the Yankees “guess;” in the West they “calculate.”

“Yes, do,” answered the father; “and as our friend wishes to take the stage to-day, you had better tell Bob to look out and stop it.”

“Yes, sir,” was the reply. “Sir” being still often used in the United States by children to their parents: it has now been discontinued in England for perhaps half a century past, its use being regarded as an instance of the

unsocial distance formerly maintained between parent and child.

“Suppose we go and have a pipe?” said my host; “I always do, myself, after dinner, and probably you will have no objection to join me.”

I thought it best to say yes; and bowing as I left the room, received in return a slight bow from the ladies. We seated ourselves in easy chairs at one end of the porch, my host taking off his coat—a dark frock-coat which he knocked about the farm in.

“I see, sir,” said I to him, removing from my lips the long reed forming the stem of my pipe, “things are not quite settled, even in this country. I read some remarks in more than one paper, about the dangers arising to the Union from abolitionist feeling in the North.”

“Ah! yes; you mustn’t mind all the papers say. They must talk strong now and then. The Union won’t be dissolved in our time. The abolitionist clique—for it don’t amount to a party—is a mere humbug. Go to New York, and you’ll hardly meet with one in general respectable society. The Northern people know very well that they despise the nigger every way, while we in the South like the nigger very well—in his place. No, sir, I reckon there’s very little danger in that direction.”

Such at this time were the views of, I should think, a large majority of the Northern people with regard to disunion. The Americans fully inherit all the excessive self-confidence of their British ancestors. The apprehensions as to the possibility of disunion, however, were more lively among the most experienced and enlightened men of the country. My host, indeed, was a man of excellent



sense, and of much general information ; but his life had been rather closely occupied with restoring his farm to a profitable condition, and his politics and opinions were, on the whole, formed by his wishes, feelings, and interests : as is the case with very many, I believe.

“Hullo ! here are some folks coming up to the house !” said my host, rising to put on his coat and call some of the family, two of whom soon came on to the porch to see who the visitors were. Two one-horse vehicles—“buggies,” holding each two persons,—followed by a small close carriage, and two men on horseback, came up a road through the farm.

“Miss Brown and her cousin are in the first buggy,” said one.

“And Miss Harrold is in the second,” said another.

“Miss Harrold ! Well, that is lucky : she is a fellow-countrywoman of yours, sir,” said my host, “and you may be proud of her. You must give up the idea of leaving to-day.”

(I should have stated that my having mentioned persons in the city from whom I had letters, and with whom Mr. Burton was acquainted, had put me on a better footing than I should otherwise have been.)

The party had pulled up outside the slight fence, servant lads holding the horses ; and the gentlemen having assisted the ladies from the carriages, they walked towards us, talking and laughing gaily enough. They were warmly welcomed by the family. There was shaking hands all round, and kissing between the ladies ; and after they had got on to the porch, Mr. Burton turned to me and gave a sort of general introduction, mentioning my name.

When Miss Harrold happened to be near me, he introduced me to her, particularly, as a countryman just arrived from the other side of the Atlantic. I was indeed proud to see that among more than half a dozen ladies, most of them near their prime, Miss Harrold was favourably distinguished as to figure, complexion, and carriage; though surpassed by some in delicacy of colour, fineness and regularity of feature, and grace and vivacity of manner. By the side of her, most of the ladies had a convalescent appearance; she being no more rosy or robust than one likes to see a young Englishwoman of two and twenty, of cultivated mind and manner, and enjoying all the essentials to health.

When we find ourselves amongst strangers in a strange land, we turn with pleasure and with a friendly feeling of recognition to whatever belongs to or reminds us of home: it may be an old book, a picture, a flower; and with a countryman or countrywoman we seem to have a right to claim acquaintance, as a vessel sailing in some unfrequented ocean would hail and speak another. It was, therefore, with no little gratification and even pride that I entered into conversation with a charming, young, and admired Englishwoman. At once I seemed to cease to be an alien, a stranger, an "outsider;" and felt myself within the social circle of which the domestic hearth is the centre. Miss Harrold had been in America only two years, and yet in manner, in conversation, in a certain *je ne sais quoi*, she was decidedly Americanized. Yet it was but slightly; and her deeper voice and English accent fell pleasantly on my ear amidst the 'higher notes and somewhat to me peculiar speech of the others.

The elderly lady whom I mentioned before, evidently in feeble health, approached me. "I am glad Miss Harrold came before you left, sir," she said; "you must try and give us a call before she leaves us—if you are still determined to leave to-day."

One of the youngest of the family had taken my fair countrywoman's left hand in both of hers, while half shyly looking at me.

"Ma," she said, "you know we have an all-day meeting next Sunday; why don't you invite this gentleman to come down and drive Miss Harrold to church, and I'll go in their buggy: won't you let me, Miss Harrold?"

"You are talking too much, miss. You be off and tell Dinah to cut up those water-melons and put them on the table;—but that was a good suggestion of Jinny's. I reckon you had better come down on Sunday. There will be an unusual number of people at our church. The belle of our county is to be there too, and numbers of other young ladies."

To a Londoner it is curious to see how important a part young ladies play in the amusements, the attractions, the conversation, and thoughts of the single men especially, and of society generally, in the South. But as so many of the ways of spending time which offer themselves to young men in large European cities—theatres, concert-rooms, billiards, public-houses, lectures, and so on—are out of reach, and the people are of a very sociable turn, the unmarried but marriageable portion of the fair sex acquire all the more interest and importance.

I accepted the invitation conditionally. My host and two other gentlemen approaching, the ladies joined the rest

of the party, who were entering the house. On being introduced, I observed the searching, penetrating look which the American bestows on a new acquaintance. The Southerner especially often deliberately reads one, commencing with a steady look in at the eyes—much to the annoyance of many persons. I doubt whether any people are such good judges of human nature as the Southerners,—so able to look through externals and appearances into the real man. The English reader may perhaps say they ought to be good judges of an article in which they deal.

We talked of England, her wealth, her power, extent, and so on. Was she going to turn republican like the rest of the world? England was second only to America. Had I been in Kent? for one had relations there; another in Durham. Of one the father was English, of another the mother was Scotch; and the house and street in which she lived in Edinburgh were mentioned. Then we turned to America. Only one of the party seemed to have any doubts as to the perfection and permanence of the Union. Yet of those who were on that day assembled within that farm-house one lies buried on the melancholy field by Manassas Gap—among the first who fell at Bull Run, two are in the armies which now defy the Northern hosts, one of the girls, now a wife and mother, lives on a farm within sight of the invaders, where day and night she and her family are exposed to such dangers as those which surrounded the English in India during the mutiny; and the whole now regard with hatred and contempt the then glorified flag of their Union.

“Coach ’ll be at de gate dreckly, sa,” said a young black boy, who had been watching.

“Run and stop it,” said Mr. Burton, my kind and courteous host.

I shook hands with him, and with those to whom I was speaking, and I looked round to see whether more of the family were in sight.

“Tell the girls to come here—that our visitor wishes to bid them good-by,” said Mr. B. to one of the small blacks who seemed always about. They soon came, one after another, bringing with them my fair young countrywoman. A shake of the hand all around, and lastly with the mistress of the house, who said they would be pleased to see me again, and then I turned my back on the cheerful dwelling where I already had begun to feel like an inmate; so much that was new, pleasant, and interesting to me had passed within the few hours of my accidental sojourn beneath the friendly roof of a Virginia farmer.

## CHAPTER IV.

## FROM WHITE-OAKS TO RICHMOND.

Chewing—Manifest Destiny—Country Tavern—The News—Subjects of Conversation—Electioneering Betting.

I TOOK very little notice of the dingy, yellowish two-horse vehicle that was waiting. I gave a bit of English silver to my coloured attendant, who had first opened the gate for me and then the coach door. He looked at the coin with open mouth, rather suspiciously I thought, then brightened up as he pulled at his old straw hat, wished me “good-by,” and hinted inquiringly that I should “see de folks again nex Sunday?”

Travelling at the rate of about seven miles an hour, we passed pieces of wood or forest, crooked fences, “worm fences”—consisting of rails roughly split, about ten feet long, and laid with the ends overlapping each other, held together by their own weight,—fields of corn, wheat, clover, mangold-wurzel, “old fields” covered with dry weeds, grass, and a few pines; and now and then a farmhouse. But throughout there was more wood than anything else, though no trees that would be called very fine in England, rarely any two feet in diameter. Sometimes fifty or a hundred acres would be totally cleared, looking

painfully hot. Too many Americans like to see their fields thus bare; not unnaturally, perhaps, since it shows a complete conquest over the native and obstructive forest. Oppressed by dust and heat, I thought that were I a farmer I would have shady walks in all directions over my land; and I have little doubt that an enlightened economy will in time lead Americans so to shade their paths and roads as to enable them to move about more out of doors at all hours and seasons than they now do, or can with due regard to health. The Anglo-Saxon has as yet scarcely begun to modify by scientific arrangements the climates and the effects of climate in the various countries to which he has migrated.

Things glided by, as though they were a mere painted panorama. My head was full of recollections—now, of the events, the conversation, the scenes, the persons of the last few hours; then, away amidst London smoke or English green fields. After leaving the little spot, the small circle, amidst which you have been living, moving amidst strangers and localities totally disconnected with your former life, you cease to be an actor and become a mere spectator. A real landscape is no more to you than a fine picture. The intellect may be amused and occupied with the novelties, but the heart is ever reverting to old faces and places, feelings and interests; and this is one reason why it is so difficult to give a fair estimate of what to us is new and foreign. I endeavoured to form a correct idea of the people I had seen, wherein they were like, wherein they were different from the English. At present, I will only say that to a Londoner there was less that was unusual, remarkable, or peculiar, than he would

find among people of corresponding position in many parts of England. He would look upon them as persons of superior bearing and address, free from rusticity or vulgarity, yet with an air, a mode, a character distinguishing them from English people.

But their spitting and chewing! Well, that is a most unpleasant way of using tobacco, about which enough has been said. I was rather worried to see a fine young man, talking very familiarly with the English lady I mentioned, turn away now and then and discharge the brown saliva from his mouth over the porch railing. I don't think any one has ever arrived at, or at least published, the philosophy of the use of tobacco. To see the struggles of boys to become accustomed to it, and find youths and men using stuff in which there is really no tobacco or nicotine, one might think it a mere acquired habit; but the Indian, the hunter, the sailor, the Irishman, and the American, with his over-excited nervous system, would never permanently indulge in so troublesome a practice, unless it were something more than mere custom or habit.

I had only two fellow-travellers with me in the coach, which was built, I believe, to accommodate nine. Of these, one was a fine, large, rather sensual-looking man, in black, with elegant boots (the only white man I had noticed with boots fit for country wear was Mr. Burton), and a careless, rough, yet not ungentlemanly manner, very inconsistent with his attire. My attention was directed to him by his cursing his black dress hat, which incommoded him when it was on by preventing him from stretching himself at his ease, and when off by tumbling about. He was a great chewer and spitter. I calculated



that he must have emitted the nauseous fluid from his mouth through the coach window at the rate half of a pint per hour. How his system could stand such a drain, he still looking robust, fat, and muscular, I could not understand. Perhaps by nature he was a Daniel Lambert, kept down by nicotine?

He seemed to have been aware that I was internally pre-occupied, for when I began to look around with an evident interest in external objects, he remarked, with the calm, examining look which I before mentioned, that the wheat thereabouts was looking very fine. I replied that I was no judge of what was expected in Virginia, but to me it looked rather light.

“I guess you’re not long from the old country,” joined in my other companion, a younger, smaller, thin man, an inferior animal, also in black, but with a thin, high voice which yet indicated more of mental culture.

Being myself in search of information, I made it a point to give it whenever asked for. I could never sympathize with those squeamish travellers who were unhappy because they could not, wherever they might go, always get nice tea and thin bread and butter in their own rooms, or who were annoyed at being asked where they came from, where they were going, what was their business, and so on.

We were soon engaged in conversation, and the feeble and genteeler of my companions let us know that he was from Boston, born close by that city; that he was in poor health, and trying to get employment as teacher. At that time New England supplied a large proportion of teachers and schoolmasters to the South. It is curious

### *Manifest Destiny.*

that the native population of Massachusetts emigrate very extensively. The unfailing topic, the wonderful greatness, progress, and extent of the Union, was broached, and the Bostonian expatiated on it more extensively than any one I had yet heard. I know not what wonders he foretold.

"It's a good thing for the rest of the world that we're a peaceable, enlightened nation, and have no kings or aristocrats to lead us into useless and aggressive wars."

"But perhaps," I suggested, "Providence may see fit to prevent any country becoming so immense and irresistible."

"Waal, that is to me a new idea," he said, laughing at my absurdity; "it's just for the good and enlightenment of the world—to show it how to git along with equal rights, and just laws, and by peaceable means—that Providence is developing this country so wonderfully."

"You think there is no danger of disunion?"

I noticed he looked sideways at our companion, who sat a quiet, but I thought not altogether a pleased listener.

"Disunion!" Then he added, after a pause, during which he was evidently thinking, "No: I guess the British Government would like to see that, but we're not such fools as to gratify them."

This was in 1848. In 1861 the Southern States raised the Confederate flag. In 1860, had Washington risen from the dead to warn the Northern people of the disgrace, the bloodshed, the folly, the dangers, the madness, they were bringing on themselves, not one in twenty would have believed him. Preachers, politicians, literary men, newspaper writers of all sects and parties, had all agreed in one course—to flatter the national vanity, to

stimulate the national self-confidence and self-esteem, till a belief in the perfection of American institutions had become a part of the American religion.

A heavy cloud had suddenly come over us, and large drops of rain were falling; the horses were walking up a bad piece of the road, when the driver's face appeared at an opening for the purpose of speaking to us.

"There's a very heavy shower coming on, gentlemen, I reckon. I've got two servants outside here; if you don't mind, I'll put them inside till it blows over."

No one objected. "Oh! to be sure," said the larger of my companions. "I said nothing, because I know you Northerners,"—looking at the Bostonian,—“are more particular as to the presence of niggers than we are down here.”

"Oh! I guess not."

"Now, I reckon you never travelled in your parts in a public carriage with two nigger fellow-passengers?"

The conversation was interrupted by the coach-door being opened, and the two coloured people getting in, rather shyly and awkwardly, seeming to feel as an English farm-labourer might in the presence of the squire or parson. They occupied the back seat. For some time little was said. All were looking at the storm raging around us,—trees bending and writhing beneath the fierce gusts; wheat-fields sadly undulating; fields of corn apparently conquered by the wind and rain, and borne down towards the earth, half uprooted. But a few days' sun, I was told, would draw it up and set all right again. Thick yellow torrents rushed along the road-sides, or, in some places, formed large ponds. Nature operated more suddenly,

violently, and, as one might say, wastefully, than in the temperate climate to which I had been accustomed; yet I have seen in England a storm of rain which would be called very heavy in any part of the United States.

The whole party were very glad to reach the tavern at which we were to change horses. It was a house with a large whitened wooden porch, reached by some dozen wooden steps; a substructure of brick a few feet high supported the frame building, which was roofed with shingles. At each gable end was a brick chimney. In front was a spreading shade-tree, a pump and water-trough, and, here and there, pigs, chickens, turkeys, and ducks were standing up for shelter from the wind and rain. Close to the house was a piece of ground, in which was an old sleigh, a waggon, a dust-heap; some cabbages, melons, and potatoes growing; and all around was a considerable field of corn.

“Walk in, gentlemen, walk in,” said the landlord, as the first of our party, the large man, reached the porch. The two shook hands, evidently acquainted. The landlord had not, to my eye, the look or manner of a landlord, or farmer, or anything else in particular, but still had a pleasant, easy way about him. We entered a room, which, having only a table or two and a few old chairs, and pictures of Susan and Virginia, looked rather cheerless. However, our leader was not disheartened. “Well, gentlemen,” said he, “do me the pleasure of drinking with me. I reckon a good julep, considering the state of the weather, won’t hurt us. This gentleman, Mr. Landlord,” turning to me, “is just from the old country—the greatest country in the world—next to our own, of course; for

I wouldn't give a cuss for a man who don't stand up first of all for his own country. So, landlord, will you be good enough to let us have juleps for the crowd, not forgetting yourself."

The landlord, having evidently formed his estimate of us two strangers, walked leisurely out of the room.

"That's a first-rate old fellow, I tell you. When he gives his word, you may be sure he'll be thar. I know him like a book. He's got one fault, though, and that he'll never get rid of: he's the damndest old Whig, double-dyed in the wool, in this country."

A negro "boy" of some twenty years here entered, grinning a how-d'y-e-do at us, and at the speaker especially, and placed the juleps on the table.

"Well, Joe, how are you now? By-the-by, just ask those two coloured persons in the stage what they will like to drink, and to step out if they're so inclined."

"Yes, massa," and out he goes.

The landlord having re-entered, we followed the example of our foremost man, and took our tumblers full of ice and whiskey, sweetened with sugar, and garnished and flavoured with mint.

"Gentlemen," said he, "here's to our better acquaintance," and he swallowed the greater part of his julep, as did the landlord, while I, and our Yankee companion, merely took a few sips.

"Well," said the landlord, "what's the news, gentlemen?"

\* The "news" in the United States is the commonplace starting topic, instead of the "weather;" and certainly it is preferable. You have soon done with the weather,

and it happens to be about the worst possible subject for conversation ; but "the news" opens an infinity of interesting and suitable matter for talk with all persons under all circumstances. I would respectfully suggest to the mysterious little circle of the *élite*, the *crème de la crème*, who set the fashions, that after "How do you do?" is settled, and the weather remarks are exhausted, the "news" be considered the next question in order.

"Have you ever heard anything of that wild young fellow, the son of old Mr. —, down towards the swamp yonder?" asked the gentleman at whose expense we were drinking.

"Ah, yes ; poor fellow ! I heard lately that he went to Mexico, and fell among the foremost at the storming of Chapultepec."

"Well, that was a more glorious death than he'd have met with had he stayed hereabouts, I reckon."

"I guess you English have been a little astonished at the way in which we carried everything before us in the Mexican war," said the Yankee. "History don't record many such events as the taking of Chapultepec, the battle of Buena Vista, Monterey, and, in fact, the whole campaign."

I replied that I took no interest in battles or campaigns, because a civilian reader had to take for granted the truth of the narration, however one-sided ; the nature of the subject, and his want of information, making it impossible for him to use his judgment.

"Why, you know, the Duke of Wellington declared that General Scott had laid down and carried out his plans in the most masterly manner."

I replied that I had no reason to doubt it.

"I guess we rather surprised the kings and aristocrats of Europe, winning battle after battle; 4,000 or 5,000 Americans whipping four and five times their numbers as fast as they could get to them; our men, too, most of them volunteers just picked up, electing their own officers."

Nothing would suit this gentleman, who had a clerical rather than a military air, but to talk of the prowess of his countrymen. I have no doubt that the brilliant success of the Americans in the war with the Mexicans contributed not a little to inflate the national mind to that extent which rendered a collapse almost inevitable.

"You must remember," said the landlord, "that our army was, to a very considerable extent, composed of Irish and Germans, and other nations; and I never heard but what they all fought as well as our boys."

"Yes; but the officers were Americans."

"And then the Mexicans are a damned mongrel breed, half-Indian, half-Spanish, and a little nigger. Of course, I ain't going to run down our own doings, but they ain't white men, no how. But, to change the subject, who are you Whigs going to run for President, landlord?"

"Well, that's hard to say, just yet. I go in for Harry of the West. I'd rather be beat with Henry Clay than win with any other man, myself."

"That's right; he's a trump card. I'd rather see Clay in myself than any man in the country, except a good Democrat. I hope you'll run him; first, because he's a good man, and it's your duty to stand by him; and, second, because he's sure to lose: he's not available."

“ ‘ Available ’ be damned ! I despise that word.”

“ So do I ; but in politics it must be kept in mind.”

“ Well,” said the landlord, “ I shan’t see you for some time. Now I’ll bet you a double X that we get our man in.”

“ Well, it’s time you Whigs had a turn in office ; but, just for old acquaintance sake, done. I’ll make a note of it. This is the first bet I’ve made as yet on the next election.”

I afterwards found that the presidential elections were the occasions of a vast amount of betting. It is difficult to arrive at a very exact estimate on such a subject ; but probably much more money changes hands every presidential contest than is annually lost and won in England in connection with the turf.

The conversation now turned on politics. One or two neighbours dropped in and joined the group. I remained a listener. Political principles formed no part of the discussion. The question was, how the constituencies would go, how they had gone before, whether any would this time change, what majority such and such a county, or city, or state, had given, and would next give. The acquaintance with the numbers polled in different places, at different times, displayed by some of the party, surprised me.

It was now time to resume our journey. In fact, it was owing to a slight accident having happened to the vehicle that we had stayed so long. We shook hands with the landlord ; our leader bidding good-by to Joe, who had not forgotten to drink his health while helping our coloured fellow-travellers. They had resumed their seats outside,



the rain having ceased, and the sky being now all blue and clear, the sun shining, the country fresh and bright, the air delightfully cool. When we came to a "branch," which we had to cross, the bridge was gone—washed away : it was only with much delay and trouble we got to the other side of the swollen stream. Shortly after, dark we reached our destination, the capital of Virginia, the City of Richmond.

## CHAPTER V.

## RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Natives, Jews, Germans, Foreigners—Negro Progression—Indian Retrogression—Return of the Red Man?—Laying-off Cities—Gossip—Slave Auction—Sovereign or Courtier?—The Capitol of Virginia—The Legislature—Men not in their right Places—Appointing Legislatures by Lot—Disappointment—The next great Movement.

RICHMOND, the capital of the State of Virginia, is one of the oldest places on the North American continent, settled by people speaking English; for it claims about equal antiquity with Boston, New York, Baltimore, Raleigh, and Charleston. It is situated at the head of tide water on the winding, unbusiness-like James, which rolls carelessly and pleasantly through the country, as if choosing to be as long and see as much as possible before dying in the vast Atlantic. The principal thoroughfare is Main Street, which commences in the lower regions of the town, among warehouses and waste places, and docks, and old dilapidated buildings. The neighbourhood (called Rocketts) is enlivened by mules, and waggons, sailors, negro-drivers and labourers, merchants and their assistants: negroes, mules, and waggons especially. Thence the street runs nearly parallel with the river, up hill, in a straight line. "Stores" of all kinds are on each side; provisions and such things at the lower end; "dry goods," confec-

tioners, hotels, bakers, druggists, &c. &c., higher up, for about a mile; then private dwellings, mostly of brick, some of wood; a storehouse here and there, business gradually going up town. The outskirts consist of fields, some fenced in, some open; here a respectable dwelling, there a shanty; then a fresh building going up, and so on. Beyond is the ample ground for agricultural fairs, surrounded by whitewashed shedding and stabling; and farther on, to the left, is the beautiful cemetery of Holly-wood.

The city is laid out at right angles, the cross streets commencing up town, with four or five named after once distinguished men; then "First," "Second," and so on, down to "Thirty-first," which runs at the foot of a hill, Chimborazo, 200 feet high above tide water. At the time I first saw it, in 1848, the city contained some 35,000 people; of these about half were black, or inclining to that colour, and slaves; so that there would be about 3,500 adult white males. A large portion of the outskirts of the city consisted of poor, mean, low, neighbourhoods. Probably there were not many more than 3,000 white men in the whole population who would mutually call each other "respectable;" though the term would be applied to the well-conducted journeyman mechanic working for weekly wages as well as to the millionaire—if there were one, but I believe there was not.

It was curious, in walking along the street, to observe that the dealers in old clothes and cheap slop-clothing were Jews—Cohens, Moseses, Isaacs, Abrams, and so on. There they were, with their sharp eyes and hooky noses, sitting, standing, or walking about their stores, ready to

sell you a bargain, just as in the Old World. The dealers in fruit and confectionery were Italian, so cleverly keeping the business in their hands that even a Yankee had a poor chance. Most of the few bakers were Scotch. The best butcher in the market, I was proud to hear, was an Englishman, "a jolly good fellow," and related, I was surprised to find, to an old acquaintance of mine. Few people have any adequate idea of the number of surviving and ascertainable relationships between the people of England and those of the various States.

The "Dutch"—that is, the Germans, form a considerable portion of the population of this and of most American cities. New York and other places were in early times settled by the true Dutch, and the Germans and others were classed with them, in the popular mind and language; all being called "Dutch," or, not unfrequently, "the damned Dutch." For the native American is exclusive in his ideas; he allows, indeed, English and Scotch, and the better sort of Irish, to associate with him on terms of social equality, but no others; although he rather likes the French, partly out of national gratitude, partly because the French met with out of France—unless in numbers too great to be regarded as pleasant visitors—are of a class above the mere labourer.

Having the advantage of taking my first surveys of the city with a shrewd old resident, I saw many things which escape the traveller who has to trust to his own hasty and superficial observation. The foreigners, I found, formed social circles of their own—Irish with the Irish, Dutch with the Dutch, and, to some extent, English with their fellow country people; so that it is quite rare, con-

sidering the great proportion of Europeans in the United States, to encounter one as a friend or visitor in an American family. The men meet and talk together in the streets, or at their places of business, and that is all.

Of course, all look down on the negro. It is one cause of bad feeling against the lower classes of Germans, that they are often on too familiar terms with the coloured people; while a respectable negro rather affects to despise a mean poor Irish or Dutchman, and even native "poor white trash." He must, indeed, be careful how he shows his contempt. There are classes and grades of the negro population recognized among themselves, and by the whites, depending very much on individual character and conduct; and throughout the South those considerations, I believe, affect a man's position and standing among his neighbours more than in England or in the Northern States. It seems to be the result of the "peculiar institution" to give more weight to the personal merits and character. Still, the remark of Mr. Ruffin, which was quoted a few pages back, is too true of the Southern people: like the rest of the world, they are sadly deficient in the art of bringing their best men forward.

At the time of which I am now writing—it is necessary to be particular and circumstantial in speaking of a country which every year makes changes as great as occur in decades and centuries in Europe—there were few Irish in the South. Shortly afterwards they began to appear as domestic servants. In Baltimore, the most northerly large city in which slavery exists, they are more often found in that capacity; but the employment of white girls as house servants has increased very slowly in Richmond. Nor is

Irish labour much used there. In the North, the railways, canals, sewers, excavations, and buildings, are the product of Irish muscle. Thus even in the New World men fall into their old ways and habits, in spite of their apparent liberty to betake themselves to others.

Externally, as far as appearance goes, no race now peopling America has changed more than the negro slave. He goes to church, wears hat and trousers—the last, I believe, a great point with missionaries—talks English better than many Englishmen, contributes immensely to the wealth of his country and of the world at large; and is on the whole in a cheerful, healthy, flourishing condition, fulfilling the command to increase and multiply. No doubt he has a good deal to complain of; but we must bear in mind the horrible state of things in his native continent, and the degradation and destruction of the negro elsewhere.

“Lo! the poor Indian!” Looking on the perpetual horizon of forest, one cannot help thinking of the red man. The first I saw were dark brown, quiet, sedate, rather sad, but resigned-looking individuals, clad in coarse blue blankets which cover the head and reach to below the knee, slowly walking along in noiseless moccasins, carrying articles worked with beads to sell to any one who chose to buy. They had come from Canada to Richmond. Yes, he ought not to be forgotten, although he is a disagreeable fact. Only a hundred years ago he was master of the North American continent, save a few patches and strips of land. He has been left a freeman, almost an equal of the white; he was and is at liberty to farm or work at any trade; to turn merchant or politician;

to vote in some places, I believe, even it may be to run for Congress, or be run for the Presidency; though to this last career there may be constitutional objections arising from the Constitution. Yet the Red Indian has "disappeared"—that is the phrase, the euphemism; for that, in fact, he has been ruthlessly destroyed is as clear as that the wolves, and bears, and deer have been exterminated; and you, my philosophical, philanthropical New England friend—you especially are his destroyer. There are, it is true, remnants of the red race here and there; but not even Elihu Burritt or Horace Greely has a word to say against their being speedily and finally "improved off the face of the earth."

Thus we may learn that statute laws may be the merest nothings, or may give in their practical workings a total contradiction to what most men would expect from their words and provisions. The Indian perishes, in spite of a seemingly liberal and beneficent course of legislation concerning him, especially of late years. The negro flourishes like a green bay-tree by the river-side, compared with his former condition, although the legislation regarding him seems to us, in England, terribly unjust and cruel in its leading features.

Recent events remind me of what a writer, well worth reading, has said concerning the Red Indian and his invader. He considers the destruction of the race as by no means settled. He shows how aboriginal races of men still stick to their native seats; how the United States man displays signs of deterioration—the fat disappearing, the muscles becoming stringy and prominent, the tendons showing on the surface, symptoms of premature decay

manifesting themselves; the women losing their teeth early, infant life more uncertain, and families small. All these facts, he thinks, prove that the Anglo-Saxon and the American climate do not suit each other; and he speculates on further degeneration, physical, mental, political, when immigration ceases, and on a gradual return of the red men to their own vast domains.

Much of this seems more possible now than it did in 1848. There is nothing absurd in the supposition that the States are commencing a downward career of disorganization, social and political, which may ere long reduce them to a level with Mexico. Changes more incredible have lately taken place in the world.

In this city of Richmond the native-born American population predominates in wealth and in social and political influence. Most of the adults own more or less slave property, and, of course, many look forward to possessing servants by purchase or inheritance. In considering the proportion of the population pecuniarily interested in slave property, those having expectations must be taken into account; and when this is done, I believe it will be found that three-fourths or more of the native-born citizens are thus interested. This belief, however, is founded mainly on my own personal acquaintance and observation. Foreigners and Northerners generally hire their servants by the year, though many of those who can afford it own slaves. And there is no doubt that the permanent possession of their domestics adds greatly to the comfort of families.

A portion of this city at the west end is, to English taste, very pleasing. The streets are wide, and quiet, and



clean; the foot-pavement is mostly shaded with horse-chestnuts, Otaheitan mulberry, silver-leaved maple, and other trees. Many of the houses are detached; some of them are of red brick, in modern styles, others stuccoed, others of wood, and of various sizes. They are surrounded with well-kept gardens, or with trees, and there is a little green space in front; the neighbourhood having an airy, comfortable, cultivated, home-like look, which one seldom meets with in American towns. About a tithe of the space built on is of this character; while in other quarters, on the extensive outskirts—Rocketts, Shed Town, Horse Heaven, Butcher Town, Gully Nation, Screamersville,—expressive names!—one is wearied and disgusted with old wooden shanties, waste fields, patched tumbling stables and dwellings, dusty or muddy roads, and all the appearances of a slovenly, don't care population, out of the pale of respectability, and not ambitious even to get in. I am sorry to say that more than a tenth—more than two-tenths—of the city is of this inferior character.

The plan almost universally adopted in America, of laying out the cities in straight streets crossing each other at right angles (Louis Napoleon is adopting it in Paris), looks well on paper to one accustomed to old cities that have grown up by accident; but it is, in fact, a meagre, monotonous plan. The greatest municipality in the States has spent millions in destroying the beauty and advantages of one of the finest sites in the world for a vast metropolis.

Were I to lay out a city—and I have laid out many splendid and extensive ones, in my mind's eye; for building castles in the air I thought too small an operation

when I was young, and it cost no more to establish a complete Utopia—I would reserve here and there, according to the topography, ample spaces for public buildings, churches, chapels, theatres, which should be surrounded by well-kept ornamental grounds; or perhaps I would reserve a whole street, or an extensive crescent or circus, for such purposes, and so concentrate the finest edifices into one splendid view, adorned with trees, flowers, and fountains; while the main thoroughfares I would have so wide as to afford room in the middle of the street for the healthy growth of one or two rows of trees, with footpaths underneath them. For I hold it to be highly desirable, and it is quite practicable in such a climate, to make outdoor exercise as pleasant and healthful as possible. And then there should be terraces—real ones,—and crescents, and ovals, and one or two circular roads, running entirely round the suburbs; and no house should occupy less than a certain sized lot—say thirty feet, the proportion of inhabitants to each house being limited by law; for attention to all which matters the community would be well paid by increased morality, strength, health, and length of life. The English reader will pardon this little digression, which I hope will not be thrown away on those who dwell in new countries, where the founding of new cities is a commonplace affair.

I had put up at one of the hotels; and in the morning, about nine o'clock, after breakfast, my friend, followed by a coloured waiter, entered my room, and proposed to take a look round town before it got too hot. On our way to Main Street, we entered a door, by the side of which hung a small red flag, and I found myself amidst a number of

business-looking men, many of whom were watching a negro-boy running up the room and back again.

"This is a sale-room for one of the leading staples of Richmond," said my cicerone. "You see things are different here from at home. There, at this moment [1848], I read, you would willingly pay a considerable sum to any of your labouring population just to be off, so that you might lessen by one the 'over population;' here we value our labourers: this one, a mere boy, will fetch 500 or 600 dollars, and yield some six per cent. to the buyer, besides increasing in value for some years."

We soon get accustomed to strange things. Within an hour, I saw some half-dozen of my fellow-creatures "knocked down" by the mild-speaking auctioneer, in whom I soon recognized my stage-coach companion; and who, after nodding to me, came round, when the lot then up was disposed of, and shook hands with me. We were then regularly introduced by my friend, who seemed to know everybody.

"'A bad business this,' you're thinking, I reckon, Mr. Smith," said he. "Of course, very shocking at first. But what's to be done? You must make servants of these niggers; they must have masters, or else they become lazy, thieving nuisances. They know that themselves. Well, you wouldn't make a man keep a servant when he don't want him? That would do no good to either party."

I inquired whether it was a fact that negroes were bred for sale in Virginia, as I had read it was one of the "slave-breeding" States.

"Pooh! pooh! Reading be ——. The people of Vir-

ginia are constantly migrating to the West and South-West, for various reasons. White and black alike have to go where there's more scope for them. Well, for the present, good morning."

"Let's get out of this," I said; and soon we were on Main Street, taking the shady side, for already the sun was hotter than was pleasant.

"Do you see that large red-faced man, walking very erect, seeming to exert himself to do so? That is 'Peter Pompous.' He is worth about 100,000 dollars—a good deal in a town like this. A short time ago he quietly turned over to his wife all he was worth. Next, he called his creditors together, told them he was burst up, but thought he could manage to pay twenty per cent., if they chose to accept that, and clear him. They came in to his terms, not being able to help themselves; and now he walks about an independent man: a member of the church, too, I am sorry to say—that very church you can see the spire of yonder. Still, I don't think his money or his religion do him much good. He feels that he is branded and condemned by public and private opinion, although we are rather liberal in such matters."

"But," said I—however, my own remarks are of no consequence, being merely such as any Englishman would make.

"Here comes another character," said my friend, "at least, one of our great men—a staunch Whig, an influential bank director, almost a millionaire;" and he directed my attention to a highly respectable-looking man—one who would be called so in London or on 'Change: a stout, middle-sized, easy, self-satisfied looking man, dressed in

black, walking slowly along, and seeming to notice nothing. "He is rich, liberal, has befriended many in the city, his private conduct and character are unimpeachable. Still, he is unpopular. He is looked upon as aristocratic, exclusive; and with some reason. You see he walks straight on, without moving aside in the least to make way for that lady, no more than if she were a nigger. In this country, even here in the South, the people will forgive almost anything in a man rather than unpopular manners."

"But," I asked, "what are popular, and what unpopular manners?"

"Well, now, it's easier to ask than to answer such a question. You see, in a little place like this, as it seems to you coming from London, almost all the residents know more or less of each other. Now, a man of popular manners, a good fellow, readily recognizes slight acquaintance to whom he guesses the recognition will be acceptable—nods as he passes them, has a pleasant 'How are you' for them, is always ready to shake hands, or perhaps occasionally take a drink with his numerous friends; and is able to avoid disagreeable rencontres with tact, so as to give as little offence as possible. There, for instance, is a young man, whom I know to be utterly selfish, mean, and cowardly (and a coward has no reliable, good, manly quality), and by no means smart; yet he knows the value in this community of these popular manners; and he is a rising man, every one being willing to oblige him as a pleasant, good-hearted fellow."

I replied that politeness everywhere passes for more than it is worth.

"But here, in this whole, great country of ours, far

more than in most places—more than in France, I believe, and you know I have lived there. You see we, the people, call ourselves sovereign; and, by a natural confusion of terms, each calls himself sovereign, while, in fact, he is only a fraction of a sovereign. But he is wholly a courtier; he is ever in presence of his sovereign—at least, much more than your European courtiers—on the street, everywhere except at home: and not always excepting home, there is so much visiting among us. The American citizen is continually at court, and acquires the ways, the frame, and habit of mind of the courtier to an extent I would rather not correctly state at a public meeting.”

“And yet,” I said, “foreigners, and I among them, consider the most striking and peculiar feature of the American character, as compared with that of Europe, to be the perpetual assertion and maintenance of individual independence.”

“Very true; and were the wealthiest and most respected man in this city decidedly to insult,—to give what an English or French gentleman would consider an insult from an equal—a man such as that journeyman carpenter, with his basket of tools in his hand, the workman would resent it on the spot, and whip him as well as he could, if resisted. Yet you will find what I said to be quite correct.”

“Let’s step in here,” continued my friend, walking into a merchant tailor’s; “you may as well change that thick, high-waisted coat and short vest for something more in our style. Well, Ned, how are you?” he said, addressing a light, almost red-haired young man, who might have been shopman or shopkeeper.

"Ah! good morning, good morning! how are you? I've not seen you for a month of Sundays. What's the news?"

"Nothing particular, that I know of. Let me make you acquainted with my friend Mr. Smith—Mr. Anacharsis Smith, I may as well say, as Smith is a very common proper name. Mr. Smith, Mr. Keeling."

We shook hands very unceremoniously, and the conversation was resumed about neighbours and city events and doings.

[I must here inform the reader that I had intended to put forward this book under this unassuming name of J. A. Smith, fancying there was something egotistical in repeatedly and unnecessarily putting one's own name in print. It has been thought best however, under present circumstances, to publish the volume with my insignificant real name.]

"Well, our friend, Mr. Smith, has just arrived from the old country—from the big village of London, and I've brought him in here for you to Americanize him, as to the outer man, anyhow, for the present. No doubt, in time, we'll make a good citizen of him."

"Well, you English ain't so ready at becoming citizens as some of our visitors and emigrants from Europe. You'd think so, if you were to see what I saw in New York the last time I went on there to buy some goods. They do the naturalization business there wholesale. No time lost, I tell you. Now, what do you say to something of this sort?" Mr. K. continued, bringing me a thin, loose, black, sac coat, ready made.

I was soon attired in the American style, then more different from ours than it is now—loose and easy, long

waists, and turn-down shirt-collars, preferable in every way to the short-waisted tight coats and muffled necks, then the fashion in England ; which differences of costume a philosophical, or, which often passes for the same thing, a theorizing editor of that day considered characteristic of the national characters.

After a little more desultory conversation, interrupted by customers and others, and resumed in an easy, off-hand manner, we bade our tailor friend good day, getting a careless invitation to look in when I happened to be passing again. There is an ease, an absence of formality, a readiness in the manner and intercourse of the Americans, which contrasts very pleasantly with the rigidity that, as a general thing, the English maintain outside their own homes and family circles. You are not afraid of incommoding the American, or putting him out of his way. He is not so entirely different an individual at home and in his place of business.

Continuing our walk, my friend would frequently nod to persons he passed, who would return his nod, looking at me. They nod at each other much as Londoners do, but bowing, lifting the hat slightly, is practised by all classes towards women of all ranks—white, that is.

We stood at the corner of a street, as I wished to notice in what respects the passers-by differed from an English population. I came to no satisfactory conclusion that day, save that there was less red and white in the colouring of the complexions, a greater number of thin, sallow, harassed-looking men, and fewer fat, fleshy, large, ruddy, or what we call “jolly”-looking fellows than one would see in a like town in England—or even in London—except



in the poorer parts :—the East End, for instance, which has quite a different looking population from the West End.

We strolled on, and came to the State Capitol, an unfinished Greek building of white stone, tastefully and commandingly situated, amidst a green and shady square of some twelve acres, and conspicuous to all the surrounding country. The flag of Virginia, a very indistinct and unpretending one, floated over the roof. Its emblem is a goddess of liberty, setting one foot on a prostrate tyrant, as appears from the motto, "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" The State Legislature meet there every winter. It consisted of two bodies—a House of Representatives and a Senate; then elected by freeholders only, now by universal suffrage. The framers of the State Constitution were not reckless innovators. They endeavoured to make the "Old Dominion" a "New England," never losing their respect for the mother country; and to this day Old Virginia is more like Old England than is any part of New England or the true Yankeedom. Although half the population are black, one of the first things I learnt was that here, and indeed in many other parts of the South, an Englishman feels himself more at home than elsewhere in the now dis-United States.

"Waal, I guess so," said a New Englander—he whom I had met in the coach, and met frequently again. "Englishmen are accustomed to have some one to look down on and domineer over, and here the poor niggers just suit his habits."

The jurisdiction of the Virginia State Legislature extends to all State matters, except such as the Federal Constitution placed under the control of the United States

Government. The suffrage, the form of the State government—save that it must be republican, which amounts to nothing,—the laws relating to property, criminal jurisprudence, State education, the construction of roads, railways, incorporation of companies, the laws relating to banks, to negroes, slave and free;—with all such things the State Legislature deals, and with them Congress has no power to interfere.

The reader will remember that we knew much less about the United States ten or twelve years ago than we do now. I was eager to learn what sort of men their public men were; how far the Americans managed better than we to have their affairs of State managed by their worthiest and most capable men; whether ability and virtue, apart from birth and wealth, were more freely and generously recognized than in old respectability-ridden England.

I was much mortified to find that no one claimed any superiority in this respect for America over England. So far from their best citizens being called to offices of trust, or to seats in the Legislature of the States, or in Congress, I met with some who asserted that their public men were—I will not repeat what they said. But it was generally admitted that there was a growing disinclination on the part of thinking, spirited, refined, and conscientious men to take a prominent part in politics; and since that time, the disinclination has grown with fatal rapidity. The political arena, I found, was, in many parts of the country, gradually abandoned to smart, plausible, superficial men, able to talk, able and determined to please the majority, and able to get elected.

"On the whole," said my friend, "we are better off in Virginia than in many other places in the States; but we have nothing to boast of. If the electors were to draw lots among themselves to settle who should be our legislators and representatives, I rather think the State would be better governed and represented than it is now."

I laughed at this as rather an amusing idea. "Well," he replied, "it sounds new and strange, and, therefore, ridiculous. But, after all, look at your House of Lords—it is, in fact, pretty near the result of accidents no surer than a lottery; and, till lately, your House of Commons—nominees, very much, of the Lords—was, of course, much the same. Your kings and queens, too, have been the results of the accident of royal birth; and yet England, if we consider and compare it with the rest of the world, and not with our own private theories as to how things might be and should be, has been a tolerably well-governed country. The United States, as yet, are no example or authority to refer to, being a mere half-tried experiment. Were men appointed to our Legislatures by lot—excluding, of course, criminals, paupers, and perhaps those unable to read and write, and such others, as might be settled by law,—each citizen would really have a fair and equal chance of serving his country in public life, and each class and interest would be better represented than now: it would; that is, be more sure of being represented; and the representatives would be drawn more equally from all parts and classes of the community, and consist of men of every station and interest; while, at present, the tendency of the suffrage is to elect talkative, plausible, pliant men, and to reject entirely a large class of minds of the highest

character, and worthy men who cannot and will not descend and take part in such a contest as popular elections have very generally become."

The reader must not jump to the conclusion, because things in America are not exactly as he expected, that the Americans are anything else but a great and most remarkable people. As they say there, "It's a great country, but it's not all fenced in yet." There has been a good deal of fencing-in done since then, 1848, that memorable year when the Pope started as a radical reformer, setting Europe in a blaze—that same Pope who has now become an irritating bore. At that time, a distinguished writer had written, "The battle of America is yet to fight." It has since then been settling down, refining itself, getting licked into shape; and this present war of 1861 is but a part of this fencing-in process, for it is to determine the respective boundaries and rights of the two leading sections. Especially is it to settle the question whether the United States are to be ruled by a vast direct Democracy, or by law and Constitution. Other issues will arise in due time. The lion is not about to lie down with the lamb just yet.

As the reader will hereafter see, I met at the very outset of my explorations in the politics, morals, and social system of the United States, many contradictions of my preconceived notions, prejudices, and expectations. It was very annoying, but I resolved to bow to facts, and, if need were, to begin my study of such matters over again. Has my young and liberal reader the courage to do the same? Let him not shut up this book because he finds in it some harsh truths about democracy. If he will read on, he will find this a sufficiently revolutionary

volume. True, I have now no faith in democracy, nor have the people of England; nor have the people of America, as I will show. Democracy may be unavoidable—it may be necessary; but it is no remedy for any of the great evils of society.

The problem to which I shall often refer in the following chapters, which is destined to stir the hearts and engage the intellects of men of the new era now commencing, is—*How are the best and ablest men to be known, selected, and brought forward to serve their fellows?*

## CHAPTER VI.

Composition of the Population as to National Origin—Societies—Institutions—“Americans”—Publications—Idea of Washington—Convicts—Effects of Climate on White Men—Victuals—Cookery—Lager Beer—Hint to Teetotalers—How to Travel—Social Amusements—“Jogging Along”—Complexion—The Church.

WE are still standing in front of that Greek building, the Virginia State Capitol, amidst grassy slopes, winding and straight walks, and shady avenues of trees; the city lying all around, and rather below us, prettily adorned with numerous turrets and spires. Some one who loved the old far-away Richmond, famed for its luxuriously verdant beauty, has given this then infant city its name, and there are many places more unlike each other. The leading features, indeed, are very similar; but it will be many years before American scenery can be beautified with the rich masses of foliage common in those parts of England where trees have been cherished as they should be. With regard to the Virginia Richmond, I tried to find out who gave it that name, but in vain. There remains now only a tradition that it was given on account of its resemblance to its namesake on the Thames. Richmond, Va. was founded only about two hundred years ago; and in the interval the Americans have not improved in their mode of naming places. There must be now nearly forty Richmonds in the United States,

about a dozen Londons, as many Dublins, as many Edinburghs, rather a larger number of Berlins, about twenty Waterloos, nearly as many Parises, two Austerlitzes, one Wagram, some thirty Washingtons, one Uncle Sam; and of *Unions*—Union Cities, Union Towns, Union Villages and Villes, Unities, &c. &c.,—upwards of one hundred. “What’s in a name?”

Well, there is much in names worthy of the traveller’s attention. They yield useful information. In this very city we are looking at, the names over the shops, stores, and offices help to inform you of the origin and proportions of the populations—a very important matter. To understand, to reason about, to know what to expect from any given community, you must learn the race or races of which it is composed, and especially those which are predominant. Hence, I think it is to be regretted that the negroes have not retained their native African names. In one neighbourhood you will see written or painted up, Allberger, Bachrach, Emmenhauser, Fleischer, Guggenheimer, Schleischer, and so on: you know at once that they or their progenitors came from some part of the Fatherland. Examining the directory of this city of Richmond, I found (in 1856) that about five-sixths of the names were decidedly English or Scotch—that is Anglo-Saxon: English, lowland Scotch, and Scotch or Anglo-Irish.

In this little city there are about thirty churches. The largest, handsomest, and most fashionable is St. Paul’s, episcopalian—that is, as near as possible in America to the Church of England; the service substituting president for queen in the liturgy. It is frequented by the “big

bugs ; " it is built of stone, the body Greek, surmounted with an incongruous spire—something like St. Martin's, Charing Cross, but about half the bulk. Many other spires and towers you may see, but the greater part of the places of worship don't show themselves, and only make themselves heard by an unmusical single bell.

There are in the city a Young Men's Christian Association, an American Tract Society, a Bible Society of Virginia, a Board of Foreign Missions, *Southern Baptist's* Convention,—that italic word already indicates the commencement of disunion,—and other religious societies ; and there are three orphan asylums. There is an Athenæum, with a good library, but not much used—the Americans like cheap and light literature ; and a Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, which has " done the State some service," by preserving historical facts, records, &c. There are several good schools and colleges, but not sufficient means of education for the " lower classes "—[a want now supplied]. There are three banks, capital about 2,000,000 dollars each—discount 6 per cent. per annum—respectable, reliable institutions ; several small savings' banks ; two or three insurance companies, with a capital each of say 200,000 dollars or 300,000 dollars ; a dozen Masonic lodges ; nearly as many of Odd Fellows ; several divisions of Sons of Temperance ; a council of " United American Mechanics "—a germ of a remarkable political movement to take place in a few years, and sweep the country ; several German Societies ; no Irish, English, or Scotch. No building societies yet. No gas company. A few oil lamps are lit on dark nights.

Nearly twenty newspapers and periodicals are published



in Richmond! But only three of these are political—one, *Whig*, and the *Enquirer* and the *Examiner*, both democratic. The last, a leading paper of the democratic party, was in 1848 conducted by the son of the father of democratic editors, Mr. Ritchie, editor of the *Washington Union*.

It requires considerable thinking to understand how a population containing only some 5,000 adult males, can carry on such a variety of schemes, societies, companies, institutions, churches, &c.

At a side entrance to the capitol (the noble flight of steps that should lead up to the pillared front has been forgotten) I observed on guard a soldier in a uniform of blue, red, and yellow. He belonged to the Virginia State Guard, a company of perhaps sixty or seventy men, kept up by the State. It is almost a solitary instance of the maintenance of any military force by a State, and in this case it is retained only from the force of habit. It is a well-drilled and disciplined body; but the great difficulty, despite the excellent pay and treatment, is to supply the ranks suitably; for the English prejudice against the profession of arms, so far as the "common soldier" is concerned, is inherited in increased strength by Americans. We walked up the side steps into the building. A plain, exact, correct, unpoetical figure of Washington stands in the hall, on a pedestal. I suppose it is the fault of American literature; but, however that may be (and possibly the fault is in myself), I never felt any great pleasure or fervour of admiration in the idea recalled by the name of Washington. To me he is a plain, sensible, thoroughly honest, good, brave, but unenthusiastic man. In this I am by no means alone; and I think an impression so

inadequate of that good and great man, must be owing to a deficiency in the Yankee literature, through which chiefly he is known to the world.

We went where we pleased: into the Senate Chamber, into the Hall of the Representatives, very fitting apparently for their purposes; into committee-rooms, and into a considerable library. There was no policeman to stop us, no porter or other hanger-on to accept a sixpence. There were portraits of Washington and other worthies, and one of Judge Marshall, I think, a great lawyer, of whom old residents are fond of telling an anecdote. He used to do his own marketing, as it is still not uncommon for men to do; and one morning, having his basket on his arm, he heard a young fellow wish for some boy or servant to take home for him a turkey he had just bought, offering a shilling as pay; whereupon the greatest lawyer in the State offered to do the job for the money, and took the turkey to the young man's dwelling, leaving the by-standers to tell him who it was he had employed. The moral of the story is, that a genteel young man need not be ashamed to carry a parcel for himself through the streets.

On reaching the entrance at the other side of the building, I noticed a party of men, some of them white, others black, in parti-coloured clothes, working on the grounds, while a soldier kept guard near them. I was informed it was a gang from the penitentiary, employed on public work. The men seemed to labour neither excessively nor cheerfully, but were much better off than confined in cells or silent workshops. By a recent law of Virginia a man sentenced to the penitentiary is regarded as legally defunct, and his wife may marry again; the law indeed

having been passed for her especial benefit. It is a humane law in such a community, since a man once imprisoned as a convict would find no class or position in which he could live unknown or hold his head up.

The morning had been very hot and close, and I felt that I had seen enough for one day; so we turned back, my friend to attend to his business, I to my hotel. It is curious how much nonsense is circulated about such a simple matter as the effects of the heat of the climate in the States. Like many Englishmen, I found that I could stand exposure to the sun apparently better than natives; and it is the fact that healthy people from Europe not past their prime can do so generally, having the advantage of the greater vital energy which they have brought with them from Europe. Most hearty Englishmen can brace themselves up to do an ordinary English day's work or walk without much suffering, even when the thermometer is at 95° in the shade. But the warm weather sets in perhaps in April; the sun acquires great power early in the day, and shines on very many more days than in England, and the hot, dry weather lasts for probably three months, warm pleasant weather frequently occurring up to the end of November. This greater quantity of heat it is that tells on the white man's constitution, and makes eight hours' work of any kind in the United States equal to ten in England. In the central and southern States, or under exposure to the sun, of course the waste of the system is still greater, and the aversion to physical and out-door labour increases, except during the mild and agreeable weather. I have met with native-born Americans, and with Europeans, who boasted that the climate had no bad

effects on them; but on quietly watching these individuals I have observed that they habitually avoided all unnecessary exertion in the middle of the day, and were considerably used up after what an average man in England would call a moderate day's work. In fact I am convinced that the amount of daily mental and physical exertion which would merely keep up the strength of a European in Europe would, in Virginia and the South generally, overtask, degrade, and enfeeble men of European birth or descent.

A class of white agricultural labourers in the South, yielding nearly as much work as is expected from English ploughmen, would in a single generation be far inferior to the European labouring population, both morally and physically. For proof of this, contrary as it is to the idle talk of so many theorists, I point to the indolent, or rather the inactive, habits of Americans, apart from business or free from any excitement; to the universal tendency to obtain light in-door employment and to avoid out-door occupation—a tendency increasing in England, but much more general in America; to the comparative absence of intellectual studies and systematic mental improvement among young men engaged in business, their energies being sufficiently exhausted by the day's duties; to the indifference to manly, athletic games, such as rowing and cricket, or the preference for driving, as an amusement, instead of riding on horseback.

In fact, viewing the white man as an animal, he requires twice as much care in the United States as he does in Europe. This conclusion I arrived at after having lived in the United States for several years, and when I had had

but too good reason to give the subject full consideration.

Well, here we are now at our hotel, one of the largest and best in the United States, consequently in the world. You walk in and enter your name and address in a book lying on a sort of counter. The gong, with its inappropriate terrific uproar, fit to announce a Chinese wholesale execution, informs you that dinner awaits you. You need not run for fear of being too late. The Americans are improving in their manners: hurrying to and at meals, displaying the soles of the feet at hotel windows, spitting in omnibuses and other improper places, inquisitiveness as to a fellow-traveller's intentions, and so on, are much less practised, even within my recollection. A servant (a coloured person, of course, south of Washington) perhaps shows you to a seat, places your chair for you, hands the extensive bill of fare, half French, and waits your orders. As he hands you your filled plate you look for the mark left by his black fingers. The principal novelties to you will be the tomatoes in various forms, with which only the more fortunate classes in England are very familiar; they are used here in great quantities, as freely, when in season, as potatoes in England. They are said to be very good for the liver, producing effects in some cases nearly equivalent to those of mercury, without its bad consequences: but this I doubt. I used them very freely, without any perceptible benefit to that troublesome organ, though without them it might have been worse. Naturally and originally the tomato plant is somewhat poisonous, and I have an abstract prejudice against it on that account; but I don't allow that prejudice to prevent me from always doing it full justice.

It is curious that scarcely anybody likes tomatoes at first, in any form ; even natives, I believe, can generally remember acquiring the taste. The more you use them the more you like them, and some persons can pluck them off the bush and eat them raw with pleasure. Whether this natural dislike should not cast suspicion on their character for wholesomeness I leave to those who can settle the question. Another delicacy is the green corn—the young milky ear of the Indian corn. Most English people confess to liking this vegetable, though very few of them like corn in any other shape ; but this I think is partly a matter of principle, English people being rather averse from being pleased with things to which they are not accustomed. Generally they set their mouths against foreign articles of diet, which, if they met with at home as a rarity or luxury, they would declare to be delicious, or, as cockneys say, beautiful. But I don't think that this green corn is good for any but strong stomachs—an uncommon possession in American cities—and for them only if well cooked, well masticated, quite fresh, and gathered at just the right time. It is prudent for an Englishman to avoid using the variety of food he will meet with ; especially the numerous sweet, greasy, and rich cakes and pastry preparations ; also the hot bread at breakfast and supper. The beef, at a house like this, you will be obliged, however unwillingly, to declare worthy of England. But as a general thing, neither beef nor mutton is so good or cooked so well as in England ; incredible as that may seem to English people, who despair of being sure of getting a rump-steak and potatoes properly done at home. By the way, don't ask for rump-steak before ladies : there are several other indelicate delicacies of

language you must notice. In conversation, where a word is susceptible of two meanings, one in the least coarse or indelicate, you had better not use it; for ordinary people of both sexes have an aptness in detecting a *double entendre* where an English person would not think of one. The origin of this discreditable fastidiousness I do not know, but I rather think it came from the "unco' guid and the rigidly righteous" of New England; the witch-burners and blue-law makers.

Anything you want to drink, besides water, you can have brought to you; but few indulge at table: people drink at the bar, or in their own rooms. Suppose we go and try some lager-bier? They may not keep it at the bar. It is a new beverage, of German origin, but used everywhere, by everybody (except, perhaps, by private families) in immense quantities. It is a fermented liquor, made from malt only, I believe; and it must be drunk fresh, while effervescent. It affords another instance of an acquired taste; nobody liked it at first, but most people who use drinking-houses get to take it in surprising quantities. Germans have sworn to taking sixty glasses in an evening without being 'intoxicated. You will not like it for some time, because it is quite different from Barclay and Perkins's beer.

Here, as in most places out of New York, and the largest cities, respectable people are rather shy of being seen in public-houses or drinking-saloons; even with young men this is the case. The consequence of this approach to a moral anti-liquor law is that people get to the bars by side or back ways, or keep supplies of brandy or whiskey at their rooms or offices. It is very hard to deal with

tastes and habits, or vices even, which a large portion of the population determine to indulge in: yet this vice of drinking, inveterate as it is, changes in degree—voluntarily, as it were. A dozen years ago, brandy and whiskey were the popular drinks; now they have, in a great measure, given place to this lager-bier, with its three per cent. of alcohol. The fact is, that the larger portion of people who frequent public-houses don't want alcohol particularly. I would advise temperance people to set their wits to work to supply wholesome, palatable, and invigorating drinks, which people could drink and talk over, as they do over their stronger liquors. The use of lager-bier proves the practicability of this course.

I was very glad when the cool of the evening came on. With the friend of whom I have so often spoken I sat on the wooden steps of the porch of his drab-coloured frame-house, both smoking; only he had a pipe formed of a long reed and a thick Powhatan pipe-head, and I a cigar. Young people of both sexes were sitting on chairs in the porch, enjoying themselves in their own way very heartily; some regaling themselves with a pound of candy, barley-sugar, and such stuff, which one of the girls' "beaux" had brought with him. As one after another walked up, I was introduced, but I had the discretion soon to take a seat with my elderly friend—the paterfamilias, I may as well call him; and while the young folks chatted and talked on subjects exclusively "local and personal," I—who was no longer a youth, though only just arrived at that point of life where youth and middle-age meet—gravely conversed with him on England and America.



Shortly a band of music was heard at a distance, and it was concluded that the performers were serenading some one. This is a common practice in many parts of the States, every sort of music being employed, from the voice or a guitar, up to a German brass band. In the latter case, the performers are probably employed by a few young men to perform before the houses of young ladies of their acquaintance.

The young folks speedily arranged among themselves to take a walk, and hear and see what was going on; the eldest daughter merely saying to her mother that they wouldn't be long, and asking me to excuse her for a short time. When they were gone, the mother of the family came out on the porch. In the now prevailing quiet we heard the perpetual gentle roar, if I may say so, of the "Falls" about a mile off, and the loud and animated singing at a revival going on at a neighbouring chapel.

"Now, Smith," said my host, "some of these days you'll write a book on America, of course; and I reckon, if you set the right way about it, you won't find it a very hard matter to get up a work full of real useful information about us. Not that you can do it in a day or a year; but it's worth all the time it will take. You may not be such a philosopher as Combe, or such a writer as Dickens, and so on; but however smart a man may be, his success must very much depend on his time and opportunity, and on the way in which he sets about what he wants to do. Now, a mere traveller, you must be aware, knows little or nothing of the private social life and feelings of the people he passes among: mere common politeness puts a false face on things to him. And if you

don't understand a people socially and familiarly, you can understand very little about their morals, their politics, their public life. So I advise you to Americanize yourself, so that you will not be felt to be a stranger and a foreigner. Never mind seeing all the sights, and visiting a great number of towns and districts. Domesticate yourself somewhere. Mix with Americans. Read our books and our papers. Study our politics. Then look this miserable anti-slavery humbug right in the face. Never mind your own opinions; you have here before you the facts, so you need not mind the opinions of the whole world. And don't be misled by our press, or by our public speakers. We are a nation of politicians; we all of us speak in public more or less. Out of his own family, or outside his little circle of intimate friends, an American is always in public, and all politicians and public speakers understand the use of speech according to Talleyrand. We don't yet comprehend ourselves exactly, so of course a foreigner may be mistaken as to some of our peculiarities."

Thus we sat for some time—Mrs. Jones in a chair in the porch, Mr. Jones and I smoking, sometimes talking. Everybody seemed to be out of doors. Presently the young people began to get home in couples, each girl with her beau.

"Well, girls, where have you all been to?" inquired the mother.

"Why, ma, we went and heard that band play one or two tunes, and then I reckon we all went different ways."

"Mr. Ainslie and I walked over to Gamble's Hill, and there's quite a fresh breeze there, ma."

"Ah, I reckon I was the luckiest, for I was treated to

a nice, strawberry ice cream at Mr. Pizzini's," said another.

"Well, I'm very well pleased," said another. "We called round and had a long talk with Esther; and I've got some news for you, Mr. Smith. There's to be a handsome young English lady where we're all going to-morrow night, and I hope to have the pleasure of introducing you to her."

So they went on gossiping about the affairs and doings of their acquaintance, who seemed to be very numerous; in fact, everybody appeared to know everybody. Miss Someone was to be married at last; So-and-so had joined the church; a certain family had gone to the Springs; poor Mr. A—— died last night. Such were the topics of conversation; courtships and marriages being most fully discussed. About eleven o'clock the streets began to be deserted; the neighbours were closing their doors, and, with mutual good-nights, shaking hands, and invitations to call on each other, our little party broke up.

The persons of whom I have been speaking were of the middle ranks. One young man was a baker, working and helping in his father's business, another a medical student, another a journeyman machinist, another a son of a farmer living near the city. The various grades and classes of society I found mixed together much more freely than in England. There were, perhaps, some twelve or twenty families who considered themselves, and were tacitly allowed to be, the *élite*; they were regarded as exclusive and aristocratic, standing principally upon superior wealth and partly upon their old-established respectability, belonging to the much talked of F. F. V.'s. But,

generally, so far as I am acquainted with English social distinctions, a young man of good manners and character had access, in Richmond, to a larger circle of acquaintance than he would have in England; while the alleged prejudice against the hard-working callings, I found to be altogether exaggerated.

Next evening, according to agreement, I escorted my friend's eldest daughter—a plain, sedate person, verging upon old maidenhood, and boasting of no regular beau, to the party for which we had invitations: at least it was not to be a party, "just a frolic," so that there was no necessity for being "dressed." Having left hat, bonnet, &c. in a small room, we walked up into the room where the company was assembling; some one mentioned our names; the lady of the house came forward, and shook hands with us. She welcomed me especially, as a stranger, and hoped I should settle in the city; then introduced me to two or three persons,—the men offering their hands, ladies merely bowing,—and turned to some other guests.

"Let us get into this corner," said my companion, "where we can see what's going on, and be out of the way." From our corner I looked round, and found the company a very mixed one as to age and appearance,—delicate and pleasing-looking girls in white, with a tasteful flower in their hair, others neatly clad in sober hues, black, brown, &c.; boys in jackets, youths and elderly men, some in frock-coats, some in sacks. The dress-coat is a garment used as little as possible in America, and mostly by wealthy people, as in New York, who follow European customs as nearly as circumstances permit. A sofa was occupied by four demure females, who were using their eyes with

ceaseless activity. One of them I made sure was an old maid, she was so primly dressed, severe and sharp looking. Another was a pale, thoughtful-faced matron.

"She has had about eleven children," said my friend. "Only four are now alive; two are here now,—those two with blue sashes, for whom she is killing herself: for they can't afford servants enough just to keep them like a pair of valuable dolls." Dolls they were, indeed, with complexions painfully beautiful, and arrayed so as to give them the appearance of the utmost tenderness and fragility. But one of them, at least, has turned out a true woman, was foremost at raising a secession flag on the roof of her seminary, and refused to say a word to prevent a young man to whom she was engaged from going to thrash the Yankees. The elder persons present, the married and the self-acknowledged old maidens, sat behind, or out of the way, like myself, observant lookers-on. Not a lad spoke to a girl without their seeing it: things began to get quiet and formal; one could not speak without several hearing and looking. Then a married lady had the courage to say aloud,

"Is this to be a Quakers' meeting? Do something, or say something, somebody. Oh, Jinny, sit down at the piano and give us a song,—something funny, never mind that cold."

So Miss Jenny, in a proper young-lady-like manner, sat down and sang *The Irish Emigrant's Lament*; very sweetly too, and then played, then sang again. Some cake, plum and currant, and pound-cake, just the same regular unwholesome compounds the English use so much of, and lemonade and wine, orthodox port and sherry, were handed round

by coloured servants,—slaves, I remembered, though they seemed on much more pleasant terms with the guests than any white servants I had ever observed. These “goodies,” as a juvenile called them, disposed of, and talk subsiding, a young man ventured to propose a dance. But it was objected that there were too many members of the church present; who, I learned, couldn’t dance conscientiously, and might be rebuked were they to stand up.

“Oh! well,” said an elderly widower close by me, *sotto voce*, “we must whip the devil round a stump,—let’s have a ‘jogging along;’” which was carried by acclamation. This same lively widower, thereupon, asked one of the dolls above-mentioned if she would be so good as to be his partner in a “jogging along,” to which she smilingly assented. Then two or three couples rose up spontaneously; others had to be pressed and paired; till a large circle was formed. A young man sat down at the piano, and seeing all ready, commenced a tune, and all started off, marching arm-in-arm, two-and-two, and singing; the words being—

Turn, all you young men, from your wicked ways,  
And sow your wild oats in your youthful days,  
That you may be happy,  
That you may be happy  
When you grow old.

Oh, the day is far spent, and the night’s coming on,  
So give us your arm, let’s go jogging along,  
Jogging along, jogging along:  
So give us your arm, let’s go jogging along!

At the words “So give us your arm,” the gentlemen suddenly leave their partners and have to secure the arm of another lady for another walk round; some having

their preferences, and managing to keep the same partner. The same ditty and the same marching is repeated, with an occasional right-about face, till the players get tired. I was disposed at first to call it stupid and puerile; but when I saw how effectually it roused the spirits of the company, promoting mirth, causing conversation, introducing all to each other, and by the very absurdity of the thing arousing a spirit of social fun, I concluded that it was rather an improvement upon the solemn old quadrille.

After that there was some more singing by timid, high voices. There is a weakness, a deficiency, a lack of vigour, usual in the American voice, analogous to that something wanting in their physique generally. There was another game more like a dance, only performed by walking and running, called "Boston;" and then "Jersey Boys," done to these words:—

Oh, we're marching on to old Quebec,  
The drums and fifes are beating,  
The Americans have gained the day,  
And the British are retreating.

Jersey boys, to you we call,  
The invitation's to you all,  
The way is open, the road is clear,  
Jersey boys, come volunteer,—  
Volunteer, volunteer;  
Jersey boys, come volunteer.

More singing, cake, lemonade, ices, followed, and plenty of conversation—not always general. I noticed several couples who always managed to rejoin each other during the evening. A young American, having fixed his mind on a girl, and finding his advances not disagreeable, courts with the greatest intensity. Whatever he sets

his hand to do, the American—the Yankee especially—does with all his might, till he fails, or succeeds, or takes to something else. There is a deal of serious business done at such an entertainment as this between the young people: very few are intent on mere amusement. The slightest attentions and preferences are watched by the old folks; very little is allowed for mere pastime, and the youth who takes much pleasure in any particular young lady's society is expected to repay her by proposing to devote himself to her for life. Of course I am speaking in comparison with English custom. In the North, at least out of New York, society is much more strict and prompt in this respect.

Rather late there was a fresh arrival, creating more stir than a new-comer is apt to do among people so cool and self-possessed as I had soon found the Americans to be. There was a little lively talk, and salutations, and merry laughter outside the door, and in walked a lady who seemed already an old acquaintance—Miss Harrold, charming, handsome, commanding attention; yet everybody seemed glad to see her, except one or two of the elder ladies, who scrutinized her critically, and, after asking who she was, admitted her to be a fine girl, but doubted whether her splendid colour was genuine. This reminds me that in those days I had a high clear colour, and was more than once suspected of improving it artificially. Yet, on the other hand, to an English eye the tints of the face of a trans-Atlantic girl or boy often appear too beautiful to be natural.

My young acquaintance soon came to me to keep her promise of last night; at least, she sent a youth to tell



me she wished to speak to me, and as I crossed the room to her, Miss Harrold and I came face to face, and immediately shook hands; upon which, the girl who had sent for me, came up, shook hands with her, and playfully addressed me—

“I reckon you can play possum very well, Mr. Smith. What do you think, Miss Harrold? I told him last night I was going to introduce him to you, and he never said a word about being already acquainted with you.”

I explained how it was. During the rest of the evening I made frequent comparisons between my fair countrywoman and the other ladies, forgetting that she was a choice and rare, yet truly characteristic, specimen of her race.

Mr. Bray, the widower, now insisted on another game.

“Mr. Bray,” said the young married lady, who had started the fun early in the evening, “you old widowers are too frisky. I’ve been watching you.”

The good-humoured widower replied by insisting on commencing the next game with her, which was surprisingly like a reel.

“Miss Ellen, I shall report you, and have you turned out of the church; for if that ain’t dancing, I’ll be blamed!”

“Do you think so?” said Miss Ellen, a fair, plump, amiable-looking girl. “Well, it is too much like dancing; and I’m very tired, and must stop,” and so saying, she ran to a seat, amidst much laughter. I certainly felt very indignant at the tyranny of the “church,” to which she unwillingly submitted, depriving herself of the very amusement and exercise which she so evidently needed.

The "Church," which means in the United States all orthodox Christian bodies and connections, has much to answer for in effectually checking what ought to be warmly encouraged and judiciously regulated by the older portion of the community.

So the time passed, my expectations as to the national character being somewhat agreeably disappointed. There was no fussiness, no vulgarity, and the general spirit of the company, most of whom were acquainted with each other, was pleasant and sociable. Two or three young couples, indeed, were selfish enough to keep themselves to themselves, for which I heard one girl get a scolding from her mama. Seeing me rather quiet, Miss Harrold very kindly came to talk to an old lady sitting by me, observing and "reckoning" to herself. It is not very easy, amidst a company generally and familiarly acquainted each with the other, and forming a social clique, for a stranger to come out advantageously even if he had plenty of assurance and the gift of tongue—which I had not. So, to draw me out, the fair Englishwoman gave me a "philopœna" (one of the kernels of a double almond).

"And what am I to do with this, Miss Harrold?" I asked.

"Oh! I forgot," she answered. "I am half Americanized I do believe. Well, whichever of us, after to-night, on meeting the other, first says 'Philopœna,' is entitled to some forfeit—a big apple, a pair of gloves, or a new bonnet—supposing the lady to win, and you wish to be extravagant. I believe there is no limit—is there, Mrs. Allen?"

"Well, I reckon you wouldn't like to accept a handsome new hat or dress from a gentleman as a philopœna, would you?"

"Would I not, indeed! But let us talk sensibly. Mr. Smith is just from England, Mrs. Allen; let me make you acquainted with my friend—Mrs. Allen, Mr. Smith."

This was acknowledged by a mutual bow.

"And when this game is over, I will do you the favour of introducing you to Mrs. Allen's daughter," said Miss Harrold. "It is the custom of the country, Mr. Smith, you will find, to take every opportunity of making our mutual friends acquainted with each other."

The gentleman in whose house we were being entertained came and took a seat by us; he was a fatherly, uncommonly hearty man.

"Ah!" said he, "I want to have a little sensible conversation. How have you been, Miss Mary? Why didn't you bring Mr.—Mr. B.—with you? When am I to have that large piece of cake you promised me, eh?"

"When I promised it—when others get theirs."

"Well, I hope you've come to settle among us, Mr. Smith. I like to see an Englishman come here; though you are rather too blunt and opinionated generally. But as to the crowds of Dutch and Irish, I wish they would stay in their own countries. They'll be the ruin of us, I do believe."

I had already noticed a strange discrepancy between private feeling towards foreigners and the tone of the press, in regard to the sons of oppressed Erin and the persevering, frugal Germans. I was about to inquire of our host on the subject; but a girl came to bid him good-night, and he left us.

At length, all at once, the company broke up; as they departed, shaking hands with the pleased host and his

wife, who invited all in turn to call again soon; some getting their things, and coming back for a final chat. Two or three blacks, whose faces I had observed several times about the door of the room when there was more noise or fun than usual, stood about the passage and doorways, grinning, and good-naturedly bidding the parting guests good-night. "Oh! what a splendid night!" "What a magnificent night!" said one after another, as they got outside the house. Once more "Good-by," and "Remember to come soon," and in separate couples we wended leisurely on our respective ways, not many of the younger ones taking the nearest route.

To me who had passed twenty-five years in the smoke and climate of London, one great attraction of a life in a more southerly region was the abundance—sometimes, indeed, over-abundance—of clear sunny weather, in which one could feel a pleasure in almost mere existence; finding a languid, careless content, if not positive happiness, in nothing more than a cigar, and some cool, green, shady spot, perhaps a pleasant companion, or an easy book; or, indulging in idle reverie, fanned by real zephyrs, watching the clouds, listening to the bobalink, or the red bird, or, better still, the mocking-bird, and the gently rustling foliage—in all which there is an enjoyment very seldom and imperfectly enjoyable in England. A sudden change from such luxury of warmth and light to a foggy London November chills one to the very vitals. About and on the dark side of the famous Mason and Dixie's line—an ominous and, as it were, prophetic disunion line, made long ago (even before the Union) between North and South—such weather prevails for months in the course of the

year, until at last one wearies of it, and in the fall longs for a sharp frost. The long, hot, bright days and dazzling skies become enfeebling and exhausting, making the Anglo-Saxon long for the mountains or the seaside; but in the hottest seasons the mellow evenings and the cool, calm, genial, glorious night amply made up for the oppressiveness of the day. The moon was larger, more radiant, more queenly, than the orb to which I had been accustomed. The welcome air seemed as if respired by nature, coming and going in soft milk-warm breaths, cooling without the least approach to chilling. On such a night Richmond, uptown and in some of the suburbs, wore a charming aspect, more attractive than to most others to me, "raised," as they say there, and resident in a crowded part of London all my life, save now and then a brief holiday. Trees, gardens, verandahs, houses, cottages; youths and girls—the latter bareheaded—sitting in the porches, or strolling about in couples, talking, whispering, laughing aloud—on all the moon poured her soothing delicious light. At the open windows of unlighted rooms parents sat quietly, the father perhaps smoking, the mother possibly watching their girls and boys. In various directions were heard the tones of the piano, loud chirruping crickets, and tree frogs; boys with accordions, and negroes with their tinkling banjos, were scattered about unseen, making night still more cheerful, if not more beautiful: for, unfortunately, it at present takes much time and trouble to be able to produce fine musical effects, and the Americans are the last people in the world to go through the labour and study necessary to produce a "concord of sweet sounds."

## CHAPTER VII.

City of Washington, D. C., Seat of the Federal Government—General Taylor—His Eulogy—The United States' Presidents—North and South compared.

PERHAPS few scenes in the United States would impress a stranger more favourably than one often to be witnessed at Washington on a summer evening. The military or marine band is playing excellent music in the garden of the White House, everybody walking in and out and about without restriction; the President perhaps strolling over the lawn among the company, ready to shake hands with any one who chooses to introduce himself, or whom any citizen, however humble, may please to introduce. Well-dressed women—amid all the sorts of people assembled not a poorly dressed woman is to be seen—public men, clerks, and groups of various kinds, are promenading, while children are gambolling about. Labourers roughly dressed stand or lounge on the grass; there is no guard, no police: all behaving themselves properly. No one—not the Irish Biddy taking her mistress's children out for an airing, nor the neat negro wench engaged in like manner—fears any annoyance or rudeness from any person.

Such a scene is a clear unmistakable proof of the progress of the people in self-government; a proof that all

classes can mix freely together, each amply protected by a general regard for order and propriety and by mutual respect. I repeat that for whatever disorder and violence have brought discredit on American institutions, "the mob" have been very little to blame; it is owing to the want of moral and disinterested courage among the wealthier classes, and the absence of sound moral principle among the politicians, who belong to those classes, that these evils have arisen. More than once on these occasions I saw General Taylor, and could not but conclude that he was a plain, good-hearted, honest, hard-working man, of well-balanced mind, but of no extraordinary capacity; favoured by circumstances and fortunate in the enemies whom he had fought and conquered.

The war with Mexico (1846-7) had some very bad effects on the United States. The actual bloodshed was perhaps a trifling consideration, seeing how human life is everywhere daily wasted; and the causes or occasions of the war—(the annexation of Texas by the United States' Congress, and the neglect to pay certain stipulated indemnities to American citizens,)—were as just as those which powerful States usually find against weak neighbours. The great evil of the war was that it brought forth an excessive inflation of the national vanity. In battle after battle in Mexico the Americans defeated two, three, and four times their numbers of Mexicans. Every American soldier knew perfectly well that the Mexican officers and men were of a hybrid race, and in personal "pluck" inferior to the Americans; but the American public blinked that fact, and glorified itself and its army as much as though they had vanquished Frenchmen or Englishmen at

Palo Alto and Cerro Gordo. At last, as often happens, they came to believe what they so often said and thought, and in a vague manner, well enough for the 4th of July, they considered themselves invincible and irresistible.

The victories gained by Zachary Taylor in Mexico, the character, the very nick-names he had acquired—"Old Zack," "Rough-and-Ready" [General Scott was nicknamed "Fuss-and-Feathers"]—made him the most available candidate for the Presidency in 1848: "available" meaning the man most likely to be got in. Henry Clay was the renowned Whig leader, but for various reasons he was unavailable, principally because he was a man of decided and known principles. As to political fitness, Taylor had no more of that than President Pierce had of either political or military ability; his grateful country, however, rewarded him with unsought honours, and the politicians worried him to death. He died on the national birthday, the 4th of July; being the second Acting President who died on that anniversary, John Adams having expired on the 4th of July. Zachary Taylor was the twelfth President of the United States, and the seventh native of Virginia elected to the office.

According to the custom of the country General Taylor's death was celebrated by military displays, by processions, and by public eulogies. From one of these, delivered by a Richmond editor, "a Northern man with Southern feelings," as the phrase is, I make some extracts, which the reader may find interesting:—

Zachary Taylor was born in Orange county, in this State, in 1784. He inherited from his father, Col. Richard Taylor, the heroic spirit of the Revolution, and inhaled with his first breath the



pure and bracing atmosphere of the early morning of our national day. His father removed to Kentucky at a period when the agriculturist of that State could scarcely ensure the result of his labours, unless the gun stood beside the plough, and when even the child found his path to the school-house menaced by fierce savages. It was under the influence of such a state of things, and among a people marked by the simplicity, the frankness, and the homely virtues of farmers, and the courage and tact of warriors, that the boyhood and youth of Zachary Taylor were passed, and his early character formed. To these peculiar circumstances of his education may perhaps be traced the marked characteristic, by which he was ever afterwards distinguished, of devotion to the pursuits of agriculture and of arms.

In 1845, the year which preceded active hostilities with Mexico, he had passed more than threescore years, and had reached a period when most men begin to weary even of the common toils of life, and to desire and expect nothing in existence but quiet and repose. No one could have thought that, in the winter of years which spread before his feet, a harvest of glory was to be reaped which would throw into the shade the flowers of his spring and the fruits of his autumn ; that, amid the snows of age, his old hand would gather such evergreens of fame as have rarely decked youthful brows. No one could have imagined that the old Eagle, gone to his nest seemingly to repose and die, was once more, disturbed by the clamour of the storm, to soar from his eyrie, and dart upward, amid the thunder and the tempest, with a wing so bold and a flight so majestic, that it would dazzle even youthful eyes to follow him in his sunward career. Yet such was the spectacle which, with pride and amazement, we have all beheld.

The *prestige* of the brilliant victories of Palo Alto and Resaca was felt throughout the whole subsequent war, and imparted that feeling of invincibility to the American troops and of inferiority to their enemies, which inspired the one and palsied the other in every subsequent conflict. The report of the battles soon reached Europe, and, instead of the sneers with which malicious and envious lips were prepared to greet the tidings they anticipated, the warmest

commendations were bestowed upon American skill and valour by the first soldiers of Britain, France, and Russia. His gallantry was appreciated by the first military men of Europe, and the great Duke of Wellington declared, as Napoleon had declared of him on a certain occasion, "General Taylor is a General indeed."

This man exhibited through his whole life the influence of one controlling principle, which moulded and gave expression to his whole character and career. This was a stern sense of Duty which took no counsel of interest, of passion, or of any earthly motive. The only question with him was, What is the RIGHT? If he ever hesitated, it was that he might discover the path of Right, but when found, he pursued that path wherever it might lead.

"*I have endeavoured to perform my duty,*" were the words with which the spirit of Taylor passed from the toils of earth to the rewards of Heaven.

Numbers and even discipline were truly on the side of the Mexicans, but breed, blood, race—whatever it is—was against them. No British regiment would for a moment boast of a victory over merely its own number of sepoys; and the Mexicans are little better, being mainly amalgamated descendants of Indians and Spaniards.

I am compelled to believe that the character of the United States' people has greatly changed from what it was when the Union was first established. They have to a serious extent lost the simplicity, straightforwardness, integrity, and individuality which belonged to the population in the colonial times, and in the first few years of the republic. General Taylor, said the orator, was "a soldier of defence, not of aggression." How they have changed all that! It would seem that every maxim with which the United States started is to be forsaken, and even its con-

trary adopted. At the present day it is the most aggressive population in the world.

I would draw attention to the conclusion of this eulogy—to the melancholy burden of the song about the Union, repeated and reiterated upon every occasion. Its very founders, in fact, seemed to have little faith in its strength :—

In conclusion, fellow-citizens, permit me to remark, that if there was one passion that General Taylor had failed to conquer, it was his love of the American Union. In the language of an Irish orator, he had stood almost by the cradle of the Constitution ; he did not desire to follow it to its grave.

He himself emphatically declared that when the Union could only be preserved by force, it would not be worth preserving. He knew that reason, charity, and truth could preserve it, when fifty thousand bayonets, led by a Napoleon, would only crush it in a common ruin. Zachary Taylor was a man of the South, but he who links those words—South and Disunion—he who does not know it is in the South that the purest, the most abiding, the most disinterested love of the American Union is to be found, does foul wrong to a great and generous people. Zachary Taylor was a son of Virginia, and Virginia led the way to that Union which is now menaced by the torch of insane fanaticism. Virginia will be the last to desert that citadel of the rights and the hopes of the human race.

This was said in 1850. Since that year, a “Young Napoleon,” with 200,000 bayonets, has been trying to keep together the fragile Union : in vain.

It is much easier to give the reader an idea of the peculiarities, the real and seeming absurdities, and the extravagancies of a distant people, than to give him a fair representation of the average everyday commonplace

state of things. This is not so amusing to the reader, and therefore not so much worth the labour of the writer who may aim at making a popular book, a pleasingly coloured description of unusual incidents or extreme developments of natural character; but it is the normal and general condition that really most concerns us. I may, therefore, here say that the eulogy on General Zachary Taylor, from which I have just given extracts, may be taken, on the whole, as a somewhat favourable specimen of such effusions on like occasions. It is of the kind that might be addressed to a general audience in any southern city; an audience, that is, including ladies, and all classes of the community. But it is proper to say that, on such an occasion, few, if any, of the lowest classes would present themselves.

It is curious that while timid and anxious prognostications as to the Union have so long been common, few have ever paused to look the ever-threatening evil in the face, and to inquire what the Union was worth—what disunion amounted to? Was it altogether so desirable a thing that New York should legislate more or less, or to any extent, for Florida or South Carolina, with their distinct interests, their peculiar prejudices and institutions? Was supercilious, self-righteous Massachusetts likely to be the better for any share that slaveholders might have in legislating for her interests? Was not the Union upheld by sacrificing the individuality and character of the States, their true independence, their self-government, self-development, and, above all, their respective constitutions, as opposed to a vast national democracy?

All these were disregarded in the hope of building up an overwhelming empire, which should be able to insult, defy, and dictate to the world! Had the States continued united much longer, the peace of the earth would have been at the feet of the class of irresponsible demagogues and politicians, who were rapidly becoming the undisputed managers of the public resources and destinies of the United States. The Northern people will find they have lost no real and honest advantage by the secession of the South, while they will have received a valuable lesson, essential to their progress and their national education. They will be under less temptation to domineer over, and look down superciliously, upon the nations of the rest of the world. The chief results of the existence of the Union have been, first, the maintenance of a large, corrupt, demoralizing class of partisan politicians and office-holders and seekers; secondly, the fostering of an insolent and aggressive disposition in the national character.

While we are in the City of Magnificent Distances, which somehow has the look of a very extensive failure, we may take a glance at the men who have in turns lived in yonder White House that Uncle Sam built, and presided over the government for whose accommodation the city was founded.

The great influence and preponderance of Southern men in the Federal Government has been mentioned lately as proving the undue share of power wielded by the South. But in fact the North has been the gainer by having had the benefit of the rule and guidance of abler men than it

could raise to power from its own growth. That this is so is shown by the leading facts in the case—I mean the Presidents themselves.

*The Southerners were :—*

1. Washington.
- ...
3. Thomas Jefferson, Va.
4. James Madison, Va.
5. James Monroe, Va.
- ...
7. Andrew Jackson, S. C.
- ...
9. Harrison, Va.
10. Tyler, Va.
11. Polk, Va.
12. Taylor, Va.
- ...
- ...
- ...
- ...

*The Northerners were :—*

- ...
2. John Adams, Mass.
- ...
- ...
- ...
6. J. Q. Adams, Mass.
- ...
8. Martin Van Buren, N. Y.
- ...
- ...
- ...
- ...
13. Fillmore, N. Y.
14. Pierce.
15. Buchanan.
16. Lincoln.

Take away the two Adamses, and three-fourths of the Northern people would very willingly give to the South whatever honour can be claimed by the North on the score of the other five Presidents whom it has raised to the pinnacle of democracy. The striking difference between these two columns is worth considering and examining into.

Of the Northern Presidents, three are already very low in the estimation of the Northern mind, and a fourth promises too well to become the climax of high-seated incapacity. Of the Southern Presidents, on the contrary, there is only one of whom any American except the genuine Abolitionists will venture to speak disrespectfully. That one was once regarded as a traitor by the party which elected him; but it is now, I believe, very generally

admitted that he was true to his own professions, and not false to the party to which he owed his office; though he certainly gave it a sudden and severe and most aggravating blow. Mr. Tyler was nominated by the Whigs for Vice-President on the same ticket with General Harrison, and that ticket won. In one month after his inauguration Harrison died, exhausted by excessive labour and excitement; and Tyler had to take his place. When the great measure of the Whigs, the United States Bank Charter, had, after immense efforts, been carried through Congress, and awaited his signature to become law, he vetoed it. The act, his friends say, was consistent with his openly expressed financial views, though it excited great disgust in the poor Whigs. However, his bitterest enemy will not now deny that Mr. Tyler is both an able man and a gentleman, in the best and fullest sense of the word. From what I have seen, heard, and read of him, I look upon him as the last fit man who sat in the Presidential chair of the United States. George Washington, the first President, showed what a good and fit man can do when he gets into the right place: Abraham Lincoln, the last, seems destined to give the world another lesson on the harm that even a worthy and sensible man may do when he gets into a place he is not qualified to fill, and is entrusted with powers and duties above his skill, knowledge, and strength.

*One of the best, if not the very best, tests of the success of any political system is the character of the men it brings into power.* In applying this test, of course, the average character of the population must be fairly considered. On examining the list of Presidents, a sudden degeneration is observable. Few if any citizens of the Northern States would claim

anything like an equality as to integrity, statesmanship, and general capacity for the last four Presidents with the first four, even leaving out Washington. If we divide the Presidents into classes, calling Washington first class, Jefferson and Jackson second class, all after Andrew Jackson would be only of the fourth and fifth classes. I believe very few United States' men will object much to this classification. Now this degeneration is a momentous and vital matter, and I shall in this volume endeavour to show its cause, and draw to it the attention of those who claim to form the party of progress.



## CHAPTER VIII.

City of Washington—Mr. Seward's Great Speech on the Slavery Question (March 11, 1850)—Present Events Foreshadowed—Seward's Career—Bennett on Seward—Disunion debated in Senate—Negroes termed Accidents and Disturbances by Seward—Calculations *à la* Bobadil—On Californian Secession—An uncompromising Statesman—The United States Arch Fiend.

I HAPPENED to be in the City of Washington in 1850, when the important question, whether the lately-conquered California should be admitted as a State into the Union was being discussed in the Senate. A long oral essay on the subject was delivered by Mr. Seward, which was both interesting and characteristic. Mr. Seward was then Governor of New York State, and is now the right-hand man of President Lincoln; it may be said, "he was to have come." He was the leader of all who were against the South, and can conscientiously boast of having done more than any other to bring about the present state of American affairs. He has handled the several parties in the political field in a masterly manner—better, I much suspect, than any Federal general will be allowed, while Mr. Seward is in power, to handle the myriads of men now in arms upon the vast battle-field into which he has mainly helped to turn his country. He has bided his time, and has followed up his game with the tenacity of a

bloodhound. To ruin and triumph over the South—which he hates instinctively, because he is the reverse, the opposite, of the Southern man—is the height of his ambition.

The following extracts from the speech alluded to deserve attention as the deliberate opinions of the man who has been the ruling power in the present government of the United States; and as affording a specimen of the style of speaking in the Senate, and an illustration of the feeling towards the South which animated the school of which Mr. Seward was a chief teacher.

Mr. Seward, having the floor, said,—

Mr. President [i.e. President of the Senate].—Four years ago, California, scarcely inhabited and quite unexplored, was unknown even to our usually immoderate desires, except by a harbour, capacious and tranquil, which only statesmen then foresaw would be useful in the Oriental commerce of a far distant, if not chimerical, future.

A year ago, California was a mere military dependence of our own, and we were celebrating with enthusiasm and unanimity its acquisition with its newly discovered, but yet untold and untouched, mineral wealth, as the most auspicious of many and unparalleled achievements.

To-day (March 11, 1850), California is a State more populous than the least, and richer than several of the greatest of our thirty States. This same California, thus rich and populous, is here asking admission into the Union, and finds us *debating the dissolution of the Union itself*.

Thus the dissolution of the Union was a fair, open question of debate. Is not this almost an acknowledgment of the legal right of secession, should any State or States desire it—should the North, for instance, have resolved to wash its hands of the sin of slavery? I should explain

that the Senate, composed of two senators from each of the thirty States of the Union, was at this time very equally divided between North and South; consequently, the admission of a new State was an important matter to the great fraternity. California presented herself as a free State, and her admission was opposed by the South on grounds which I need not now enumerate. Hear Mr. Seward's plea for California.

Let California come in. Every new State, whether she comes from the East or from the West, coming from whatever part of the continent she may, is always welcome. But California, that comes from the clime where the West dies away into the rising East—California, which bounds at once the empire and the continent—California, the youthful queen of the Pacific, in her robes of freedom, gorgeously inlaid with gold—is doubly welcome.

If I recollect rightly, this was a written speech, not part of a real debate; it was addressed to the country through the press rather than to the Senate, such being the custom with many members. Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Benton, did really debate the question; perhaps the last great struggle in which they took part. As one after another those national men followed Calhoun to the grave, leaving none to fill their places as supporters of the Union, many felt that the bonds of the States were irreparably weakened.

This is Mr. Seward's view of the negro question.

I proceed now to state my reasons for the opinion that California ought to be admitted. The population of the United States consists of natives of *Caucasian origin* and exotics of the same derivation. The native mass readily assimilates to itself and

absorbs the exotic, and *these*, therefore, constitute one homogeneous people.

The African race, bond and free, and the aborigines, savage and civilized, being incapable of such assimilation and absorption, remain distinct, and, owing to their peculiar condition, constitute inferior masses, and may be regarded as accidental if not disturbing political forces.

In these paragraphs we see the estimation in which Mr. Seward holds the Indian and African—mere “accidents” and “disturbances;” the one the original land-owner, the other a producer, so far as labour goes, of a most important portion of the national wealth. At this time Mr. Seward would hardly have avowed himself an Abolitionist, an anti-slavery man—the party has always been too unpopular, I may even say too much despised, for that; yet he has succeeded in playing off Abolitionism against the South till he has abolished Abolitionism and the Union too.

His anticipation of the aggrandizement of the United States is only to be paralleled by Bobadil's arithmetic.

Well-established rules of political arithmetic enable us to say that the aggregate population of the nation now is twenty-two millions; that ten years hence, it will be thirty millions; twenty years hence, thirty-eight millions; thirty years hence, fifty millions; forty years hence, sixty-four millions; fifty years hence, eighty millions; and a hundred years hence, two hundred millions!

It is characteristic of the politicians who have ruled and ruined the country since the death of Calhoun, Webster, and their fellows, that they never contemplated the possibility of the separation of the different sections—the Pacific, the Atlantic, the North, and South, from each

other. The people were accustomed, by the constant repetition of such calculations as those above, to rely upon a continued triumphant progress. It shows what a modest, moderate people the English are, since they look forward to the time when their empire shall gradually and voluntarily dismember itself, and Canada, Australia, and so on, in turn peacefully secede. California is, practically, farther from New York than Canada is from London, while Maine is at least as far, sympathetically, from South Carolina as England is from the moon; yet the North is incensed against its much-loved mother-country because she good-naturedly advises it no longer to harden its heart, but to let the South go. What says Mr. Seward :—

The question now arises, shall this one great people, having a common origin, a common language, a common religion, common sentiments, interests, sympathies, and hopes, remain one political State, one nation, one republic? Or shall it be broken into two conflicting and, probably, hostile nations or republics?

The world contains no *seat of empire* so magnificent as this. The nation thus situated must command the empire of the seas, which alone is *real empire*.

The Old World and the Past were allotted by Providence to the pupilage of mankind under the hard discipline of arbitrary power quelling the violence of human passion.

Thus Mr. Seward admits the various forms of slavery to have been very good for the poor Old World; though there whites enslaved each other!

The New World and the Future seem to have been appointed for the maturity of mankind, with the development of self-government, operating in obedience to reason and judgment. *We have thoroughly tried our moral system of Democratic Federal Government, and we know that it is a system equally cohesive in its*

*parts* and capable of all desirable expansion ; and that it is a system, moreover, *perfectly adapted to secure domestic tranquillity*, while it brings into action all the elements of national aggrandizement.

This style of talk is indulged in by all public characters, from the schoolboy at exhibition to senators and State governors, and it has done as much as anything to make the United States an object of compassion to that Old World on which her people looked with so much contempt. The national self-esteem and self-confidence were thus kept in a diseased state of activity ; the warnings of quiet and thinking people were unheeded ; and young America desired only to “go ahead,” without taking time and thought to look ahead. The orator complacently proceeds :—

The Atlantic States, through their commercial, social, and political affinities and sympathies, are steadily renovating the Governments and the social constitutions of Europe and of Africa. The Pacific States must necessarily perform the same sublime and beneficent functions in Asia.

The matter to be settled was, whether California was then to be received into the Union. The reader will understand, that if not received as a State she would remain as a United States “Territory,” under the protection and laws of the Federal Government. Mr. Seward continued :—

And now it seems to me that the perpetual unity of *our empire* hangs on the decision of this day and of this hour. California is already a State—a complete and fully appointed State—she never again can be less than that. The question, whether she

shall be one of the United States of America *has* depended on her and us. *Her* election has been made. *Our* consent alone remains suspended, and that consent must be pronounced now or never. I say now or never.

Nor will California abide delay. I do not say that she contemplates independence; but *if she does not*, it is because she does not anticipate rejection.

Will you say that California could not aggrandize herself by separation? Will you say that California has no ability to become independent? Try not the temper or the fidelity of California, at least not now—not yet. *Cherish her and indulge her until you have extended your settlements to her borders, &c.*

California would not go alone. Oregon, so intimately allied to her, and, as yet, so loosely attached to us, will go also, and then, at least, the entire Pacific coast would be lost.

The manner in which the admission or rejection of a new State, and the probability of its establishing itself as an independent Government, are here discussed, and the significant hints, or, really, threats, thrown out by Mr. Seward, show the weakness of the Union feeling at this time. Mr. Seward almost tacitly admits the right of secession of California—gold-fields and all—and of any other Territory or State.

I would invite the reader's attention to the next paragraphs, as they show Mr. Seward's aversion to those mutual sacrifices and compromises without which the United States constitution could never have been formed, and of which it is hardly too much to say "the absurd, antiquated, illogical British constitution" almost entirely consists. Mr. Seward was accused of having asserted in this speech that there was a "higher law" than the law of the land; by which higher law citizens must be guided

when their consciences so impel them. Mr. Seward denied the charge, and asserted that he never used the words.

But it is insisted that the admission of California shall be attended by a compromise of questions which have arisen out of slavery. I am opposed to any such compromise, in any and all the forms in which it has been proposed; first, because while admitting the purity and the patriotism of all from whom it is my misfortune to differ, *I think all legislative compromises essentially and radically wrong and indefensible.* They involve the surrender of the exercise of judgment and conscience in distinct and separate questions at distinct and separate times, with the indispensable advantages it affords for ascertaining truth. Consent on my part to the compromise would be disingenuous and fraudulent. It is now avowed by the hon. senator from South Carolina (Calhoun) that nothing will satisfy the Slave States but a compromise that will convince them that they can remain in the Union consistently with their honour and safety.

This was Mr. Seward's great speech on a momentous occasion, when every eminent man declared the country was in danger. I would ask citizens of the Northern States to seriously reflect, and ask themselves whether a man who thus sets his face against all legislative compromise is a fit man to hold the helm of the vessel of State in this present crisis? Or do they think that the same man who has got the vessel into its difficulties is the best to get her out?

It is incredible that such objections should be deliberately offered to compromises, since every citizen has to sacrifice his own opinions, conscience, and judgment, whenever they come into conflict with any law of the land; unless he has determined to set himself against the law, and to exercise the right of revolution: this, he may some-



times be right in doing; but then society is dissolved. Mr. Seward here declares the *principle* of acting upon a "higher law."

The philosophical British politician will find much that is worthy of perusal and deep consideration in the bold, acute, and frequently very original writings of the virtuous and far-seeing Calhoun, the most loved and honoured statesman of South Carolina. The United States have had warning enough of this storm now raging, but they have been guided by mere flippant plausible writers and orators, who have persuaded their countrymen that they were altogether too smart and too great to suffer any serious misfortune. But to individuals and nations, wealth, prosperity, and success, are dangerous blessings.

Mr. Calhoun demanded fresh guarantees for the safety of the South; among other things, for the execution of the law relating to fugitive slaves. Of this law Mr. Seward said:—

We deem its principle, therefore, unjust, unconstitutional, and immoral, and thus, whilst patriotism withholds its approbation, the consciences of our people condemn it. You will say that these convictions of ours are disloyal. Grant it, for argument's sake; they are nevertheless honest. Has any Government ever succeeded in changing the moral convictions of its subjects by force? But these convictions imply no disloyalty. We revere the constitution although we perceive this defect.

That is to say, every subject or citizen who perceives a defect in the laws of his country has a right to evade or defy that law.

The reader is aware that in the Constitution of the United States a provision was inserted for the recovery of

runaway slaves. Right or wrong, such a provision was unavoidable in forming a common Federal Government embracing Slave States. The honest course for those who would not faithfully carry out that, or any other article of the constitutional compact, was to secede, or to request those who insisted upon the objectionable articles to secede ; or to require that the whole compact should be rescinded. But the North has insisted on enforcing so much of the Constitution as suited itself, and on repudiating what offended it—the clause that hurt its feelings towards the negro.

Mr. Seward states that only two compacts found in diplomatic history admitted extradition of slaves. One of these was between the Greek Emperor Comnenus and Oleg II. of Russia, in the year 902 ; the other, in 1787, between the States of the American Union.

The law of nations disavows such compacts—the law of nations written on the hearts and consciences of freemen. Armed power could not enforce them, because there is no public conscience to sustain them. I know that there are laws of various sorts that regulate the conduct of men. There are constitutions and statutes, laws mercantile and codes civil ; but when we are legislating for States, especially when we are founding States, all these laws must be brought to the standard of the laws of God, and must be tried by that standard, and stand or fall by it.

Thus he considers his own conscientious interpretation of the laws of God paramount to all laws, codes, and constitutions.\*

On another branch of the subject—emancipation in the

\* By these extracts the reader will learn that Mr. Seward, and the then little party of which he was the mouthpiece, considered the distinguishing feature of the South to be totally at variance with all that was most sacred : a wrong with which no terms were to be made or kept ; and that he, at

district of Columbia, in which Washington stands, and which belongs to the Federal Government—Mr. Seward said:—

Sir, I shall vote for that measure, and am willing to appropriate any means to carry it into execution; and if I shall be asked what I did to embellish the capital of my country, I will point to her freedmen and say, “These are the monuments of my munificence!”

“Oh, for a forty parson-power to chant thy praise, hypocrisy!” Mr. Seward knows that these “embellishments” of which he speaks are odious nuisances in the eyes of his constituents, for whom at that very time there was but little justice even in the courts of law. He himself calls them “accidents” and “disturbances.”

These opinions were delivered at a crisis when secession was for the first time looked upon by many as a fixed fact; and since that crisis all the causes of disunion on both sides have gone on accumulating. The speech will serve, therefore, to show the principles then held in reference to slavery and to separation, and the nature of the Federal Union.

With one more extract I will dismiss this important speech of Mr. Seward's:—

The preamble of the Constitution not only asserts the sovereignty to be, not in the States, but in the people; but also promulgates the objects of the Constitution:—

least, maintained for each citizen an individual right to ignore or repudiate all laws which were inconsistent with a private conscientious conviction of the law of God. Was it not time for the South to secede from a Government of which such a man could become the right hand and the head? How long would Scotland, Canada, Australia, or Englishmen anywhere, submit to such treatment of their laws and constitutional rights?

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty, do ordain and establish this Constitution."

Objects sublime and benevolent! *They exclude the very idea of conquests*, to be either divided among States or even enjoyed by them, for the purpose of securing, not the blessings of liberty, but the evils of slavery.

About this time was the beginning of the end of the Union. One by one, each close upon the other, the great men, Calhoun, Clay, Webster, statesmen worthy of a great country, departed, with others who were less conspicuous, but who had grown up in better days, and retained much of their spirit; in fact, much of the old British influence lasted long after the first years of independence. Strikingly has the truth been illustrated, that no country can long flourish without great men in their proper places. Equally worthy and capable men are still to be found in every State of America; but they are almost all in private life. A Washington would now find much difficulty in getting elected into the House of Representatives at the city that is named after him, even if he tried; and he would not try.

But let us return to Mr. Seward—a man well worth observing; a leading and typical spirit of the last few years of the Union; one of several who rose into importance when the above great national statesmen departed, and left the country to the small mercy of little men whom their great presence had kept in the shade comparatively harmless. Imbued with the better, purer, at least more

gentlemanly and honourable spirit of the earlier days of the republic, those great men, supported by others of similar character, though less known, raised their country to a position among the nations of the earth to which perhaps she was hardly entitled. But an unorganized, chaotic system of popular suffrage rapidly and unavoidably fell under the control of the leaders of factions and parties, who obtained the influence of numbers by suppleness and flattery, by studying popular prejudices and whims, and by skill in the demagogue's game of playing the various parties and interests of the country against each other.

It is astonishing how little a democracy learns from experience. One may almost say that it forgets and forgives everything but individuality and independence. If it seems otherwise at times, it is because the people are often superior to the natural tendencies and follies of mere democracy.

Mr. Seward is no new man; he has been tried and proved: proved to be a dangerous and unfit man to wield political power. More than twenty years ago he was Governor of his native State. How he governed may be gathered from the following article of the *New York Herald*, of July 27, 1858. It is necessary to comfort oneself with the reflection that even the worst of liars speaks the truth more frequently than he utters lies:—

In the month of May, 1887, all of the banks in New York, and nearly all in the Union, stopped specie payments. The monetary crisis of that and the succeeding years has had no subsequent parallel until last fall. As usual, the entire odium was thrown upon the then dominant party, which fell to the ground with

a crash; and on the 1st of January, 1839, William H. Seward assumed the gubernatorial chair at Albany. He came into power with flying colours, and amidst the ringing applauses of the multitude. Notwithstanding the hard times, and almost suspended animation in commerce and trade, the finances of the State proper never were in a more flourishing condition. Mr. Seward found it indebted, upon his advent to office, 5,000,000 dollars. He at once inaugurated, however, his political system, which, as was said at the time by one of the first men in the State, consisted in "purchasing supporters, pensioning dependants, and rewarding followers." His administration only lasted until the end of 1842, and he left New York, after an administration of only four years, owing 25,000,000 dollars. [It is a very common error to regard the expenses, debt, &c., of the Washington Government as the whole cost of Government in the Union, whereas each State has also its taxes and debts.] It was ascertained, after he was succeeded by Governor Wright, that had his iniquitous plans been entirely carried out, they would have involved an expenditure of nearly sixty millions of dollars! New York has ever since staggered under the burdens which Sewardism in finance has fastened upon it.

In the United States Senate William H. Seward has been, for over fifteen years, *the arch-fiend of American politics*. The lobby regard him as their king. The broad mantle of his protecting influence is thrown alike over Matteson and Greely, Webb and Wolcott—in fact, over every one, of every party, provided the assault to be made is upon the Treasury. Not a project, under the pretext of "internal improvement," to enrich a few speculators, can be started but he supports it, practically indifferent whether it is North or South, East or West, for the benefit of abolitionists or of secessionist fire-eaters.

Should an opposition President [that is, a nominee of a coalition of all parties opposed to the Democrats, who alone remained, at least, nominally and formally, still a united federal party] be elected under the auspices of Mr. Seward, it is impossible

to resist the conviction that the deliberate system which would sway the councils of the party in power would be the re-adoption of that which he acted on while Governor of New York. His plan then was, and would be again, to combine the local interests of sections of the country with those of the hordes of contractors and sharks who besiege the doors of the Treasury, and, under the plea of "developing the resources of the Union," to increase the national debt indefinitely, and mortgage the next generation for the benefit of his followers. . . . The immediate preparatory policy of the opposition [the anti-Democrats] is "to divide the South and unite the North." It won't work. It is the North which will be divided, as it was in 1852; but the South have the advantage that they remain united; that they will not fall under the control of fanatics, secessionists, traitors, and corruptionists; and that even the biggest half of the stolen loaf will not buy them into the support of either Mr. Seward or any one over whom he has the slightest influence.

Yet, step by step, Mr. Seward crept higher and higher into power, determined at any cost to rule. His success brought about his country's downfall; and probably the first sure sign of that country's uprising will be his being hurled from his bad eminence, amidst the curses loud and deep of all who once gloried in the now soiled and rent "star-spangled banner."

## CHAPTER IX.

The House of Representatives at Washington—Lobby Members—Wholesale Corruption of the Legislature of the young Western State of Wisconsin—Angry Correspondence between General Scott and Jeff. Davis.

THE members of Congress draw lots for their seats, each place in the hall having a chair and desk, which are numbered. Now, Americans have a fondness for trading in any way: even the Southerners are more apt at it than Europeans; but Yankees especially are fond of a "swap," always expecting and generally contriving to make a little. For indulging in this penchant, members of Congress have been very sharply taken to task. One paper, an unsophisticated *Providence Journal*, mentioned, but could hardly believe, that some members, having drawn eligible seats, had sold them, and taken others in the outer circle. A New York journalist was amazed at the greenness of its contemporary, and informed it that M.C.'s sold the books, stationery, sealing-wax, franks—and also some the *votes*, to which they were entitled.

At this time corruption in Congress was freely talked about. One paper denied the astonishing stories, admitting that there were some piratical M.C.'s who demanded tribute from those interested in certain measures, under



pain of impeding their progress. Woman, too, it was said, and I believe truly, used her sweet influences in the lobby. "The lobby" is a general term for the persons who by any means make it their business to study the composition of the house, get acquainted with members, and contrive to influence their votes; it also comprises those who are looking after the progress of some particular matter—a land scheme, a patent, a railway—in which they are interested. Fancy a handsome, accomplished, fashionable woman using her influence with some poor briefless lawyer: how could his public virtue fail to surrender?

Though there are many men in Congress and in State legislatures poor enough, it must not be supposed that a plain, honest, respectable, industrious man of the poorer classes, a journeyman mechanic, or a hard-working farmer, much less a labourer, has any better chance of going to Washington than similar persons have of being sent to the House of Commons. Whatever a man is, he must first work his way into the class of politicians; by doing which his interests, associations, feelings, and views are changed for those of the professional politician. There are exceptions to this rule, of course, as in the case of General Taylor, who was in no degree a professional politician; but the fame and popularity he gained by his victories over the Mexicans made him the most available man for the Whig party's National Convention to bring forward as their candidate.

. When allusions have been made to corrupt practices in Congress, many have been loudly indignant at such

charges. But a venerable member rose in his place and stated that he himself had been approached with the offer of a bribe of 1,500 dollars on behalf of a pending measure. The House of Representatives appointed a committee to investigate these allegations of corruption. One witness said he knew of a case in which a member agreed to get a bill through the House for a certain sum; and that the contract was entered into in his presence, between the M.C. and the gentleman who wanted the bill. The bribe appears to have been 14,500 dollars, which, perhaps, was shared among several. On being examined, the person charged with bribery denied having made any improper offers; but he said, "I suppose there is nobody who knows anything of the organization of Congress who expects to carry anything through it merely from love of justice"—"that is the general reputation of Congress."

A bill for a western navigation and railroad company being before the House, the President received a communication from "O. B. M.," to the effect that the House Committee had agreed to report favourably on the proposal to let the company have 272,000 acres, but that there was trouble in the way, that outsiders made mischief; and the writer asked—Was the President willing to have one-fourth (of the land, as I understand) cut up and used to carry it through? Another witness, of the highest character, stated that "O. B. M." told him there were some twenty members of the House pledged to each other not to vote for any grant of money or land unless they were paid for it; and that the president of the company must have 100,000 dollars in Washington to carry the bill. The witness advised that the improvement should be

suffered to sink rather than be accomplished by such means. One person, it was said, acknowledged having received seven square miles of land and some stock for his efforts in getting this bill passed.

With regard to these exposures of corruption at the very heart and brain of the Union, it was objected that only Republicans had been inculpated; and also that if the four actually accused were guilty, they were merely the least adroit among a large number of shrewder corruptionists. The committee ended by recommending the expulsion of four members from the House. The inquiry was prosecuted with very little zeal. The corrupt members were none of them from the South. They demanded a trial at the bar of the House, which was refused. Some thought they were mere scapegoats. The investigation caused very little excitement, surprise, or indignation in the public mind. People of information knew that what was proved and exposed was but a small part of what could have been brought to light. And of those best able to make a stir about the matter—the professional politicians—many felt like those Jews who had brought before Christ the woman taken in adultery.

Some time before this investigation took place a New York journal remarked that the decadence of America since the retirement of General Jackson had been more rapid, and should be more startling, than that of any other State that ever existed.

Consider the single point of expenditure. Under Adams it was thirteen millions; under Pierce it is nearly eighty millions. Is this natural? Can it be explained in any other way than by admitting an unparalleled growth of corruption? For the advan-

tage of partisan contractors, and to reward partisan services, large bodies of troops have been transported considerable distances at a greater cost for each than would be sufficient for the performance of the same journey by the most opulent and luxurious private gentlemen. Wood has been bought by the cord for the use of the army, in the midst of the largest and richest forests on the continent, for twice as much as it would bring in the city of New York.

There was nowhere any authority sufficiently strong, independent, and interested, to check, to investigate, and punish the wide-spread corruption. The disease was only curable by a dissolution of the Union, if by that.

A leading *Boston* journal thus speaks of the United States Senate:—

The meanest legislative body on the face of the earth—and it would be difficult to find a meaner one even under the earth—is the United States Senate. It has no claim to the commonest kind of common honesty, so far as the majority of its members are concerned, and that majority is sufficiently large to give tone and character to the whole assembly. The Senate once was a high-minded body. . . . There was occasionally a display of temper in it; there is not much more violence among senators now than there used to be. . . . The Senate's changes have not been in the direction of violence, but have taken the form and shape of the foulest meanness and the rankest knavery.

I do not indorse all this; yet very few journals could consistently deny or much modify it.

The United States' Supreme-Court is sometimes spoken of as the last refuge and as the yet impregnable citadel of justice, which even the right-divine of a majority assails in vain; yet so far as the press is evidence, I could bring forward only too many testimonies that it also obeys

the same universal and overwhelming influences that are demoralizing everything on which the politicians can lay their hands.\* Connecting these facts with the gradual but

\* Out of their own mouths, or mouth-pieces, I have shown the character of the Washington Government, for the benefit of the English reader. Was it desirable that such a Government should realize its dream of controlling at least the whole of North America as one Federal United States? Such a Government was a benefit to no one. It has answered its purpose, and left its moral. Above all, it was an injustice to the American people. I see much reason to hope that in a few years North and South, East and West, will congratulate each other on having got rid of a system under which they were all alike misruled and preyed upon by an unscrupulous swarm of politicians and demagogues. As soon as the free labour States begin to think, they will see that conquering the South and licking England would do them little good. They will have still to control themselves, and to erect legal and constitutional barriers strong enough to resist the attacks of the press, the majority and its leaders, upon individual independence.

All nations have had their struggles—wars, foreign and civil, troubles, of many kinds. The greatest difficulty with all is to form the domestic internal institutions fittest for their national development. Of late years, the United States have been making no progress in that direction. How could they, when one quarter of the motive power in their politics has proceeded from the Irish population—foreign born, reckless of constitutional Government, animated more by hatred of England than by love of America, and obeying the dictates of its Roman Catholic priests? Anglo-Saxon energy and intellect must be, as they have been, baffled by such a system; which must be supplanted by a better before any true greatness is possible for the American people. Let the Celt, and still more the Germans, be really and truly represented; which now they are not, any more than the native Americans, or than the unrecognized *élite*, the most experienced, intelligent, and virtuous of the community. The character of the Governments of all the States must be raised much higher by some means: not by Buncombe speeches, by big talk, or by mutual flattery.

To show that these corruptions are not exceptional or accidental blotches on the surface of American politics, but deeply seated and widely spread throughout the whole system, overwhelming evidence can be produced. I think it would be under the mark to say that four-fifths of the newspapers and of the printed speeches of the public men of all parties afford but too ample evidence of an amount of corruption which can be paralleled in no country in Christendom: except, perhaps, Russia, if the late Emperor really made the sad declaration which he has been reported to have made, after examining matters for himself, that he was the only honest man he knew of

great deterioration in the character of the public men of the United States, illustrated strikingly by the list of Presidents, we may say of the Federal system that its brain was softening and its heart diseased.

But now come to the West, "the beautiful West." Some fifteen hundred miles west of the city of Washington is Wisconsin, one of the last created of the stars forming the United States constellation. Many families from the Old World have sought, amidst its beautiful and fertile wilds, an honourable peace, plenty, and independence, which their own country hardly promised. The virgin land might have been thought the native abode of purity; but a very slight acquaintance with the State dispels that illusion. The *New York Times* of May 25, 1858, advertising to the state of things in Wisconsin, has these headings:—

Railroad Management.—The Wholesale Bribery of the Entire Government of Wisconsin: Tariff of Prices—Governors quoted at 50,000 dollars; Senators, 10,000 dollars; Assemblymen, 5,000 dollars.—The General Plunder, Robbery, and Miscellaneous Swindling of the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad.—Report of the Special Committee of the Wisconsin Legislature.

This committee (I beg the reader to believe that this is all serious) was appointed by joint resolution to

in all his dominions: I hope he meant among his officials. In the United States the rot has spread so widely, that a well-informed man would be not a little puzzled to put his finger on a sound spot. I refer, of course, only to politics. The sound morals of domestic life, and the jealously-preserved purity and predominance of the Caucasian race, give ample ground for the hope that the people of the North will profit by their severe and mortifying experience, and still raise a political fabric worthy of their ancestors.

inquire into alleged bribery and corruption of members of the Legislature of Wisconsin and others in 1856; and also into the condition of the railroad mentioned, and other corporations. The committee reported as a tame fact the discovery that a great majority of the Legislature of 1856 had been bought up; while the most unique ingenuity had been used to veil the transaction. The bribery was effected by assigning to certain persons bonds or stock in the La Crosse and Milwaukee Company. A list of Senators' names was given, with their "pecuniary compliments," varying from 10,000 dollars to 20,000 dollars in bonds. The amounts were placed in the hands of an agent of the company, to be passed by him to those senators when the bill should become a law; the recipients not choosing to trust the directors. About fifty members of the Assembly, or Lower House, received 5,000 dollars each in bonds; a few more, 10,000 dollars; and one—of higher principle than the rest, perhaps—20,000 dollars. Of these, none rejected the "compliment." Four senators, however, voted for the bill gratuitously.

Several State officers in high places came in for a share of these "pecuniary compliments:" some getting 10,000, some 5,000 dollars. About thirty "outsiders" received from 1,000 to 25,000 dollars. In one of the lists of recipients of the railway company's bounty, there were five dashes — 10. When the clerk who drew the lists up was asked to explain these blanks, he said, "He remarked at the time, these must be for the Governor." His principal told him he was a pretty good guesser. One would be curious to read the message to the Legislature of this Governor of the State of Wisconsin.

The manager of the business had two lists made out, of which the first contained the names of the recipients of the bribes, numbered; while in the second those numbers stood for the names, with the amounts; the packages of bonds were then made up, and the first list was destroyed. There seems to have been a general understanding not to be too inquisitive. The witness just mentioned said:—“It has been the habit of my life to make and preserve written memoranda of all events or circumstances that I desire to remember. I had no desire to remember anything about the delivery of those packages.”

The president of the company said, in his evidence, that, as president, he placed in the hands of an agent 200,000 dollars, in bonds of the company, to be used in any such way as might seem necessary to procure the passage through Congress of the several Acts granting lands to the territory of Minnesota, for a virtual extension of the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad.

Only three editors came in for a share of the plunder. On examining the lists of names of the persons bribed, it will be found that five-sixths are of English origin, the rest being foreigners. It was not the despised Irish or German element of the population that furnished this body of corruption; it was not English born, of course; an Englishman stands a most infinitesimal chance of getting any office, or of obtaining the people's votes, in the North especially. Nor did the South contribute any of its English descended population to the list of bought and sold freemen. I see no reason to doubt that full half of these persons were genuine Yankees, and more than a quarter more of them Northerners of Yankee



origin. In England we are in the habit of attributing American wrong-doings, excitements, and rascalities to "the mob;" but in this case it need not be proved the mob had no hand in the foul business: nor has it generally. These things are the work of "highly-respectable persons," who, when at home, are most of them attendants or "members of the church," as the phrase is.

The Wisconsin Legislature adjourned without taking any steps to redeem the character of the State from all these infamies; and the public wealth in land thus, and in other ways, becomes a public curse.

These are but glaring eruptions, as it were, of the widespread, deep-seated corruption of the United States. Instead of lamenting that a political system, so precociously debased, has been checked in its growth and reduced in power and extent, may we not rather wonder how it has stood and flourished so long?

To return to the City of Washington. Collateral evidence of corruption, and of some other facts, is furnished by a curious correspondence between two American celebrities—General Scott and Jefferson Davis; the latter at the time Secretary for War. As one is now the President of the Confederate States, and the other is the most distinguished general of the United States (States—States—nothing but States: I suppose when Canada in the course of human events secedes she will call herself the Separated States, or States of some kind), though now retired from active service, and further distinguished as one of the very few, if any, Southern-born men who have sided with the North—I think the epistolary duel will be interesting as

well as instructive. The General began the encounter by imputing bad motives: and Mr. Davis replied, unofficially:—

You have taken the occasion of an official correspondence to make unfounded imputations upon my motives, and to use such language as my idea of the requirements of official courtesy does not permit me to notice in my official character. . . . Your present accusation, which charges me with usurpation for the most unworthy ends, and imputes to me motives inconsistent with official integrity, is considered basely malevolent, and pronounced utterly false.—Your obedient servant,

JEFF. DAVIS.

General Scott had granted leave of absence to a colonel, which the Department at Washington had ordered him to countermand. This he refused to do, giving his reason; but the President declared the reason unsatisfactory. The Secretary at War, Jefferson Davis, recommends that the army head-quarters be removed to Washington; and on this recommendation the General thus writes to the Secretary:—

Sir,—With all the records of the army and every compulsory assistance at hand, you have, by a toil of more than five weeks on what to your nature must have been a labour of love, poured out upon me in twenty-seven compact foolscap pages this *full measure of your spleen and vengeance*. Its precursor was *savage and scurrilous*, but the slowly concocted venom now vented is no doubt fondly relied upon to kill at once. The *felonious intent* is clear enough. Nevertheless, you may be forced to borrow the exclamation, “’Tis not done; the attempt, and not the deed, confounds us.”

The General's style certainly justifies the epithet of “Fuss and Feathers.” The Secretary at War returns to

the charge. At the end of the war, the City of Mexico paid a handsome sum to the United States, a per-centage on which, instead of sharing it with his companions in arms, General Scott himself pocketed; and on this point the Minister touches:—

The law did not allow you what you paid to yourself. That *payment to yourself, what meanness does it display?* What could have been less consistent with the generosity and magnanimity which should have graced the first in rank among a band of gallant soldiers? You awarded to yourself the whole per-centage of the money paid by the City of Mexico when subjugated by their victorious arms.

Again, the relentless Secretary finds a new weapon:—

You were not indeed entirely deaf to the claim of your brother officers. . . . You placed in the hands of a committee of distinguished officers the sum of 2,000 dollars, to be distributed among the families of the officers who had fallen in the recent battles; while, you, without the intervention of a committee, put more than thrice that sum into your own pocket.

These cruel and tangible charges the General meets by more personality, and, growing prosy, he quotes poetry:—

For revenge, the slander respecting the trial of 1810 was dis-interred by your letter of September, which, being refuted in the same month, is now reproduced with variations:—

“Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,  
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew;  
Destroy his web of sophistry: in vain—  
The creature’s at his dirty work again.”

The now President of the Confederate States replies with more truth than poetry:—

SIR,— . . . . You have persisted in making your letters official, and I have thus forced upon me the obligation to receive

them, and reply, in such terms as seem to me appropriate, to the baseless accusations which derive their only importance from the high standing you occupy.

*Another instance of your capacity, in the same breath, to beg for sympathy and utter slander, is your accusation that I have endeavoured to provoke a duel with an old soldier, known to be so lame in both arms as to write with difficulty and pain.*

Those ignorant of the fact that the great disability of which you complain was the result of a fall upon the pavement in New York, would naturally infer from the introduction of the phrase "old soldier," that you were, by wounds received in battle, disqualified for self-defence, and every generous heart that believed your assertion would visit with indignant censure the unmanly attempt to involve a wounded veteran in personal combat. But no such purpose was entertained. *You had given notice to the world that you would not act upon the sentiment which makes a gentleman responsible to any one whom he assails when in the vigour of manhood. You pleaded a sense of religion and patriotic scruples, as reasons for not answering to the personal defiance of an aggrieved officer, General Jackson, your superior in military rank, and infinitely above you in every other respect—and it was not to be supposed that you would, at this time, take different ground. But no disability, no age, no plea of conscientious scruples can be admitted to shield a slanderer from rebuke; and when you gratuitously imputed to me motives injurious and offensive to me as a man, I addressed to you an unofficial note, and fixed on you the brand of falsehood, which you vainly endeavour to wash away with your unflinching flood of abusive epithets.*

Your obedient servant,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

To Brevet Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, U. S. Army.

But the "old soldier," being of British descent, did not know when he was beaten. He imputes "Caliban malice" to the Secretary, who compassionates an "enraged imbecile," and thus concludes the wordy tournament:—

*War Department, May 27, 1856.*

SIR,—I have received your letter of the 20th inst. The delay for which you make a hypocritical apology has strengthened you to resume the labour of vituperation, but having already in this correspondence stamped you with falsehood, and, whenever you have presented a tangible point, convicted you by conclusive proof, I have ceased to regard your abuse; and as you present nothing in this letter which requires remark, I am gratified to be *relieved from the necessity of further exposing your malignity and depravity.*

Your obedient servant,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Brevet Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott.

“Wingfield,” I believe, it should be; but the “g” spoils the appropriateness of the poor old General’s first name: One who knew him well always called him “Wingfield.” We may see him again in another character—“stumping” the United States.

I am aware that to the English reader these personalities are painful and not very interesting reading; but they are frequent and characteristic phenomena in the social and political condition of the United States, where many things are exposed to the eye of the sovereign people which elsewhere are confined to the criticism and knowledge of a select few.

## CHAPTER X.

New York City—The City Government—Sanitary Condition—The Condition of the Irish—The Poor—Tenement Houses—Needlewomen—The Potter's Field.

NATURE has afforded no finer site for a great commercial centre than that upon which the Dutch established their New Amsterdam, changed by the English, when they took possession of it, into New York. A city so favoured deserved a better name. By people in the neighbourhood it is sometimes called York; poetically, Manhattan; equivocally, in print, Gotham; politically, the Empire City; it is at the same time the least and the most thoroughly characteristical American of all American cities. I will only remind the reader that it is built on a tongue of land about two miles broad, the point ending in a large, convenient, and beautiful bay, with the noble Hudson on the west side, an arm of the sea on the east. The edges of the city for miles are adorned with a rich, close fringe of all kinds of vessels, from the ocean steamer downwards, their bowsprits projecting over the busy piers and water-side streets.

It is a remarkable place, worth seeing, and well worthy of study as to its history, its social and political condition. I lived there, on and off, for some years, and

know it tolerably well. Much of the information I shall lay before the reader as to New York and its affairs will be of such a character that many will think it exaggerated; I shall, therefore, draw some of my evidence from a weekly journal published in the place, edited by a careful lawyer, a foreigner, who, though an anti-Southern man, is not very pro-Northern. This journal was partly made up of the pith (fairly extracted, I know) of New York and other papers; the reader may thus be tolerably sure as to the impartiality of the selections.

I need hardly say that New York is almost solely a creation of commerce. The State Government meets at Albany, a considerable city at the head of tide-water navigation on the Hudson. The extensive manufactures of New York principally depend, directly or indirectly, on the shipping. This commerce depended on the United States tariff and on the United States Union, to an extent which the owners of New York City lots especially will not like to calculate at this time (A.D. 1862). One-third of the population is of foreign birth, chiefly German and Irish. The suffrage is pretty nearly universal, except that foreigners are required to live five years in the country and to become naturalized before voting.

First, then, as to the city Government. The leading journal, the *Herald* of New York, thus characterizes some members of the corporation of 1856 :—

A few days since we expressed a wish for some sketches of the new Corporation, to ascertain if, judging from their antecedents, they were as great scamps as they had been represented. This request has been complied with in part, and we have a large amount of interesting biographical matter on hand. Some of the sketches

are favourable, but one or two look very black. One of the aldermen elect is limned as a man who fled from his country to the land of the free and the home of the brave, to shelter himself from the vigilance of the law. He set up business in a small way as a pugilist, and was engaged as a principal in several fights. He was also kind enough to act as second in several of these elegant exhibitions. From prize-fighting to emigrant-running is a natural transition, and our conscript father became a runner. But the emigrant business not being so lucrative as politics, he determined to help save the Union and be elected alderman, in both of which attempts his efforts were crowned with entire success. During the election, the exuberance of his supporters showed itself in some picturesque knock-downs, black-eyes, and bloody noses; but these are only the playful exhibitions of excited Democracy. . . . Another of the Corporation has figured in the police reports rather extensively during the past three months, and has a *penchant* for getting drunk and kicking up rows in disreputable houses. These probably are only the eccentricities of genius too long pent up. Portrait number three is of a councilman who is said to be tolerably well known among the "fancy." He recommended himself to the suffrages of the voters of his district by walking into a station-house and beating a policeman in his bed. He was dismissed from the police for misconduct, and is now returned by a grateful community as a member of the Corporation. A fourth councilman is said to be a drunken loungeur about engine-houses; a fifth, a dealer in old boot-legs; and an assessor has been indicted as an accessory in a recent murder. This is a pretty fair beginning for some light and pleasant reading for the holidays. Let it go on. Let us know all about these fellows, so that we can keep a watch on their official life. The independent press is the only palladium of the people's rights. It must be vigilant and untiring. Send along the facts. Let us know who are to govern us.

About this time the *Tribune* asserted that in a given period there were as many murders, save two, committed



in the city of New York, as in all England. But, in fact, there are no statistics of New York murders. It was proved in a trial that leaden weights were manufactured for the purpose of sinking bodies in the waters that flow round the city. About this time, 1856, there were four "mysterious disappearances" from one hotel within a short period.

Temperance men will not be surprised to learn that there were at this time 15,000 places in New York city where intoxicating liquor was sold; these places—groceries and groggeries combined—are kept principally by Irish and Germans. Even of the public-houses very few are kept by Americans. But the respectable hotels—the establishments used by travellers, some of them in the larger cities very extensive, making up five hundred beds and more, requiring no little administrative ability to manage them so well as they are managed—are usually conducted by gentlemen native-born, who afford favourable specimens of the appearance, manners, and character of the United States-man.

At this period crime of all kinds was unusually rampant; garotting was practised to an extent which made it common prudence to carry arms after ten o'clock at night. Respectable young men formed self-defence clubs to practise gymnastics and the use of weapons, and to provide themselves with proper pistols, knives, &c. I had myself frequent occasions to be out very late, and always had a formidable knife up my left sleeve, the handle towards my hand. A demand arose for a swift and severe administration of justice, by complying with which one judge made himself highly popular. In one morning he tried

more than sixty cases. Drumhead or Lynch law would probably have been fairer to the accused. The New Yorkers are not apt to scrutinize very closely, or look to precedent or principle, when their immediate interests are in question. They like to see their objects effected with a strong, high hand.

One of the first surprising facts I met with in New York was the extensive neighbourhood of excessively crowded tenement-houses; generally red brick, three or four stories high, containing from ten to twenty rooms, badly lighted and ventilated; often a family—mostly foreigners—in each room.

In the streets the air was foul, and, in the hot weather, sickening, with putrefying garbage. The adult inhabitants were generally voters, and zealous ones too. In the warm summer evenings all were out of doors or at the windows, men, women, and children, lightly clothed; numbers of the females would be sitting on the “stoops,” their chins in their hands, their elbows on their knees, conversing in the brogue of the Emerald Isle; large numbers were Irish, but with very little Irish fun left in them; death, languor, listlessness, and disease hovering around and over them.

Why did not these thousands and hundreds of thousands demand an efficient sanitary law? They had votes enough to turn any election; they had leaders and orators; and they were well organized for political purposes. Archbishop Hughes could muster them to a man to give their suffrage as he thought best. Yet here they were, sad, but used to it, pining away under circumstances more wantonly injurious than the despotism of Russia. United,

they could easily have obtained a sanitary law to forbid over-crowding of houses, to ensure a full supply of light, air, and water, and enforcing a thorough cleanliness in and around every dwelling: measures which would make every living soul of them healthier, wealthier, wiser, happier, and better.

With everything in its favour, the sanitary condition of this the greatest city of America, speaking generally, is far inferior to that of London; while, in the poor crowded neighbourhoods, it is, in the summer time, shocking and disgusting. I draw attention to this matter to hasten the time when citizens will give their vote and influence for those who have studied and felt the vast importance of sanitary questions.

I am not speaking simply as a foreigner, Americans themselves are my witnesses. Here is what the then leading journal of America says (March, 1857) on the filth of New York:—

With the exception of a very few thoroughfares, all the streets are one mass of reeking, disgusting filth, which in some places is piled to such a height as to render them almost impassable by vehicles. Only those who live in these localities can have a true idea of their condition, and they form at least nine-tenths of our population. The dirt, like an epidemic, prevails all over—in the principal thoroughfares, in the bye-streets, the alley-ways, the lanes, in a word, from the most northern limits of the city down to the Battery, and from the East to the North river. No attempt has been made by the Street Commissioner or the Commissioner of Streets and Lamps to have them cleaned, nor has any report been made by either of those officers to the Common Council in regard to the subject.

Ann Street, which is within a few feet of our office, is literally

choked up with filth, which in some places rises to the height of one or two feet above the sidewalks. Engine Company No. 38, and Hose Company No. 20, made an onslaught on the mountains of ice, snow, ashes, and garbage, which rise in front of their houses, and which has proved a great obstruction in the way of their engines and hose-carts ; but their labours have proved useless, as there are no carts to remove the accumulated dirt. Stepping from Ann into Fulton Street, you find that thoroughfare as much in need of the labour of the scavenger ; but it may be regarded as cleanliness itself compared with Centre Street. Here the dirt hills rise to the height of three or four feet ; and as no ash-carts have visited this neighbourhood for several weeks past, and will not probably for some weeks to come, the prospect of the poor residents is most deplorable. The Five Points and all the streets leading to that locality present the same appearance. . . . Of Mott, Mulberry, Elizabeth, and other streets running parallel with the Bowery, the same story may be told. But the east side of the city, which is included within a line passing up to the Bowery as high as the northernmost limit of the city, and down as far as the end of Broad Street, takes the lead, and is justly entitled to pre-eminence. . . . The west side of the city is hardly less offensive and disgusting. Greenwich and Washington Streets, throughout their entire length, are filled with the accumulated filth of weeks.

Mass meetings were actually held on this subject, with some little effect. I used to think it a pity that Mrs. Trollope said anything against the pigs, for a live pig is much better every way than a heap of decaying matter.

From the pig to the Irish is a natural transition. The Celtic Irish form a large part of the poorest and labouring population of New York city, probably more than a third. They do very much more than their share of the hard work, and are by no means overpaid. A New Yorker

will immediately compare the wages of the Irish labourer in Ireland and in America as a matter of cash; but the real question is the sort of life the labourer leads. The hewer of wood and drawer of water has a hard, rough life everywhere; but still there are degrés: better here, worse there. On this subject I came to the same conclusions as the best Irish journal in New York, the *American Celt*.

The writer is answering Mr. T. F. Meagher's objections against systematic Irish immigration:—

We have been recently, before and during the famine, in Irish towns and cities, and we have no hesitation in saying—since it must and ought to be said—that there is more thorough Irish degradation in the single city of New York than in all of them put together. As to the peasantry of Ireland, let them be never mentioned in the same day with this degenerate lodging-house population; no amount of physical suffering ought ever be compared with the moral degradation of the transplanted city Celt, which our police reports exhibit every day of the week. The Irish labourer in the interior of New England, New Jersey, and New York, is certainly better off than his brother in Boston or in this city. He has fewer temptations and more moderate expenses. But he is equally, perhaps more, homeless. He has not even the comfort of a common misery. Estranged from every kindred tie, if a farm labourer; huddled up in an enormous boarding-house “built by the corporation,” for whom he works, if he be an operative: he has no one to look up to but a cold, distant employer, or overseer, who has no respect for his feelings, or his person, or his religion. There is often a more intimate sympathy between the Alabama planter and his African *slave* than between a Yankee employer and his Irish *help*. The Irishman may, by intense industry, put “something to the fore,” but he never can in these old States become a proprietor, or feel that easy sense of equality, without

which liberty itself is but the liberty of the Arab—the freedom of wandering over a social desert, where the barren privilege prevails *without any of its real advantages.*

As to the children of these homeless multitudes, what can be expected from them but degeneracy and apostacy? . . . At the East—there is no use in disguising it—the elevation of the bulk of the Irish population is impossible. At the West, and in Canada, if it be not their own fault, they may yet establish a free, a virtuous, and independent, and a Catholic posterity.

For many years towards the end of the existence of the Union, no State exercised so great an influence in Federal politics and elections as the State of New York; and the State generally followed the lead of “the Empire City.” *Now the best organized and strongest vote in the City of New York was the Irish.* For “voting the Democratic ticket,” for raising and swelling any cry or urging any measure against England, for doing everything that became true Irishmen and good Catholics, Archbishop Hughes could rely on them to a man. Election day was at the same time their Donnybrook and Fontenoy. Thus this crowd of exiles, driven (as they maintain) from their own loved native Erin by the rapacity of the Saxon, exert a potent and avenging influence over the millions of American Saxons peopling the United States. Bleak teetotal Maine, game-cock South Carolina, flowery Florida, gold-bearing California, each one of the more than thirty States which contributed a star apiece to the firmament of the United States flag, felt and acknowledged the weight of the New York Irish votes. The Whigs envied the Democrats their luck in having such a phalanx, as good at voting as at fighting; and all parties were ever ready to offer more than reasonable terms for their service. Meanwhile

these excitable Irishmen, courted, flattered, hated, and despised, acted most disinterestedly; doing all the hardest work, drinking the vilest of stuff in lieu of whisky, and living miserably in crowded houses and filthy streets; the poor people never thinking of using their vote and interest to have laws passed for the protection of their own life and health. Truly, universal suffrage brings about strange, mortifying, and disappointing combinations and results!

Those who call themselves the upper classes, those who have wealth, intelligence, office, influence, in any community, have much to answer for when they allow such breeding-places of crime, pauperism, and disease to exist, as are described by a committee appointed by the New York State Legislature to investigate the condition of the poor. The Federal Government, the Washington authorities, be it remembered, have no power to interfere in these matters,—fortunately, or they would have been ten times worse.

In one building, one hundred and ten families are gathered, some of them, numbering eight or ten members, occupying one close apartment, and huddled indiscriminately in damp, foul cellars, to breathe the air of which is to inhale disease. Here, in their very worst aspect, are to be seen the horrors of such a mode of living. Here are to be found drunken and diseased adults, of both sexes, lying in the midst of their filth; idiotic and crippled children, suffering from neglect and ill-treatment; girls just springing into womanhood living indiscriminately in the same apartment with men of all ages and *all colours*; babes left so destitute of care and nourishment as to be only fitted for a jail or hospital in after years, if they escape the blessing of an early grave. . . .

Probably it was only through some coloured person

being traced to this or some such den, by some benevolent abolitionist, that this phase of life in New York was exposed. I believe that any one skilled in the algebra of vice and suffering and human deterioration, would find on calculation that in one year, in one such house of horrors, there was endured and perpetrated more avoidable crime and misery than by all the negroes in the most populous of the Southern States during the same period.

There was an *on dit* that a benevolent lady visiting one of these places entered a rather large room in which there were five families, more or less numerous. She asked two neighbourly, chatting Irish how they all agreed—didn't they quarrel and meddle with each other? "Oh, no, ma'am, not often," said one; "we get along very well, all of us, except" (lowering her voice to a whisper) "that lady in the middle, with three children; she *will* take boarders, and that's against our rules."

The report of the Secretary of the *State* of New York showed that in the year 1855, 200,000 paupers were relieved at the public expense. For the twenty years then ending the increase of population was 61 per cent.; the increase of pauperism, 706 per cent. 142,000 of these paupers were relieved by the Commissioners of Emigration; a fact which goes towards excusing the habit which many Americans have of calling foreigners "damned foreigners."

The contempt and dislike which the native Americans entertain for the "mere Irish" and "damned Dutch," and more or less for all foreigners, are so well known that sometimes weak individuals deny their birthplaces and endeavour to pass for Americans; but always in vain. I have met with one such recreant Englishman, and more



than one Irishman of the same sort ; but even an Englishman is always distinguishable if he has grown up to manhood in the old country, and consequently an Englishman rarely hears the real opinions of Americans, who are too polite to utter disagreeable truths to strangers. But having initiated myself into the habits, feelings, prejudices, and very spirit of native American life, I am able to assure the reader that American books, speeches, and newspapers say one thing, and men and women, in their social intercourse, another. There is a total opposition between private feeling and principle and the "buncombe" addressed to the public and to the ears of mankind at large, supposed to be always listening, by the press.

But would not a government administered with the average wisdom and justice of even European governments have found means to stop such a rapid fungus-like growth of pauperism ? I have no hesitation in saying that, long ago, the native-born American citizens would have effectually checked that mighty and long-increasing stream of European emigration westward, which has so greatly added to the wealth, population, and importance of their country, and has contributed very materially to breaking it up into sections less formidable, and more governable ; but the influence of foreign-born citizens was and is too great to allow them to do so. Thus the will of a large majority of citizens possessed of the suffrage may be thwarted and rendered powerless by party spirit and party tactics. It is a simple matter to understand. Say there are in a political body 50,000 voters belonging to the A party, 50,000 to the B party, and 5,000 to the Z party. A and B court and flatter, and hate and dread, and bid for the Z

votes; and the Z party turn the scale, as its leaders advise, at every election.

On the whole, three-fourths of the paupers of the State were of foreign birth; hence the American jumps to the conclusion that pauperism is in fact, at least three-fourths, a foreign importation. But then these foreigners do all the roughest, dirtiest, hardest manual labour; no American, I guess, ever hardened his hands by ramming down the paving-stones (though the rammers, or whatever they may be called, are much lighter than those Pat has to lift in the land he left). His fellow-countrymen would blush for him if he did, and I know of no reason for believing that native Americans condemned to like exhausting drudgery would not soon yield, even in the climate of the North, as many careless, hand-to-mouth, broken-down, and pauperised individuals as the poor Irish there now do.

Both in the City and State of New York the proportion of poverty and pauperism is yearly increasing. At times want presses hard on large numbers of those who are too proud or too sensitive to let their wants be known. *The Song of the Shirt* is as true there as in London. Occasionally the upper classes open their eyes in miraculous astonishment at the wages of the seamstress.

Look at the following prices (says the *Tribune*), then at some pale, emaciated woman, with three or four children—a widow—or perhaps worse, encumbered with a drunken husband. For a miserable shelter in attic or cellar she must pay four or five dollars per month. With constant work, early and late, she can earn but twenty-five cents per day. Five or six months to fill, bodies to clothe, and rent to pay out of 1 dollar 50 cents per week. Calico shirts, fifty cents a dozen; white muslin shirts, linen bosoms, with

fourteen plaits, eighteen cents each ; three-ply linen collars, with three button-holes, and stitched all round, three cents each.

One of these victims of oppression, who, thank Heaven ! has no children, makes pantaloons at six cents a pair. By working from five in the morning to midnight she finishes four pair.

Another of these unfortunate beings remarked to a visitor, who expressed surprise and regret that her garret had no light but what was admitted through the scuttle, that perhaps it was best, for she was not tempted to lose her time looking out of the window.

And yet I know that while such were the wages, very many, I may almost say innumerable, openings existed in villages and small towns, especially in the South, where a respectable tolerably clever needlewoman would have been sure of an easy, comfortable living. Our supply and demand arrangements surely admit of considerable improvement, with our modern facilities.

I fear the condition of the factory girls at Lowell is much inferior to what it was when first described by English travellers ; but I cannot speak from my own observation. Altogether, there is no doubt that factory hands are much better off in the States than in England.

Yet though want and pauperism have grown to gigantic proportions in New York, it is not, I am satisfied, from a want of liberality and benevolence on the part of the well-to-do classes. The stream of immigration which enters at this great sea-port enormously and continually increases those evils ; but a more powerful cause of their rapid and alarming growth is the gradual retirement of the better sort of people of all classes from the direction of public affairs. Other northern cities, in proportion as

they approach New York in size and circumstances, seem to develop as extensively the same world-wide evils; proving too undeniably that there is nothing in republican institutions, absence of state church, freedom from hereditary legislation, and possession of universal suffrage, inconsistent with the prevalence of poverty with all its horrors.

Extremes meet. In the States of New Jersey, Vermont, and in the very focus of the light of civil and religious liberty—in the land of Roger Williams, Rhode Island—and elsewhere too, I rather think, “the poor of some towns may annually be seen at the auction block to be struck off to the lowest bidder, who thinks he can either get some little compensating work out of them, or feed them on the refuse of his table, and many times on that which he never thought fit to be brought into his house. Would it not be well for some of our New England orators to take measures for preventing the sale at auction of some of the mothers of New England?”

In Virginia, not long ago, confirmed white vagabonds might be sold in much the same manner; but as the buyer had no right to whip them, and was bound not to starve them, the troublesome article was usually unsaleable.

I was sorry to observe that the American was beginning to lay aside his finest and most indisputable distinction—delicacy and considerateness towards women—in his treatment of workwomen. The poor creatures often had to submit to impertinence, harshness, insolence, and familiarity from those of whom they had to seek work and to receive their miserable pay. In 1856 there were 20,000 women in New York, whose average earnings were not

more than three dollars per week. A single labouring man would pay about that amount for his board and lodging. "The Woman's Rights" party say that if women had the suffrage, all these and many other wrongs would be righted. They demand for women the "rights of man," which they truly insist are not the rights of males only. They demand the power of looking after their own interests, a vote, a place in the legislatures and congress. This party is still a very small one. It and the thorough Abolitionist party were of about equal size and importance, and consisted extensively of the same persons. Some ten or twelve years ago, when I first visited the "Tabernacle," a large chapel then in Broadway, New York, I heard women and women's-rights men advocating their sacred cause—not illogically, from the premise that all men are by nature free and equal. I felt inclined to ask the fair speakers what the better the Irish population was for all their voting, and whether women were more reflective, less excitable, less likely to become the tools of demagogues than Celts? But this folly will burn itself innocently out; the other, an own sister, will burn itself out, and at the same time consume the United States, which ought not to have played with the fire.

The Abolitionist party, again, attributed this, with all other Northern ills, mainly to the peculiar institution, "the sum of all villanies," negro slavery in the South. At this moment, since the seizure of the Confederate envoys and the discovery that the South is not to be conquered, they find that England is the source of all their woes.

It is curious and sad to see how young and insolent

New York follows exactly in the tracks of the old cities of effete, tyrannized, priest-ridden Europe—to use the language of young America ; sometimes even going ahead. The despised pauper, most likely a foreigner, when his spirit has gone to its final resting-place, is probably carried to the Potter's Field. At about the time of which I have been speaking, an avenue—the streets running the length of the strip of land on which the city is built are so called—was being extended and graded. It cut through this Potter's Field, pursuing its straight course, and the remains of human beings at various depths, and in every stage of decay, were ruthlessly dug out, exposed, hacked about, and piled up out of the way ; reminding one of the horrible London churchyard abominations. “It seems hardly right to treat the bones of the poor paupers in so careless a manner,” said a newspaper, and then concluded, giving an opposition journal a dig in the ribs, “The probability is that the *Times* people will be deeply speculating in Potter's Field lots before long.”

Adulterated food and drinks, unwholesome meat, milk from horribly diseased cows, cheap sausages, “suffocated” pork—all these and other artificial aggravations of the miseries of poverty are in full operation to send the unhappy poor to the Potter's Field.

The Germans form a very numerous and influential part of the population of New York and of the Northern and Western States generally. Among them are found all classes, trades, professions : pretty fairly representing the inhabitants of Germany. They keep up their old national habits, customs, amusements, associations, as tenaciously

and more heartily than the Irish adhere to theirs. Their lager-bier saloons, theatres, winter-gardens, summer-gardens, "volk-gartens," abound. At some of their rural resorts near the city they frequently have immense gatherings, of ten, twenty, fifty, even reaching to a hundred thousand people, at which they make themselves at home, and fancy themselves again in the Fatherland; while the few American and other visitors feel like foreigners. They regard Sunday, too, with no more respect than they do in Germany; their saloons, theatres, and gardens, being in full activity during the latter part of the day, greatly to the scandal of the American proprieties. Of course they have a vote in the affairs of the land of their adoption; and in their political tendencies there is a strong tinge of Red Republicanism and Socialism. They threw themselves into the Black Republican party at its formation, and did much to hasten the separation of the North and South; so putting an end, with German vigour, to the degrading two-facedness, misrepresentations, and jesuitries with which politicians had long been endeavouring to keep things together. The Americans regard the Germans as coarse, rude, indelicate, low, and dirty in their habits, and so bent on money-getting that for its sake they will live sordidly and follow any calling or occupation, however vile and repulsive. The American skilled workmen hate them, because they will work for any wages rather than lose time and money; and to save money, or to suit his smaller income, the German will live in a style much lower and meaner than the American of the same class and business will adopt while he can help it.

The negroes form a small but interesting portion of the

population of the North. They are generally regarded as nuisances, and by this time would have been pretty well abated as such, had not their numbers been replenished by runaways. The better sort of them are barbers, waiters, porters, nurses, domestic servants; the worst of them associate on terms of equality and amalgamation with the whites in such localities as the Five Points. This last district is now pretty well cleared out. It answered to the old St. Giles' of London, and was an embryo Mexico. The white population have nothing to do with the negroes, except as inferiors. The Irish hate them worse than they do the British. A respectable washerwoman would be shunned and scorned by her own class were she to marry a black millionaire. Were she to invite her old companions to tea in the Fifth Avenue, supposing a negro could get a house there, they would consider themselves insulted.

In New York city the Rev. J. W. Pennington, a coloured man, sued the Sixth-Avenue Railway Company (one of the several street railways, the carriages being drawn by horses) for expelling him from one of their railroad cars. "Were the defendants, as common carriers of passengers, justified in acting upon the rule by which they exclude coloured people from all portions of their cars except the front platform, and except certain cars in which they and the whites have equal rights?" That was the question. In charging the jury, Judge Glosson stated that a common carrier had a right to prescribe *reasonable* rules and regulations for the management of his business; so that the first question was, were the rules and regulations reasonable and proper under the circumstances? After two hours' deliberation, the jury



found for the Company. The *Herald* remarked that the Northern people were particularly squeamish on this point; while all over the South it was a common thing to see master or mistress and slave sitting in the same stage, without any nose being turned up at Pomp or Dinah.

In Boston a State law abolishing separate schools for coloured persons was said to answer well for all parties. Yet I have been told that the American and English missionaries in the South Seas would not allow their children in any way to associate with those of the natives. In some States the negroes have a vote in Federal and other elections. It was stated that a coloured man belonging to Massachusetts came all the way home from California, where he could not vote, to put in his ticket for "Fremont and Freedom." In a town of slave-holding Louisiana there was a precinct controlled by free negroes who had a vote and gave it unanimously for Buchanan *against* "Fremont and Freedom."

When some real coloured minstrels were about to start for Europe from New York, they applied for passports; the Secretary of State quoted two or three decisions, and decided that they were not citizens of the United States, and so could not have passports as such, but that the United States Government would give them all proper protection while abroad.

In the churches, South, the coloured people usually occupy one of the galleries; in the theatres the full-blooded negroes have generally a part of the gallery, while the mulatto women, those who are understood to form part of the social evil, have also a section of the gallery set apart for them, into which a black would not be allowed to enter.

The custom of the North in these matters is less settled and uniform, but, on the whole, more exclusive than that of the South. Practically the blacks have to keep clear of their white fellow-citizens, or put up with whatever disagreeable consequences may arise from getting into too close a proximity. A Northern free negro is more afraid of a rowdy than a slave is of his master. In Cincinnati, I have been told, the coloured people have a theatre of their own, and, in their turn, exclude white people from all parts of the house except the galleries.

As to the general feeling in the North towards coloured persons, there can be no mistake about it; the negro is regarded as an alien, an outcast, a pariah. For principle's sake, for consistency's sake, and for buncombe purposes, varying rights and privileges are conferred on him by Northern laws and constitutions; but these, when they conflict with popular feeling, become a dead letter. One of the worst features at the commencement of the present struggle was the attempt by the Northern press and people to make England believe that sympathy with the negro race was one of the principal causes of the fierce determination to conquer the South. But we shall probably see a terrific reaction against those who have continued to bring about recent events; which the people of New York and the whole masses of the North would, at the period I am now discussing, have avoided, by driving negroes and abolitionists together into the western deserts or into the Atlantic, if necessary.

New York has its aristocracy: that is, a vague, unacknowledged, undefined number of persons, not yet classified, but so called. There appear to be two circles

(or, for aught I know, three), which regard themselves as the select and elevated few; but public opinion is quite unsettled as to the persons constituting the genuine social cream: and, indeed, is very disrespectfully indifferent on the subject. Occasionally the question is treated of in the newspapers; and the alleged cream is declared to be mere scum, or actual dregs, which in the ferment of New York city life came to the surface. I have been informed that the famous Fifth Avenue people, of whom travellers write as the only city aristocracy, are merely a miscellaneous, rich, vulgar, mushroom set. Some say that a few exclusive quiet old "Knickerbocker" families, wealthy, cultivated, self-respecting, form the real *élite*. But this I know, that there is no recognizable class combining within and attracting to itself wealth, talent, culture, and honourable success, in the various walks of life; or, as a class, exercising a beneficial, moral, and intellectual influence on the whole of the community. There is no class the belonging to which is a tolerable guarantee, generally acknowledged by other classes of the community, of one's being entitled to be called emphatically a gentleman. In common parlance, all native Americans regard themselves as gentlemen; and any one has almost, if not quite, a legal right to knock you down for calling him "no gentleman," however humble his position.

Not long ago a millionaire, who had made his million by the manufacture and sale of one of those patent medicines of which such large quantities are consumed in America, sold his business, sent all his old worthless stock into the market, and bought one of the finest, newest, largest, brown stone front houses in the Fifth Avenue. In fur-

nishing it, he spared no expense, giving a *carte blanche* to the upholsterer, and requiring only that his establishment, as to show, fashion, and costliness, should excite the envy of all his neighbours. When everything was finished and the house was ready for occupation, he generously threw it open to the public for three days; inviting all to walk up and behold the splendour amidst which he, the great successful patent-medicine man, was henceforth to dwell.

The native-born American working-classes—that is, men who work under employers in their respective businesses for wages paid daily, weekly, or otherwise—are few in number, and uninfluential in public affairs, city, State, or Federal. This is the case throughout all the States. Yet I believe no set of men—whether merchants, shopkeepers, lawyers, clergy, politicians—will compare so advantageously for America with the corresponding class in Europe. Were I to speak of the working men as they deserve, I should be thought to be exaggerating. The tone of intercourse between Americans—however far one may be above or below the other as to wealth, position, or education—enables all men to maintain an independent bearing and more self-respect than is possible in countries where employers too often speak and behave to their workmen in a manner which they know would be outrageous to an acknowledged equal. Competition again is somewhat reduced among skilled artisans and mechanics, by the fact that the native population have a great preference for genteeler pursuits; such as clerkships, or callings affording free scope for enterprise and speculation.

As to the “mob” in the United States, which we hear

so much about in Europe, it exists principally in the European mind; our writers, and orators, and public, take it for granted that there must be in that country a terrible overwhelming mob, such as in England or France is kept down by want of arms and organization on its part, and by the police and military on the part of the Government. There is, in fact, nothing in the United States similar to the repressed masses of Europe, of the large cities especially; the corresponding portion of society, only to be found in the principal towns and cities, is by no means numerous or formidable. It has shown itself now and then in some strength, as in New York, in the Astor House, or Forrest and Macready Riot, when it was put down with a promptness and recklessness of life worthy of the Russian Government; a comparison with which Power seems to be not displeasing to the Northern mind.

The fact is, no native American-born consents to look upon himself as a poor man, as belonging to a class doomed to labour and poverty. Every youth, however poor, in the towns, at least, is quite confident that in a few years he will be a man of considerable means, if not actually independent. The trying times of the panic of 1857 were well calculated to develop the strength of the genuine mob. It never became formidable, even in New York city, and was composed principally—indeed almost exclusively—of foreigners. The tyranny of numbers, almost unresisted at times, is not exercised by the poor in the United States. They appear and disappear as they are bidden by the professional politicians.

In Europe the mob mainly consists of the unskilled labourers, and of the poorest sort of somewhat skilled

workmen, such as factory hands—the men whose only capital is their muscle, and some little skill requiring little training or education. Others may lead, or at times swell their numbers, but as a general thing they are the moneyless working-class as opposed to capitalists of all grades. But in the United States these lowest kinds of labour are very extensively left to the Irish, the Germans, and negroes, and there are consequently not enough poor labouring Americans to make a formidable mob. And were the foreigners to get up a dangerous demonstration the native American population would be united against them, and the volunteer military companies would easily preserve law and order; unless the classes higher in the social and pecuniary scale were willing to see them violated, as has been frequently the case.

One knows nothing of New York who has not seen it at election time. One knows nothing of universal suffrage who has not seen it in operation in New York. As exemplifying the working of universal suffrage and the ballot in New York, the following account is noteworthy. It should be premised that the city is divided permanently into wards, in which polling-places are appointed for the use of the voters there residing. The election lasts only one day. At this time there were about 90,000 voters in this metropolis, of whom, in round numbers, one half were foreign-born naturalized citizens.

Early in the morning (says the *Tribune* of November 5th, 1856), several of the polls in the First Ward were taken possession of by gangs of men armed with clubs, knives, and pistols, who used every effort to prevent those of different politics from themselves depositing their votes. A large number of persons applied to the

Mayor, Chief of Police, and Recorder, for a sufficient force of men to be stationed at the polls to preserve order.

The Recorder then sent to the Mayor and Chief of Police for ten men to make the arrest. The Mayor refused giving him any, but the Chief sent some down, and executed the warrants. By direction of the Mayor the culprits were brought before him instead of being taken before the Recorder. He, it is said, discharged them without bail. The Recorder then went to the Mayor, telling him that it was a misdemeanor to discharge prisoners without bail. The Recorder then applied to the Sheriff, and a posse of men were sent down at noon. In the meantime, however, fighting had been going on, the police amounting to nothing, while a few stout Irishmen were flourishing their fists and clubs, and having it all their own way.

In the Sixth Ward a great deal of confusion prevailed. At the Fourth Poll District, the anti-Woodites, headed by Councilman Kerrigan, and the Wood men under Pat Matthews, had a terrible fight, which resulted in the defeat of the latter. At the Third Poll District the Fremont ticket-stand was torn down, and the ballots scattered. The police, it is said, would not interfere, except to protect the Wood and Buchanan boxes.

The Wood Party at the Fourth Poll District, after being defeated by the anti-Woodites, rallied, and proceeding to a stable near by, where they had secreted pistols, axes, clubs, brickbats, &c., armed themselves and re-attacked the enemy. A terrible conflict ensued, during which fifteen or more pistol-shots were fired, and several had their heads cut open with clubs and brickbats. Police Captain Dowling was notified, and repaired to the place with a posse of men, who in about half an hour quelled the disturbance.

Before the election each party prepares its own tickets, printed on which is a list of those for whom its adherents are to vote. Men stand about, with placards and tables, ready to serve their party with these tickets, which are to be put into the ballot-boxes.

In many of the election districts, when the polls closed, from fifty to a hundred voters stood in line, waiting for an opportunity to vote. This was not because they did not go to the polls early enough, for scores of men stood waiting at those polls all the day, from immediately after sunrise till the polls closed. In numerous cases ruffians stood at the polls, and when any one came up with a ticket of the right stripe, he was by force thrust into the line near the door, and so enabled to get in his vote. Sometimes the rear of the line would remain stationary for half an hour, while dozens of men who had voted stood still in front, and let their friends pass in. Most of the men thus prevented from voting were Fremont men.

Considering all things, especially the great number of Irish voters and the excitability of the native population, it is surprising that there are not more violence and outrage at a New York election. There is, however, quite violence enough to satisfy those who would "Americanize our institutions." Here is part of the Recorder's charge to the grand jury:—

Within the present week our city has been the scene of outrages at the polls which are humiliating to us as citizens, and disgraceful to those having the power to check them. In the First Ward of this city, and almost within hearing of the office of the Mayor and Chief of the Police, from the opening to the closing of the polls, *there was one constant scene of riot and bloodshed.* Respectable citizens, who went peaceably to the polls to deposit their votes, were knocked down and dragged through the streets without any interference on the part of the police to prevent the outrages. Hundreds were driven from the polls by an organized band of desperadoes, who openly refused to allow the electors to deposit a vote, unless it contained the name of a certain candidate.

I have made these remarks that you may the better appreciate the necessity of prompt action on your part in certain cases which will be presented for your consideration. I will here add, that a



*large number of the police force was withdrawn from the First Ward by order of the Mayor of our city, and that a large number of the police force was on furlough on the day of election, and were engaged in advancing the interests of certain candidates, instead of being engaged in keeping the peace at the polls.*

Since the election I have issued warrants for the arrest of several policemen who, from the evidence before me, stood idly by without interfering, and saw citizens brutally assaulted ; and what is very remarkable, though blood ran freely in many wards in the city, and though men now lie at the point of death from the wounds they received on the day of election, scarce one of the offenders against the law had been arrested by any of the police.

Bribery and intimidation assume different forms in New York from what we have had revealed in England. The following is an extract from a circular issued by the New York Police Commissioner :—

*To the Members of the Police Department of the City of  
New York.*

It is rumoured that you will receive instructions to aid, on the 4th of November next, in the re-election of Fernando Wood to the office of Mayor. The unprecedented number of your force that have been on furlough for the last month, and that are now on furlough, and the known fact that their time has been employed in *electioneering for Mr. Wood*, and that *they have been assessed, irrespective of party, to pay the election expenses of Mr. Wood in this campaign*, induces the public to believe that an attempt will be made to coerce the department into such a course.

“Colonization” is practised to remove surplus voters to places where they will be more useful. A leading journal asserted that 1,400 “colonists” were imported into one district of the State to secure the return of the democratic candidate. On one occasion, I believe, the leaders

of one of the political parties in New York city thus assisted their political brethren in Philadelphia with some spare voters or "colonists."

The "District-Attorney to the Electors, &c. of the City of New York" issued a circular which contained this warning:—

The undersigned has also received information that members of a *regularly organized body of men contemplate voting as many times as possible* at the approaching election in this city, in Brooklyn and Jersey City. This information, though not as yet of a legal character sufficient to allow the proper authorities to proceed against any overt act, is regarded by the District-Attorney as deserving the urgent attention of all good citizens in every party, that they may watch carefully the polls, and as especially commanding the regard of all inspectors in the exercise of great circumspection towards voters, for it is a positive duty of inspectors to challenge suspicious voters, without waiting for the bystanders to interfere.

This city contains 137 polling-places; a body of 250 men, by each voting several times among these precincts, can alarmingly swell the aggregate vote of the city, and the election districts being large, and some of them six or eight miles distant from others, and many containing large numbers of tenement-houses, swarming with population, this process of double voting (or "travelling," as the slang phrase runs), is as easy at a thronged poll, surrounded by confusion and bustle, as its detection is difficult, unless extraordinary vigilance be exerted by electors and inspectors. In many election districts the inspectors (in consequence of a dominant party being so strong as to be able to divide itself into cliques, and run various tickets with various inspectors upon them) are of the same political affinity. While, therefore, in some precincts, the inspectors, it is hoped, will scrutinize the electors, in others it is respectfully submitted that the electors watch the inspectors.

An immense impetus is given to a triumphant majority by the fact that in New York City and State, and some other parts of the country, the judges are elected by the people at these elections. We must not entertain the common idea that the people of the United States have freely, voluntarily, thinkingly, made all their laws, and formed their Federal constitution and respective State constitutions. Circumstances have been their master, just as in Europe. Perhaps of late years a regard for the common good of a State, or of the Union, has been as rarely as in Europe the motive power of any public measure. Even numerical majorities, to whom many seem to have transferred the right divine, have often had to submit to minorities which have had more skilful generals, or "wire-workers," as they are called. The tendency of a democracy is, of course, to grasp all possible power. It argues, that if it can appoint the highest officers and servants, it can surely appoint all subordinates.

Theoretically fair, open, and simple, elections are really roundabout, underhanded, complicated affairs, in all very large constituencies, and in many small ones. Judge Whiting, one of the candidates for the office of Mayor at this election, made the following remarks on this subject:—

It is supposed that no man can present himself to the people for their suffrages except through an organized and well-regulated convention. The people meet together in their "primary election," as it is termed, and at those elections they make a selection of a representative to attend the general convention for particular nominations. And how is the selection made, and by whom is it

made? Is it made by you, or is it made by the idle, the vicious, and the profligate? Who represents you in the convention? Men selected beforehand for the purpose of nominating a particular candidate, and that candidate is selected owing to his peculiar qualifications to subserve their interests if elected. These gentlemen meet in convention, and he who pays most as a candidate for public suffrages receives the nomination. Why, it is notorious that years ago Tammany Hall sold herself to make a Mayor. Six thousand dollars went into the coffers of the party organization, upon a pledge that a particular gentleman should be nominated for the office; so that the office was set up for sale. Instead of the selection being made on the ground of qualification, it was made upon the length of the pocket. And how is it now? Is there a man here who believes that he, with money, could not purchase a nomination from a regular organized party, if he saw fit?

The "primary" meetings of the people, and the appointment by them of representatives to a convention, which convention nominates the candidates for the various offices, are mere party arrangements.

The following are the reflections after the election of an organ of the party that was beaten:—

With all the inequalities, the corruptions, and the family influences of the English system, we cannot deny that the method of choosing their representatives is infinitely preferable to our own manner of doing the same thing by secret and irresponsible managers. The people here are informed by an advertisement in the papers that a man has been nominated to represent them in Congress, whose name even they never before heard, and of whose character and principles they are equally ignorant. They know nothing, even, of the men who nominated him; *their wishes were never consulted, and they vote for him, by secret ballot, blindly.* The whole process is conducted in the dark, and at last, when the result is announced, there are whispers, and even open charges,

and more than suspicions, that the *election was carried by some unscrupulous rascal depositing a handful of ballots in one of the boxes*; and it is not known but that hundreds of men have put in votes who had no legal right to exercise the privilege.

However, about this time (October, 1857) a remedy for ballot-stuffing was discovered: a glass ballot-box was invented and approved of, by which purity of election was to be ensured.

The following anecdote may serve to illustrate the way in which the merest trifles may determine the grandest results. Two neighbours, both of the old Federal school of politics, who had lived in the city of Providence, chanced to quarrel. One was the owner of a pig that had an irresistible inclination to invade the garden of the next neighbour. The pig was surprised in the act of rooting up some very valuable bulbous roots; the owner of the garden put a pitchfork into his side, and killed him. At the coming election, he who killed the pig was a candidate for a seat in the legislature, and failed by one vote—the vote of his incensed neighbour. At the election of a senator, the Democratic or anti-Federal candidate was elected by one vote, and when the question of war with England in 1812 was before the senate, war was declared by a democratic majority of one—so that, but for this pig, we should have been probably saved from that war.

New York city is justly entitled to be called a great city: not merely because of the number of people who live in it, for that is a trifling matter, although too frequent a subject of glorification; and not only on account of its enterprise and pre-eminence in commerce, and the liberality and even generosity of its institutions, based upon

and animated by the same qualities in its citizens; but also because it has been the theatre of many great and worthy efforts and triumphs of the human intellect, the birth-place of beneficent discoveries, and the home of many noble men. The New Yorkers are justly proud of their city, and delight to recount its associations with distinguished men and grand discoveries.

The tower of an old Dutch church—once used as the post-office—was Benjamin Franklin's first observatory in making his electrical experiments. An American Tory, afterwards Count Rumford, pursued in this city his important experiments on artificial light and heat. A New York lawyer laid down the laws of the English language in that famous code, Lindley Murray's grammar: and only lately the authorities have, with equal bad taste and judgment, levelled an eminence on the upper part of the city called after him (indeed, from having been his country estate) Murray Hill. The "American Dictionary of the English Language," now the most complete and the highest authority, was the gigantic work of a New York editor, Noah Webster. You are told that, on a pond in this city, John Fitch tried the first experiment in using steam-power to turn a paddle-wheel; and on the Hudson River a New Yorker, Robert Fulton, made the first successful voyage by steam; that the *Savannah*, the first vessel which crossed the Atlantic, or any ocean or sea, by the aid of steam, was built, equipped, officered, manned, and owned in the city of New York, and made the voyage to Liverpool in 1819. The electro-magnetic telegraph is claimed as the invention of a New Yorker, S. F. Breeze Morse; the first instrument demonstrating the practicability of

that means of transmitting intelligence having been put together and worked in the University of the city of New York. In the same building, in 1845, Samuel Colt, the revolver man, then of this same city, is stated to have planned the first submarine telegraph, and laid it across the bottom of the arm of the sea called the East River, the city bounding on the east. Again, still in the same University, the professor of chemistry is said to have taken the first daguerreotype likeness of the human face and figure. New York claims to be the first city in the world of which a census was taken; which was done in 1614. And you are told that long before the London Crystal Palace was erected in Hyde Park, a considerable edifice of glass and iron stood in the centre of the business part of New York.

They also boast that the Mayor of New York is believed to have under his jurisdiction more persons than are under any similar officer in the world; that no other city has so great a revenue and expenditure, or so many strangers, travellers, and visitors within its limits—partly because it is the great focus of immigration. It is the oldest chartered city in the New World they say; so long ago as 1650 it was endowed with the privileges of a free city by the Government of the United States of the Netherlands; and it is the oldest settlement made by Europeans within the original thirteen United States. St. John's Park, now in the centre of the city, contains, it is said, a greater variety of trees than is to be found on any other spot of ground of equal extent in the known world,—that extent, I should guess, being about five acres. As to the truth of these claims to respect I do not

vouch. I merely repeat the assertions I have seen or heard.

The facts given in this chapter will, I think, assist the reader towards an understanding of the political destruction which has overtaken the United States. When the politics of the greatest city in the Union had become so debased and corrupt, when the control of public affairs had fallen into such hands—a similar state of things prevailing everywhere generally in proportion to the density of the population—how could the Government of the Union be a strong and beneficent Government? What permanent good could distant States like Virginia, Florida, Louisiana, derive from being under the influence of legislative power wielded by reckless, irresponsible, corrupt politicians, whose only interest in the country was to get all they could by any means out of its taxes and offices?

It would be difficult to contrive a system better calculated to degrade a country—to keep down worthy, able, and responsible men. By it any keeper of a rum-hole, amidst the most degraded parts of the city, had more influence than any hundred of respectable mechanics, and more than an extensive merchant or large manufacturer. How such things grew up, how men of all classes engaged in honest occupations submitted to it, it is not easy to explain to a foreigner, especially with that brevity which is here necessary. The very prosperity and scope of the country has had much to do with it; and again great numbers of respectable men have been always living in hopes of coming in directly or indirectly for a share of “the spoils:” in the shape of some employment, contract, or office. In this way the corruption spread imperceptibly, but deeply and widely;



the gambling spirit of human nature was appealed to ; men put up with the general robbery and wrong, hoping some day to be repaid by a share or prize in the political lottery. And yet this system will retain numerous admirers in this and other countries, because it goes under the name of "Popular Sovereignty."

## CHAPTER XI.

United States Anglophobia—Inquiry as to whence it arises—Another Instance of the Majority being ruled by a Minority in the American Democracy.

ENGLISHMEN are puzzled to understand the seeming Anglophobia which frequently manifests itself in the United States. What have we said—what have we done—how have we wronged them—that the “American,” as he is called, should keep himself in a constant ill-humour towards us, and be always ready to go to war with this country?

Before endeavouring to explain this matter, I must beg the reader to consider the difficulty of the undertaking. Consider what a strange, contradictory, unreliable, whimsical being each individual man of us is; how ill-will and good-will, meanness and generosity, envy and heroism, love and jealousy, sense and stupidity, genius and insanity, by turns contend within or characterize the same mind; making rational man a most unreliable and unreasonable being: one thing to-day, another to-morrow; making, under different, and sometimes under similar, circumstances, the most opposite manifestations.

Just as hard to explain, just as complicated, are the motives, and actions, and feelings, of a vast number of

people, forming one body, one nation. We in England have for some years been free from any great excitement, and have felt no great change in our circumstances, affecting us personally and at home; and we forget what were our own doings in more stormy times. But the institutions, habits, and state of civilization of the United States people keep them constantly in a condition of greater mental activity of a peculiar kind—cause the public mind to be affected in a prevailing way, and to be interested in any new subject more simultaneously. Their greater gregariousness, the telegraph, public meetings, and the teeming universal press, all combine with their more irritable and nervous temperament, to keep them in a state of mutually co-operative excitement, so to speak.

Suppose an Englishman of some distinction, after having paid a brief visit to the United States, writes a book, as is generally the case; in that book there is, say, one solitary paragraph offensive to the national vanity. The book is sold at perhaps twenty-five cents; a copy of it is sent to a great number of the infinity of newspapers; some of them find and publish this unfortunate paragraph, and within a few days it goes the round of the press, is read by everybody in every village, and produces an amount of bad feeling, ill-natured talk, and recrimination, which we in this country can hardly realize. Here such a paragraph would perhaps take ten times as long to circulate, it would never be noticed very generally, and would be forgotten by one person before another met with it. There its effects are increased a thousandfold by its simultaneousness and universality.

Again, this tendency of any one fact or feeling to take

possession for a time of the public mind is increased by the United States people having more time on their hands, and being fonder of talk and gossip, than the English. "What's going on? What's the news?" Everybody must know as soon as possible. The larger the community, the more intense and active is this inquiring disposition. In the country parts the people occupy themselves very much with neighbourhood concerns; in the towns they are more of a political turn; in New York everybody, from the shoeblack upward, is aware of the last remarkable, mysterious murder, and of the latest European complications, of which information has been brought by the *Persia*, the *Atlantic*, or any other ocean steamer. The interest the New Yorker took at one time in ocean steamers was surprising to a Londoner, just as much so as the interest many Englishmen take in races and race-horses is to one who don't care about them.

Mr. Russell very correctly compared the Yankee's thirst for news to dram-drinking. You soon get into the habit—I know I did myself—the habit, I mean, of taking an eager interest in the news. You know the paper lies through thick and thin; you know the telegraph lies; you know you can't get the truth; and yet you want to hear the news. You must know what is said, and thought about, and talked about. To-morrow will bring contradictions and more lies: that you and everybody know. But, we must have something to go upon; we must join in the crowd; we are gregarious animals; we must take part in the strange fun and excitement; and if there are two sides, we must take one. No time to think, no use in trying to inquire, to reason impartially, to wait for

evidence and certainty. This is the age of progress; the steam's up—"All aboard!"—go-ahead—says young New York, delighting in hurry and excitement.

Nature, indeed, will insist upon prudence and reflection, and here it is that the Southerner has the advantage; for the Northern farmer is generally too hard-worked to think very deeply, apart from his own affairs. But as to the American anti-English feeling, again—to understand what it amounts to and emanates from—we must analyse the population of the United States; for each of its elements—the genuine New Englander, the Western people, the citizens of the South, the Germans, the Irish, and the negroes—has a public opinion, an *esprit de corps* of its own, to a great extent independent of, and in some important matters clashing with, that of the other elements or portions of the popular mass.

The native-born American is much more sensitive, more identified with and interested in public affairs, more under the influence of the national vanity and pride, than an Englishman. No European, not even a Frenchman, worries himself so much about his country's fame and greatness as does a citizen of the United States: it is as if each individual had sacrificed a large portion of his own independence to establish that of his country, and had never got it back again. Were a foreigner to say to an Englishman, "I think your British constitution, your monarchy, is an astonishing absurdity," he would be merely answered with a good-humoured, self-satisfied smile, and "Do you think so?" or perhaps further, "Well, we get along with it as well as our neighbours." But were a foreigner to say to a lively New Yorker, or

even to a "solid man of Boston," "Sir, your institutions really seem to me, I must say, ridiculous;" I know not what would be the consequences—and I would not advise any one to try to find out experimentally.

This arises from the fact that the citizen of a democracy, thinking and talking a great deal about public matters himself, and constantly among others in the same habit, feels himself always in public; what he says is of some interest and importance, as he is one of a party, bound to stand by certain men, measures, and principles; hence he weighs his words, expresses himself cautiously before people, and is somewhat more or less of a public man. Although he never studied a political principle, he is interested in and sticks to his party; and in the same manner his Americanism, his nationality, his government, occupies his mind to an extent of which the Englishman has no notion. The American cannot understand the comparative coolness and indifference of Englishmen generally on political and national affairs, and cannot help attaching an importance to casual expressions which the speaker never intended.

For the above reasons, and also because men are held to a more serious personal responsibility for their remarks, the American is much more careful and guarded in his talk than an Englishman. It is a common weakness of our nature that we can never sufficiently bear in mind and allow for differences of feeling, education, and character. Each of us makes himself the standard by which to judge others. How long it often takes for two or three individuals in daily intercourse to understand each other! With two nations, both (though in somewhat different

ways) equally proud, jealous, and opinionated, it is of course an infinitely more difficult matter : so very difficult that one may be excused for sometimes thinking that the Yankee will never come to an *entente cordiale* with the Englishman until the lion lies down in peace with the lamb.

This greater sensitiveness and activity of national and individual self-esteem is pretty common, it may be said, to the native whites, both North and South : it is of course diminished in the Southerner by his more reflective, leisurely, rural life. And here I may mention one important feature in Southern society arising from their "peculiar institution." A man living amidst his own slaves; his comfort, his wealth, his general welfare depending entirely on them—they, too, being a careless, lazy, whimsical sort of human being, requiring much indulgence and humouring—is compelled to think, to control his temper, to study human nature in general, and that of his "people" in particular, to an extent of which people in what may be called the free-negro States have no experience. The more he appeals to severity, the more he uses or orders the cowhide, the more uncomfortable he makes his own life ; besides finding that at last it don't pay, and getting himself a disagreeable reputation among his neighbours. Strange as it may seem, negro-slavery thus acts on the Southerner as a mental training analogous to that of military discipline.

The source of what anti-British feeling exists in the South is their idea that it is the aim of the British Government, and still more of British abolitionists, to meddle surreptitiously with their internal affairs—a notion

encouraged on some slight grounds by some of the Southern papers, but, so far as I have been able to learn, without any valid grounds, although I cannot say without any reason whatever. The opprobrium almost invariably heaped upon their system of slavery, the odious and disparaging comparisons made between them and the North by English travellers, must also have tended to create a soreness, and an aversion from the nation with whom they feel they are in every respect most closely connected, and by their leading characteristics and by self-interest naturally allied. My business at one time obliged me to look through newspapers and publications, from all parts of the United States, perhaps twenty or thirty a week, and I feel justified in saying that the Southern papers very rarely contained unfair or disparaging remarks about England.

It is on the Northern people that the writings of their English critics and visitors have produced the greatest effect. It is I fear very generally a part of the New Englander's earliest teachings at home, even more than at school (which last would not so much matter), that England is afraid and jealous of "American" power and prosperity. It cannot but be that this should be their feeling; for the young Yankee especially looks upon the whole of North America as ultimately to become his and his country's, by manifest destiny, as soon as the population of the States reaches a sufficient number. Canada, Mexico, Cuba, must raise the Stars and Stripes, and the whole world tremble under the fierce glance of the mighty American eagle; they must obey the mandates and not impede the progress of the empire of the



United States: as it is written, and quoted thousands of times—

Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.

And, true enough, it has already evidently taken its way considerably west of New York and Boston.

We must remember, too, that many of the sons and daughters of those who lived and suffered in the war of independence are still living, and many a story is told of British outrages then inflicted. Of the war of 1812, also, many bitter and aggravating stories are told, stirring youthful patriotism and indignation in a way which the Englishman or Scotchman can hardly realize; it being so many generations ago since the horrors of war have been understood by experience in these islands. These traditions, highly coloured, listened to in childhood, taught by beloved teachers, and seldom examined into, have an immense and unsuspected influence on the conduct of the grown man.

I have alluded to the more active self-esteem of the citizen of the Union. This feeling is greatly encouraged by the principle or theory in which every young American is educated—that men are all by nature equal; that all have equal rights; that one man is as good as another; that all may, and should, aspire to the highest dignity, success, and distinction. While in all these views there is a certain degree of truth and a wholesome stimulus, they are also apt to be misunderstood, and to create excessive and unhealthy ambition. And when, after years of toil and struggling, the American finds himself still poor, unimportant, and condemned to hard labour for the term of his natural life, while others, no better—perhaps, not so

good, so far as their conduct goes, as himself—are enjoying ease and wealth, and moving in a sphere of life far above him, it seems to him wrong and hard; and, though he don't say much about it, he feels and thinks the more. Poverty is much more galling to such a man than it is to the European, who is not brought up with such high notions. This universal ambition, these great expectations, are, with other influences, at the bottom of that deficiency of cheerfulness and gaiety, that incapacity for occasional careless enjoyment of life which belong to the genuine Puritan Yankee character.

This exaggerated feeling of self-esteem, and the state of mind it produces, cannot be vented on friends and neighbours with impunity, and is, therefore, apt to be indulged more safely in some other direction; especially in party and national feeling. The same man whom shame, pride, prudence, or self-respect, would restrain from displaying any uneasy sense of his inferior social position with regard to his neighbours, will find a sort of consolation and relief in denouncing bitterly some real or imaginary interference, or outrage, or insolence on the part of the British.

The Southern slaveholder, too, comes in for a share of this ill-feeling. The anxious, economical, persevering farmer of New England, still in advanced life anxiously toiling, and perhaps belonging to a political party opposed and defeated mainly by the South, regards with no friendly eye the liberal, careless, high-spirited Southerner, so different from himself in disposition, and a sort of aristocrat born to good luck. With that inconsistency common in our poor weak human nature, the same dyspeptic, toil-worn

Yankee who loathes the outcast free black—an “exotic” and “anomaly,” as the present United States’ Secretary of State calls the negro—works himself up into a state of virtuous indignation against the Southerner; who at least tolerates and protects the negro, as a servant, though not as an equal.

I should be sorry to exaggerate the extent of this diseased mental condition; to define it very exactly is, of course, impossible. Certainly there are very many in New England, as elsewhere, who have a liberal and intelligent appreciation of the practical advantages of British institutions, and of the good points of the British character. Among all people such feelings vary greatly with times, places, and occurrences; and more so with the earnest, eager, over-strained and excitable Yankee than with most people.

As to the Germans, who form so large and influential a portion of the United States population, I need hardly say that there is very little anti-British prejudice among them. There is a strong tinge of red-republicanism among them: they got up a truly magnificent torch-light procession in honour of the deluded Orsini, filling the Broadway with flame, and smoke, and banners, and Teutonic cheers. They naturally took to black republicanism; but they are a healthy portion of the United States population—a hard-working, money-making people, fond of social enjoyment, of healthy amusements, and of lager-beer. Their historical recollections would rather incline them to England; and they perceive (though they trouble themselves little about such things), that they and the British are more alike in character than either are to the

American : who also finds in both the same faults—rudeness and excessive bluntness.

In ordinary intercourse with people, in social life or in business, the American has more tact and considerateness in manner, and in expressing himself, than Englishmen in general. A visitor will be at first inclined to dispute this fact; but the undeniably greater respect paid to women, and the free and straightforward, unceremonious manner in which superiors and inferiors—a mistress and her housemaid, an overlooker and his labourers, for instance—address each other, are proofs enough of what is here said. The various classes know and keep to their understood places as carefully as they do here, but none expect from others such a show of deference as is very common in England.

But the reader will ask, What constitutes this strong anti-British feeling which every now and then we read about, and have to soothe and appease? For we have not come to any very bitter or irrational animosity, such as would be sufficient to plunge the two countries into a mutual wanton war. I have already, I think, clearly shown the reader that this United States democracy—as it may be called, and has come to be in reality; though wrongfully, since legally each State is a democratic-constitutional government, a very different thing—I have shown that this so-called democracy is not practically governed by the majority. Mere numbers form a very poor foundation for government, which should be based upon worth and ability; still, any large number of Anglo-Saxon men will be able, under most circumstances, to get along with a government by majority. But the United States have

been in a very great measure governed by minorities. I have shown elsewhere how two, three, or more contending parties will bid against each other, higher and higher, for the vote of some small party that keeps itself aloof, aiming at some one object, for which it sacrifices all other considerations. At each election the small party thus in the market sells its vote to those who will best put or most favour its views, and so gradually the vast majority are drawn into a policy which, at the outset, they had not the least intention of permitting.

It is chiefly the Irish that both Great Britain and the United States have to thank for the occasional threatenings of war which arise between the two countries. "War with England," "the destruction of British power," "the independence of Ireland"—these are the ceaseless cries of—I was about to say—the American Irish; but it would, I believe, be unjust and untrue, as to the Irish of Canada: this shows the impropriety of using the word America for United States.

To their hatred of England the Irish of the United States are ever ready to sacrifice all other political considerations. The party that has their votes, and the party that wants their votes, must do nothing to thwart, and are expected frequently to do a good deal to humour, this cherished antipathy. Supposing a difficulty were at this moment to arise with the British Government, the Irish, at all hazards—without any regard to the merits of the case, or to the interests of the United States—would no doubt shout for war; and nothing but the most glaring necessity of self-preservation would give the other parties in the country courage enough to withstand their influence—to

resist the temptation of getting their votes by going in favour of war. Every editor of an organ of the party having the Irish vote, must constantly bear in mind the necessity of pleasing and conciliating them; while the party that has not the Irish vote, hopes to get it, and acts so as to deserve it at some future time. Hence, whatever bad feeling or jealousy exists in the native American mind, and which ought to have died out by this time, is constantly kept alive. Very little is written or said in public that can go towards producing more amiable and pleasant feelings; and every cause of offence, real or imaginary, is kept in mind and made the most of. Thus the expatriated sons of Erin avenge across the Atlantic their country's wrongs, past and present, actual or supposed, upon the Saxon: upon the English Saxon, and also upon him of the United States. All this is clearly enough understood by the citizens in general of the Union. It was really or ostensibly to counteract this foreign influence (as it really is) that the Know-Nothing secret party was organized; but it was infected with the prevailing political corruption, and soon died. It may be asked, how is it possible that a high-spirited people like the Americans, and a people so shrewd, united, and determined as the Germans (for we must regard the United States, for many purposes, as consisting of several distinct peoples, of which sometimes one, sometimes another, directs national movements)—it may be asked, how two such races can submit to a state of things so humiliating? That, again, is a question not very easy to answer satisfactorily and briefly.

The Irish have done a good deal of hard work for the

country; they have very materially aided its extraordinary development, and they please to pay themselves in this way: they, or their leaders. That those leaders should hate England is, perhaps, natural; but how they—able, educated, and intelligent as some of them are—can reconcile it to their consciences not to exert their power over their countrymen and co-religionists to secure for them, and to induce them to adopt, a better mode of living, and better places and circumstances to live in, than they enjoy in their squalid and crowded neighbourhoods in the cities of America, I am at a loss to guess.

As to altering this state of things, it must be understood that the actual Government of the United States, whether in the hands of a majority or minority, whether controlled by abolitionists or by slave-owners—by speculators (of whom we must find room to say something), or by foreigners, or what not—is at least as powerful as that of Britain or Russia. The system of things, the circumstances of the country, take their own course, and are not easily altered; especially by the thinking, the moral, the responsible portion of the community: they who, if not the least numerous, are the least powerful, because totally unorganized, and taking a very secondary part in the existing political organizations. The professional politicians, the leaders of each party or faction, are well organized; and this nation within the nation, that we have been just considering, is well drilled and disciplined, obeys its leaders without question, and, surrounded by a race that has little liking for them, is united by the ties of kindred, party, country, and religion.

Truly, the well-disposed portion of the people of the

United States are entitled to the sympathy of all humane people; and unless that portion find some means of uniting against the foolish, reckless, and rascally portion, it is hard to say what is to become of them. It is, perhaps, possible that shame and wretchedness, divisions and wars, and ruin of every kind, may so degrade and barbarize the country, that negroes, Indians, and whites, may at last amalgamate, and New York become another Mexico. If one knew how to assist a race as yet so self-confident and proud, they would be entitled to assistance. One benefit at least we can do them, and ourselves, and the world at large; in doing which, too, an end would most speedily be put to the animosity of which we have been tracing the origin in this chapter: and that is to tell them the truth—the rough, unsophisticated truth.



## CHAPTER XII.

North and South—The national Foible—Distinctions between the Slaveholder and Yankee—Their Types—Public Life—Publicity—Display—Modes of Life—"Grass Widow's" Revenge—Failure of Democracy—"Mason and Dixon's Line."

THE great weakness of the native-born people of the United States is self-glorification—a very dangerous weakness. A little—even a good deal—of partiality and prejudice for one's own country is excusable, is even amiable; just as one respects a mother all the more for thinking her poor little commonplace darling the sweetest, most interesting little creature that ever was. But there's reason in all things. Many in the Northern States were very fond of drawing comparisons between the condition and progress of the North and South; and it will, perhaps, interest the reader to compare the leading features of the two sections now at war.

The greatest distinction between the Northern and Southern States of the Union was the tendency of the population of the former to the towns and cities, from the meagreness and unattractiveness of life in the country. And yet it is a beautiful country in many parts—in most parts of New England. Generally speaking, the North, as to healthiness and scenery, has considerably the advantage; and yet the natives don't seem to enjoy rural life: they

neither talk nor look as if they did ; and those are considered, and consider themselves, fortunate, who abandon it to go and push their fortunes in town. The training of the young, and the notions instilled into them, partly account for this. The quietness and slow profits of farming are not very tempting to a youth who has been brought up to believe that he is as good as anybody else, and that there is no reason why he should not be a millionaire or a President, if he only struggles hard enough : a very unhealthy and irrational, though very popular mode of exciting youth to improve themselves—seeing that there is only room for a very few at the top of the tree.

Arrived in town, the young American looks out for something light and genteel, abandoning hard and dirty work to foreigners. While the West has been calling for labourers, workmen, and agriculturists of all grades, there have been large numbers of superfluous young men hanging about in the large eastern cities, competing for poorly paid employment, principally as “ clerks,” as shopmen are called.

The universality of education—of ability to read, and write, and figure a little—accounts partly for this tendency. A youth who has been to school, and who has read of the successful struggles of genius with poverty, feels that he is lowering himself, and throwing away his chances of rising in society, by submitting to hard, long-continued physical labour ; especially in a climate like that of the Northern States, where the summer heat and winter cold are so exhausting to the system, that after the ordinary ten hours' work, and the time spent in rest and meals, and getting to and from the place of business, the work-

man has neither leisure nor inclination for intellectual culture by study of any kind. Climate has not yet had time to tell on the population of the United States in general, recruited as it has incessantly been by immigrants from Europe; but by analyzing the population, and observing that portion of it which has been longest and most exposed to the dry land-air, the hot summers, and long, cold winters, and great and sudden meteorological changes of the North, we may see some of the combined effects of the climate and his mode of life and general circumstances on the man of the United States. That portion is the farming population, of Yankee descent.

The type of this class is a rather tall, bony, sinewy, strong man, with very little fat; with none of the English ruddiness of complexion; with a good, full, well-formed head, and a brain above the English average; active, persevering, and full of energy—not a lazy bone in his body; well marked, intelligent, decided features, highly expressive of a cautious, secretive, determined character; by no means a handsome man, but frequently fine-looking in youth. There is too often about him a look of being overworked both in mind and body, and a want of ease, content, and cheerfulness. His mind is always at work, engaged seriously on something useful or profitable; and he wears himself out with unceasing anxious thought about gaining and saving: not avariciously, but to provide for the future, and to raise himself and his family in the social scale. The most serious faults in his character are too much thought of his own personal independence and dignity, too much jealousy of any superiority, and an unduly excited pride and ambition; to which he sacrifices

that little occasional indulgence in careless, hearty, social enjoyment, which is necessary to health of mind and body.

This is, I think, a fair description of the predominant race in the eastern and northern States, and in many parts of the west. The Irish, indeed, interfere seriously with its supremacy, and lately, to a still greater extent, the Germans; but till within the last ten years, this Yankee race gave the tone and character to the legislation of the free-labour States.

The typical Southern man is in many respects, though it will hardly be expected, more British and European in habits, appearance, and character. He has plenty on his mind, but he is not so uneasy about his social position, and allows himself more pleasure and social enjoyment—often too much; hence, at forty and fifty, he is well enough off for flesh and fat, but not to excess. What in Europe would be called a fat person is a great rarity in America, and is seldom to be met with, except among the Germans, Englishmen, negroes, and negresses: these last especially; for while among the native-born whites there is a strong tendency to dyspepsia, the blacks seem constitutionally inclined to hyperpepsia.

The preference for rural life, and the love of quiet social intercourse and enjoyment, mainly distinguish the South from the North: in the latter section the want of domestic unostentatious sociableness has been much dwelt upon at times by the press; but excessive devotion to money-making and getting on in the world seems to have become an incurable habit. There are four national holidays—New Year's Day, 4th of July, Thanksgiving

Day, and Christmas Day,—though, in fact, Christmas is little noticed in the North, while New Year's Day is not much kept at the South. In an article on this subject, headed, "Are we a happy people?" in a widely-read periodical, it was asked, "How can we get rid of the Fourth Holiday?" it being regarded as an inconvenient interruption: in towns, at least. And one-third of the people of the United States live in towns and cities: in the North, it must be nearly one-half; and in the South a large portion of the few town people live nearly half the year on their property in the country.

I am only repeating what has been said by Northern writers over and over again, that town life in the North has become, in comparison with European habits, unsocial and anti-domestic; and it is yearly getting worse and worse, especially among the moneyed classes. The tendency is to live in boarding-houses and hotels; and it is the women who seem most inclined to that sort of life, by which they are very much released from household cares and duties, and enabled to devote themselves to fashionable visits and amusements. The great majority, probably three-fourths of the Northern people, other than the agriculturists, board out, taking their meals at the general table at set times: well enough for single men and strangers, but destructive of the home-feeling in families. The wealthy, I mean; and those, especially, who have most recently sprung from nothing, as the saying is: implying (even with us) that those living quietly, economically, and industriously, are mere nobodies. Ostentation is a weakness of the North.

I have before me a newspaper paragraph, describing the wife of an English lord, who was staying at one

of the hotels. Fashionable American ladies, elaborately and expensively dressed, called upon her, and were astonished to find her plainly dressed, not displaying even a bit of jewellery. I have seen a description, in a Northern newspaper, of the persons, dress, and daily habits of a titled family in England, written by an American visitor, holding them up as models; quite unconscious of any indelicacy in describing a private family, daughters and all, in a public print. Americans have a strong curiosity as to private personal affairs and peculiarities, and one accustomed to London is sure to think them too fond of gossip, bordering on scandal. A newspaper correspondent writes from one of the "springs"—places of summer resort—in this style: "To-day I am invited to dine with Dr. J. R. Kent at his residence. Among the visitors here is the Hon. E. W. Hubbard, full of life and anecdote. The dancing folks met yesterday to practise the 'Lancers,' and at night went through it without mistake. Miss C., of Chesterfield, and Miss W., of Richmond, are here, both of them pleasant and handsome; the former a graceful dancer, the latter a member of the Church. Miss S., of Tennessee, attracts attention, and Miss T., of North Carolina, was unanimously voted the star of the room; which was the more surprising, because, if there is one State in the Union not remarkable above all others for beautiful women, it is North Carolina—famous, however, for tar, turpentine, and red herrings. There is a sweet little Miss H. here from New York, little more than a child, who performs delightfully on the piano. To-morrow night we are to have a fancy dress ball. I will give you all the points."

These initials are all genuine, and some of the persons would be known to many of the readers of the paper. And the young ladies would be as proud of the notice as any *débutante*.

In the immense city of New York every Americanism is exaggerated; and there the love of show, splendour, and extravagance is indulged in to excess. The number of palace-like hotels—palace-like, that is, as to size and upholstery—is yearly added to: works of taste and fine art productions being little understood or cared for. It has become fashionable to live in these great hotels, and their splendidly-furnished apartments become the models, as to style, appearance, and expensiveness which young married couples, according to their means—and generally beyond their means—endeavour to imitate.

It cannot but be—it needs no proof—that this mode of life undermines the domestic virtues; and it is rather surprising that the high standard of the Anglo-Saxon as to essentials has not been lowered very decidedly. Troubles occasionally arise in these family communities, as the women will notice things, and think and talk about one another. At one of the private fashionable boarding-houses, on one occasion I recollect, quite a pretty public excitement was got up by a “grass widow”—a lady whose husband being absent for a period in the country, is therefore said to be “at grass.” This lady being young, handsome, and, in one sense, unencumbered, attracted a deal of attention from some of the gentlemen, and, consequently, was subjected to the sharp criticism of some of the ladies. Reports, rather derogatory to her character were circulated in and outside the house—such as were not to be men-

tioned for the world. They reached the ears of the person most interested; but she took no notice of them. At last a story was circulated which necessitated explanation or contradiction, and the lady, having ascertained the original scandal-monger, soon made up her mind how to act. She communicated her plans to a few friends, and determined to have a public apology, or to cowhide the offender. On the day appointed, dinner happened to be late, so there was a full gathering; about fifty persons had taken their seats immediately on being summoned by the customary bell, among them the slanderer, a respectable merchant. Hardly had he settled himself in his chair when the injured lady entered the room, and, walking straight up to him, demanded that he should then and there retract and apologize. On his refusing to do so, she drew from the folds of her dress a good cowhide, and gave it him over the face, head, and shoulders, in earnest. Ladies screamed, gentlemen remonstrated, but she kept on deliberately cowhiding the offender, till at last some one wrested the weapon from her fierce little hand; and her victim was hurried off to his room, where he stayed for a considerable time. It is characteristic that the merchant, having an inkling of what was in store for him, had a police officer ready, who was called in immediately the punishment began; but he didn't like to interfere in a lady's private affairs, and retired. It was stated in one of the respectable city papers that, in consequence of the many intrigues going on among the boarders in the house, it was tacitly agreed to hush up the matter; which, however, got into the papers.



The great liberality of the laws of some of the States as to marriage and divorce, and the nomadic character of a large portion of the town populations continually increase the number of "grass widows." Thus, in the western States of Indiana and Illinois, the marriage tie is very easily severed; married women come from other States, and after being there about ten days become citizens and residents; by means of false swearing, they are proved to be natives, and so entitled to the benefit of the laws of divorce. A suit is then commenced, and granted for, say, incompatibility of temper, which is good legal ground. It was asserted in the papers that in one case a millionaire's widow came thus from Brazil, and obtained a divorce and 100,000 dollars alimony. In fact, women carry things with rather a high hand, in the new free-labour States especially.

Out of fashionable city life, custom ties the married woman, both in the North and South, closely enough to her home. The young women, however, have greater liberty than they have even in England: a liberty, however, very seldom attended with ill consequences; as, among Americans, any wrong or serious insult is avenged, perhaps, by the death of the offender. But as the population increases and becomes more miscellaneous, this liberty will have to be restricted, or morals must suffer. In the South, in these matters, the law may be said to recognize the right of those aggrieved to take the law into their own hands. Not long ago, in Virginia, a prominent, highly-respected citizen coolly walked into one of the banks and shot its president three times with a revolver, of which he died next day. The

gentleman who committed this deed then walked out, crossed the street, and surrendered himself to a police officer; who permitted him to go to his own home (in the keeping of some official gentleman, I believe), giving his promise that he would appear when called for. The president of the bank, it appeared, had seduced a weak-minded daughter of the gentleman, who, on discovering the fact, placed his unfortunate child in a lunatic asylum, and took immediate revenge on the villain: this was expected and approved of by the community. The trial would be a mere formality. In a settled population like that of the now Confederate States, this state of public opinion very seldom leads to mistaken or unjustifiable assaults. The character and conduct of every one are known or ascertainable by his neighbours better than they can be by even a jury in a large city; and all know that the law would take its course on them, unless they had ample justification in public opinion.

Residing generally on his isolated farm or plantation, leading a domestic social life, rarely without a permanent visitor or two; living, perhaps, too liberally, but without display—he and his wife considerably occupied usually by the whims and troubles or ailments of their servants, and also, to some extent, by having to look after matters connected with an estate of perhaps 500 to 1,000 or more acres—the Southerner can hardly fail to acquire a more reflective habit of mind and more administrative ability than the Northerner; who, as has been shown, is either an anxious overworked man, or, in the cities, leads an unsocial life, his whole soul devoted to business and pecuniary speculations. Perhaps he takes to

politics, not for the sake of change, but with an eye to eternal business and the almighty dollar; his only amusement being some sort of excitement—a large party—the theatre—at all events, amidst a crowd. In short, the mass of the Northern people, those who lead or drive the country along, may be said to live in a perpetual state of public meeting.

The reader will not at first realize what this amounts to. Public meeting is very well in its place, but when it comes to be chronic, and a man is always before the public, or thinking of the public, it is demoralizing. A man, for instance, addressing a public meeting, is in an inferior position; he is like a poor man waiting on a rich one—a courtier in presence of his sovereign: he is anxious to be noticed favourably; his great object is to talk pleasantly and plausibly, and to produce a good impression on his audience: for whom, individually, he may have a private contempt. He is no longer an independent man, giving his honest opinion among equals. This is the decided tendency of public life, political or fashionable, with man and woman alike; for the woman, devoted to display and fashion (and, of course, publicity), loses true self-respect, sincerity, and truthfulness of character, and, in word, thought, and action, studies only effect. The influence of this sort of life on the individual, on the community, on public opinion, and on the Government, is of course very great and injurious; lowering the tone of the public mind, above all, as to truthfulness and stability.

Europe has been unable to understand how the Confederate States—shut out from the rest of the world,

without aid or sympathy, trade or intercourse, left apparently to the mercy of the North, with its overwhelming superiority in wealth, numbers, and all the necessities of war—have proved themselves in every way, morally and physically, with both pen and sword, so superior to their insolent gigantic foe. There is as much brain in Northern men; there are more books, colleges, and education in the North; yet never were such immense resources so miserably, shamefully squandered. The different states of society of the two peoples will sufficiently account for all this. The North, worked up and kept to a state of unreasoning excitement, led by professional politicians, long habitually accustomed to trust in appearances, plausibilities, “buncombe” talk, and shams of all kinds, has necessarily fallen into mean, dishonest hands. Honest ability has had no chance—has long given up the contest—with unscrupulous, clever, oratorical public plunderers. Wonderful and rapid has been the degeneracy of public life in the United States. Seldom in the world’s history have a more able and honourable body of men assembled for a public purpose than those who, not a century ago, solemnly and sadly signed the United States Declaration of Independence; but from that day to this the character of the leading men, as a whole, as to moral worth, capacity, and experience, has steadily fallen lower and lower: proving the total failure of miscellaneous democracy as a means of promoting the well-being of society.

It is the natural, unavoidable result of the past history of the United States, that the men into whose hands the Government has fallen, watch with jealous fear the uprising of some able man who should perchance obtain the confi-

dence of the bewildered people ; who must soon have time to reflect and determine upon a change in their present mad and degrading career. Especially does the present Government—whose measures are so opposed to the wishes, feelings, interests, and prejudices of the people at large—dread to see a military genius at the head of their now doomed hordes. They—Lincoln, Seward, and their abettors—will be at his mercy on his first victory ; for the Northern people and soldiery would call upon him at once to clear out Washington. An able general could not be foolish enough to ally himself with a set of unprincipled, feeble, falling men, a moment longer than necessary. Genius and incompetency are natural enemies ; and the North would cheerfully see at its head a capable military dictator, instead of the well-meaning one, elected with such triumph and glorification, who would, no doubt, be glad to pack up and depart in peace. It shows how completely the North is controlled by the mere professional politicians, that even war, on such a grand scale, has failed to bring out any considerable talent. Much less need than a natural life and death struggle, has always among European races sufficed to bring out some great men, both civil and military.

It is remarkable that the quarrel between the North and the South began even long before any Union was formed ; and a line was drawn between the Puritanical province of Pennsylvania and the Roman Catholic Marylanders, which since grew into the proverbial “ Mason and Dixon’s Line ”—an expression often met with in United States papers, speeches, &c. Its origin is as follows :—Before the commencement of the rebellion which ended, as to its imme-

diate effects, in the final secession of the thirteen colonies from Britain, and their recognition by the world as the United States, Lord Baltimore and William Penn had conflicting claims about the boundary line between the then provinces of Maryland and Pennsylvania. For nearly eighty years (from 1683) border wars had been carried on between the Catholics of the former and the Puritans of the latter. The Colonel Cresap, who slew Logan, the eloquent Indian, took an active part in this warfare. At last the principals on each side named commissioners to carry out the decree of James II., by which the contest was to be settled. Surveyors were engaged, who were to begin at Cape Henlopen, or Delaware Bay, and thence run a line due west to a point midway between that cape and the shore of Chesapeake Bay; from that “middle point” they were to run a line in a northerly direction, concerning which my authority is not very clear; finally, they were to run a line due west till the western limits of the two provinces should be reached. The work was proceeded with, but the authorities were not satisfied with it, and engaged in England Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon (the latter born in a coal-mine), mathematicians and surveyors, to take charge of the work; and, after three years’ labour, they completed it in 1767. They took the first astronomical calculation, made in the first observatory in America; and found the work of their predecessors correct. Their line ran through the former territory of the Lenni-Lenape, whom the readers of the *Last of the Mohicans* may remember. They became alarmed at the conduct of the Indians, who would not understand—or, perhaps, understood too well—

the meaning of the surveyors' star-gazings and land-measuring; and when, at length, the line reached a war path through the primeval forest, their escort of red men told them it was the will of the Six Nations that the surveys should cease; so the surveyors returned to Philadelphia, and were honourably discharged.

For part of the distance, at the end of every fifth mile, a stone was placed, graven with the arms of Lord Baltimore on one side, and those of the Penn family on the other; also a smaller stone at every mile, with only the initials M. and P. : all sent from England. The rest of the distance, whatever it was, was shown by a vista, eight yards wide, and piles of stone.

The twelve-mile circle round Newcastle, at which the duc west line commenced, was regarded as in some way a charmed neighbourhood by the ignorant and superstitious of the vicinity. The armorial bearings on the five-mile stones had a mysterious look; and a large stone near the commencement of the line, where many observations were taken, is to this day called "The Star-gazers' Stone." The stone at the "middle point" was taken up, in hopes of finding there the treasures of Captain Kid; and a famous pretended "Spirit," whose master was tried for swindling in 1797, dated his oracles "thirteen miles from Newcastle, Delaware:" on such slight grounds is our love of the mysterious and supernatural ready to seize and take root.

This was the oft-mentioned "Mason and Dixon's line," intended as a "line of peace," and which, to avoid discussion, may be accepted as the ready-drawn line of separation between Federals and Confederates. In time, the

Germans and Quakers of Pennsylvania sold their slaves to their Southern neighbours, and abolished slavery. Maryland has retained the institution up to the present day; probably, for very similar reasons, at bottom, to those for which their Northern neighbours abolished it. And so this faint line, a mere vista through the vast forest, became the line of demarcation between the domains in which the negro is retained as an humble but valuable member of the social system and that in which he is an alien and an outcast.



## CHAPTER XIII.

Some amusing Statistics.—Inferiority of the South demonstrated by Abolitionist Figures.—As to Christian Benevolence.—Area and Population.—Value of Churches.—The Press.—Education.—Libraries.—Colleges.—Southern Ignorance.—Agriculture.—Cotton.—Manufactures.—Commerce.—Explanations.—Reflection.—Miseducation.—New England Education.—Quotation from Bishop Potter.

IF I have inflicted some heavy matter of my own on the reader, I will now show him some figures which will, I think, make him smile.

In the arts and sciences, literature, trade, commerce, shipping, manufactures; in amusements, such as music and the theatre afford; in luxuries, display and fashion; in the number and extent of schools, colleges, libraries; in education in its popular sense—in all these means of civilization and progress and refinement, these grand arenas of human competition, it must be confessed, the free negro or white labour States have long been superior to those relying on negro-slave labour. Nay, even in matters of religion and benevolence the Slave States are declared to be sadly behindhand.

I will give a few statistics on these points, published on good abolitionist authority about 1857, therefore before the recent great territorial and political changes; and while

there was more chance of impartiality. Thus in 1855, there was contributed for purposes of CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE :—

	By the South.	By the North.
For the Bible cause . . .	\$ 68,000	\$ 319,000
For Missionary purposes . .	101,000	502,000
For the Tract cause . . .	24,000	131,000
	<hr/>	
	\$ 193,000	\$ 952,000

§ To feel the full force of these statements, it is necessary to notice the AREA AND POPULATION of these States. According to the census of 1850, using round numbers, *the area in square miles of the whole thirty-one United States* was as follows :—

<i>States containing Negro Slaves.</i>		<i>Free Negro States.</i>	
	Square Miles.		Square Miles.
Delaware . . .	2,100	Rhode Island . . .	1,300
Maryland . . .	11,100	Connecticut . . .	4,700
South Carolina . . .	30,000	Massachusetts . . .	7,800
Kentucky . . .	37,600	New Jersey . . .	8,300
Louisiana . . .	41,300	New Hampshire . . .	9,300
Tennessee . . .	45,600	Vermont . . .	10,200
Mississippi . . .	47,200	Maine . . .	31,800
North Carolina . . .	50,700	Indiana . . .	33,800
Alabama . . .	50,700	Ohio . . .	40,000
Arkansas . . .	52,200	Pennsylvania . . .	46,000
Georgia . . .	58,000	New York . . .	47,000
Florida . . .	59,300	Iowa . . .	51,000
Virginia . . .	61,300	Wisconsin . . .	53,900
Missouri . . .	67,400	Illinois . . .	55,400
Texas . . . about	300,000	Michigan . . .	56,200
	<hr/>	California . . .	156,000
Southern Total, say (=		Total area of Northern	
500,000,000 of acres) .	914,500	States, say . . .	612,700

The density of this Southern population varied from, say, 1 person per square mile in Texas to 52 persons per square mile in Maryland; the average being 11.

In the Northern States the scantiest population was that of California, half a soul to the square mile; the densest Massachusetts, 127; the average of the Northern States being say, per square mile, 22 persons.

If to this vast area of land, very little of which is not highly fertile, be added the Territories—domain not formed into States, for want of the small population required by the law of the United States—the whole would be nearly twenty times as extensive as France or the Spanish Peninsula.

In 1850 the VALUE OF CHURCHES was :—

In the South, \$22,000,000 ; \$68,000,000 in the North.

As to THE PRESS, freedom of which and of speech are, or at this time were, among the understood inalienable birthrights of the United States citizen, the comparison is almost ridiculous.

At the time of the secession of the American colonies from Great Britain, when the white population was nearly equal in the two sections, when the good George Washington, and others worthy of him, such as the signers of the declaration of independence, were the leading soldiers and politicians of the country, men whom England and the world at large admired and respected, there were only thirty-seven little newspapers in the whole country (and schools and colleges in proportion).

In 1850 there were 249 daily papers, in the United States.

„	say 100 tri-weekly	„
„	„ 80 semi-weekly	„
„	nearly 2000 weekly	„

To enter into further details, the millions, tens of millions, and hundreds of millions of copies would only be bewildering; the kernel of the whole lies in this, that

*not one-fourth* of the enlightening sheets circulated in the South. The *New York Daily Herald* had a circulation about equal to half that of all the Southern dailies: enough to ruin the finest constitution in the world!

Now, as to EDUCATION: the disparity is enormous. Thus the number of *Ministers of the Gospel* educated (1855, I believe),

In the South was 747, to 10,702 in the North!

It would be interesting to learn in what section those acute ministers of the Gospel were educated who joined in the advice to set the negroes upon the people of the South.

New England began a system of public education very early—more than two hundred years ago. In the colonial laws it was enacted “That every township, after the Lord had increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall appoint one to teach all children to write and read;” and on reaching a hundred families, the township was to set up a grammar-school, where youth might be prepared for the university.

Again the income of *Public Schools* about this time,

Was, in the South, \$8,000,000; and 7,000,000 in the North.

The number of *Scholars* in colleges, academies, and public schools was:—

In the South, 700,000; 8,000,000 in the North.

In LIBRARIES of various kinds the North is very rich. About 1855 the total number of volumes in libraries other than private was:—

700,000 volumes in the South; in the North, 4,000,000!

Little Massachusetts alone (the State whose hay crop is of more importance than all the cotton of the South) has more volumes in her libraries than all the fifteen slave States together.

In IGNORANCE, however, the South has the advantage greatly. Of the white adult population there are, *unable to read and write* :—

In South Carolina 1 in 7 ; in Massachusetts 1 in 517.

The other States afforded similar contrasts.

As to AGRICULTURE the case is almost as bad for the South.

The value of farms was 1,100,000,000 in the slave-labour States, and 2,100,000,000 in the white-labour States. Of *improved land* there were 55,000,000 of acres in the South, and 58,000,000 of acres in the North.

This is correct, the South being more exclusively agricultural than the North.

It is admitted that in one or two articles the South did excel, for instance, of COTTON the South raised, say \$100,000,000 worth: 2,500,000 bales of 400 lbs. each, worth \$40 per bale; one acre yielding one bale.

As to MANUFACTURES, at the time of secession the South could boast of rather more than a tithe of the manufacturing power and capital of the North: and the total share of the latter in the *foreign and domestic commerce* of the United States was about four times as great as that of the South.

The preceding statements are, I have reason to believe, in the main correct, being memoranda taken from an abolitionist view of "The North and the South," published in Boston, 1856. I have preferred giving the state of things at these periods, 1850 and 1855, because the enormous additions of late to the United States domain have made such comparative calculations less satisfactory as bases to reason upon. Now, how damaging and unanswerable are these facts against the cause of the North! How they add proof upon proof to the rest of the world of the superiority of the South in patriotism, unity, loyalty, truthfulness, integrity, and statesmanship, and also in manhood: to rise against, to defy, to drive away and defeat, time after time, a power so overwhelming, superior in dollars and in swarms of men, as well as in education, religious zeal, and benevolence!

The above statistics have been quoted everywhere to show the degrading effects of slavery: whereas, they merely tend to show that negro labour is attended with some disadvantages compared with a white labouring population, and that the black man in the Southern States, however much improved compared with his African condition, is still less civilized than the white man of the Northern States.

Probably a careful examination of the Northern "education" would satisfy thinking men that it is a very mixed blessing, and that the South had quite enough of it: for I may mention, just to show how facts must be received when offered carelessly, or ignorantly, or dishonestly, that very many of those who could afford it in the South preferred sending their children to the North to be

educated ; partly for the benefit of the more invigorating climate: while a denser population enabled the North to afford advantages unattainable in the South, especially for medical education. Not having had the advantage of much education myself, I have abstained from entering into this matter more fully ; but I know enough to be able to say that, from the common schools to the chief colleges, Yankee education, compared with that imparted in corresponding institutions in Europe, is far less thorough, and, so to speak, less honest: comparing attainments with promise and pretension.

I have been present at a sort of exhibition of common school pupils, where youths of about fourteen delivered essays and orations on various important subjects—one, I recollect, on the approaching downfall of England, the magnificent future of America, the regeneration of the Old World by the New, and so on, before an immense audience, probably of four thousand people, at the Italian Opera House. I thought it a melancholy display, well calculated to pervert a fine mind, to engender in the pupils and parents a mistaken ambition, and stimulate that over excitability of vanity and self-esteem which has at times deprived, the people at large of the ordinary use of their reasoning powers: which are but feeble powers in human affairs, even at the best of times, and among the most enlightened nations, rational beings though we be.

It will help towards understanding the character of this boasted public system of education, to state that a gentleman, for some time superintendent of the City of New York common schools, could not (or, at least, did not) put his

public reports in even tolerably good English, such as would be necessary for a story or essay to be clothed in to appear in the poorest penny sheet.

Then, again, as to the libraries: in New York city is a very fine collection of books, now amounting probably to 100,000 volumes, in an excellent new building, and having a very handsome reading-room—the Astor library—into which any one at any time (from ten to four, I believe,) could walk, and call for any book, and sit down and read. I read or looked over a few volumes there at different times, and the average number of persons sitting down and reading seemed to be about five; one-half of them foreigners. That there is less useful and improving reading in the States generally than in any country in Europe, I make no doubt, having considered the matter and made use of very many opportunities in the United States of comparing the people of various countries in this and other respects. Certainly, if the few serious and thinking readers were put together or viewed as a class, it would be seen that they have far less to do with the public affairs of their country, have much less immediate weight, and a much smaller share of the “spoils,” than a like number of their neighbours and new-made fellow-citizens who have not lived ten years in America.

Here let me draw a moral from the effects of United States education. I would disparage no man's hobby, but there is a not very vast but most fertile field, as yet almost entirely unworked, upon which a wealthy philanthropist might at once commence: the organization of as many as were able and willing to go through the necessary reading and examinations into a recognizable class entitled



to be called "well-informed men." Great things have been done with the refuse, the weakest, and most worthless of the social materials; it is time now to try what can be done with the best. The very spread of popular education in the United States, and in England and elsewhere, necessarily at present to a great extent superficial and partial; creates an aversion to the lower kinds of labour, an impatience of that inferiority and insignificance to which the mass of society is unavoidably condemned, and an over-estimate of their own ability in the less fortunate classes of society. This makes it more desirable to bring forward the best minds of every class, to give them sound moral and rational training, so tested, acknowledged, and certified that they will form a sort of order or interest in the country, and be selected to fill to a great extent responsible and influential posts throughout the social and industrial system. Then, instead of favouring amalgamation of the highly developed with inferior races—instead of putting the cultivated and best bred men, produced by ages of civilization, on a level with negroes and sepoys—philanthropists will see that the mission of the most civilized and most highly organized people is to help the lower races forward by becoming their teachers, preachers, officers, overseers, foremen, guides, and legislators. Under such a policy, India, for instance—in proportion to her soil and population—might be made as wealth-producing to the British empire and the rest of the world as the Southern States of North America had become; not by imitating the system of those States, but adopting the system which should be found most advantageous for all parties—forming their own "peculiar

institution." Unless the dark-coloured races are to be destroyed, it seems to me this is the clear mission of the most highly trained men, and women, too, of the civilized world; opening to them a new and grand arena, and abundant and congenial employment, and cutting up by the roots red republicanism, abolitionism, and other diseases of bodies politic.

These, I think, are some of the important lessons taught by the history of the United States. But however all this may be, the great, glaring, and somewhat alarming fact, that general moral and political degeneration has proceeded in the United States almost exactly *pari passu* with its wide-spread and costly popular education, demands serious consideration until the fact is really understood. To me it seems that the radical error has been (to speak with a little exaggeration) in teaching youth, by precept and example, at school and at home, to think too highly of themselves and their destinies. The boy is told and reads about Benjamin Franklin's walking along the streets of Philadelphia looking for employment, with his dinner, a twopenny loaf, under his arm; about Lewis Cass, John Jacob Astor, Horace Greely, and others, who "rose from nothing," as the saying is, to distinction and wealth. "Mind your looks, learn all you can, behave yourself, look sharp, persevere, and go ahead: we're all on an equality in this country; so you stand as good a chance as any one of getting to the top of the tree, my son." Thus the citizen of the United States talks to his child, and it sounds pleasantly to a poor man with a large family; but it will not bear examination. Is it good for a community to have everybody striving with all his mental and physical strength against

his fellows for a few great glittering prizes, which only one in hundreds of thousands can possibly attain? No; it becomes a fearfully demoralizing competition. Do what we will, civilized society must take the form of the pyramid. It does so even when a "liberty, fraternity, equality" Robespierre is managing affairs. The masses, the vast majority, must be near the base; even though every living block of which the edifice is composed be equally fit, able, willing, and determined to stand at the very apex.

It is altogether a mistake; of which the North has already felt the consequences. The few who are really fit for the highest positions are always the least eager for them. Those most anxious to have the eyes of the world fixed on them, and to wield power, are among the least conscientious and the most conceited of mankind. The greater the number of competitors for high and responsible offices, the smaller the chance of their being filled by the right men, and the fewer the men of the necessary talent, experience, and integrity who will take part in the competition. Hence follows that political deterioration which the list of United States Presidents illustrates.

In the "Annual Report of the City Superintendent of Schools of the City of New York" (1850), it is said (giving the sense, and the words as near as may be), the inmates of the almshouses and pauper asylums, who cost nearly as much as the entire educational system, are, with rare exceptions, destitute of even an ordinary common-school education, by far the greater portion being unable to read or write; the records of crime in the city and state show the names of very few who in early youth enjoyed what may

be denominated a good education ; the ranks of crime and vice are almost exclusively recruited from the ignorant classes.

In 1848 a circular was sent by the Massachusetts Board of Education to the most experienced and distinguished teachers in the union, to ascertain their opinions as to the efficiency of the New England common-school system and principles of education in the formation of upright and moral character—in the production of useful men, honest dealers, conscientious jurors, true witnesses, incorruptible voters and magistrates, good parents, good neighbours.

The replies to this circular were very sanguine. One believed that ninety-five per cent. would be supporters of the moral welfare of the community. David P. Page, then principal of the New York State Normal School, after an experience of twenty years, said—" Could I be connected with a school furnished with all the appliances you name . . . I should scarcely expect, after the first generation of children submitted to the experiment, to fail in a single case to secure the result you have named : that is, all the pupils should be temperate, industrious, frugal, conscientious in all their dealings, prompt to pity and instruct ignorance . . . public-spirited, philanthropic, and observers of all things sacred." (It is curious that among the good qualities aimed at, truthfulness, self-control, and the right use of reason, are not included.) Solomon Adams, Esq., of Boston, expected that ninety-five in a hundred, or more, would become supporters of law, order, truth, and all righteousness. Another, Miss Catherine A. Beecher, after fifteen years' experience, believed that if all the children of any given place, at the age of four years, were for six

hours a day for twelve years put under the care of teachers' (holding her views and trained as she would have them), and to spend their lives in this same given place, then not a single one would fail to turn out a prosperous and respectable member of society, and obtain admission into the world of endless peace and love!

With such solemn nonsense as this did the leaders in public education, so-called, deceive themselves and the public. Not one of the eight or ten quoted thinks of even defining what sort of children they meant—whether Yankee, German, Irish, Negro, or Red Indian: was it of no consequence?—are all equally plastic in their mighty and skilful hands? Could they ensure righteousness and respectability to a hundred young cannibals or Dahomeyans as surely as to so many precocious Yankee juveniles, whose great great grandfathers had come over in the *Mayflower*? What a pity that thousands of years ago the New England system of public education, including Normal schools, was not revealed to the world, and mankind reformed “right away,” instead of going through the slow process appointed by Moses and Jesus Christ! They overlook, too, the momentous fact that it is not the criminals and paupers who cause human misery and degrade nations, so much as it is corrupt politicians, weak rulers, recklessly ambitious men, and false and foolish teachers of every kind. As I have said before, it is not the mob that has ruined the United States; but the highly respectable men: not the ignorant and the poor, but the arrogant, selfish, and prosperous.

The subject of education has been made so conspicuous a feature of the Northern States that I will let its directors still further describe it.

The public schools of the city of New York are under the supervision of a Board of Education elected by the citizens. The schools of each ward are under control of a local board, also elected by the people; as are also two school inspectors for each ward of the city. A superintendent, with three assistants similarly elected, supervises the whole, and examines and licenses teachers. As to the efficiency, extent, and completeness of the instruction given, the superintendent declares it highly satisfactory. He also says there is scarcely a class which is not burdened with too many branches of study, and required to do more than is consistent with mental and physical vigour. In the schools for the more advanced pupils, many pursue eight and ten distinct branches of study at the same time, requiring from eight to ten hours of daily application.

With a few exceptions, each day is commenced by the reading of selections from the Bible, the repetition in concert of the Lord's Prayer, and the singing of a hymn or two. This introduction of religion has several times caused difficulties and discussions, especially with Roman Catholics. The law is that the doctrines or tenets of any particular religious sect are not to be taught, but the Holy Scriptures are not to be excluded; but what version shall be used the controlling board must not determine—a very puzzling law.

Money is liberally appropriated for school libraries, and the superintendent recommends that they should be subjected to the most rigid censorship, in order to exclude every work, however exalted the author, conflicting with the principles on which public or private morals are founded. An assistant superintendent condemns the ten-

dency of teachers to display their pupils on the public occasions, to enhance their own reputation. The children, especially the most precocious, are constantly drilled and prepared for monthly "receptions" before numerous spectators. Will there not on all such occasions brood over the teacher's mind the appalling fear that the future welfare of these exhibited children may have been sacrificed to his own purposes?

I do not think it can be proved that up to the present time the sort of education given in the public schools of the various States has perceptibly contributed to make the people more reflective, more moral, either socially or politically, or more regardful of truthfulness in all things, than they would have been if the State had left education alone. The spirit of the system has been wrong, and the people have spent their money on *half-education*.

To support my facts and deductions I have quoted editors and orators; I will now for the same purpose quote the learned, distinguished, and highly respected Bishop of New York, Horatio Potter.

"What," he says, addressing, his charge, "is to be the future of this rapidly expanding world in which we live, now so characterized by feverish activity, by change, by strange developments in the way of physical growth and advancement? Consider the increase of luxury and extravagance; consider the general state of morality, as indicated by what takes place in the walks of business, in private life, and in the halls of legislation. Examine the records of crime and violence—if you dare to trust yourselves to such a study. Look at the daily life of our great cities, as reported to you through the public press.

Consider with yourselves by what scenes, visible and invisible, your sons and your daughters are to be surrounded as they grow up, and what, twenty-five years hence, is likely to be the moral atmosphere which your children and grandchildren will be breathing.

“I have no motive for wishing to exaggerate the prevalent corruption of morals, or for seeking to darken unnecessarily the prospect of the future. But if you will take the advice of one who has been a somewhat attentive observer of the country for the last ten years, you will do almost anything else in the world sooner than allow the ministers of the Church of God to be crippled or discouraged at such a time as this through your apathy and neglect. We need men of steadfast principle, of heroic courage, of thorough education; men who will stand up in the face of power, and in all the places of concourse, and reason of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. . . . We need such men, not merely in a few powerful congregations in cities, but scattered through every part of the cities and through all the country. Leave this country, with its present tendencies, without an adequate supply of competent and faithful pastors, and you will soon have a people prepared and ready for destruction.”



## CHAPTER XIV.

## “STRIKE, BUT HEAR ME.”

The Dangers of Philanthropy—The Question : Negro Slavery in the Confederate States—Under whom is the Negro likely to fare best: Northerners or Southerners?—The Tree to be judged by its Fruits—Condition of the African in Africa and elsewhere—In the Southern States—Negro Progress—Effect of Slavery on the Slave-owner—Effects of Demagogue Rule on Free-men—Abstract Injustice—Men not Equal—Origin of Slavery—Good to one Man may be Evil to another—Negro’s cerebral Inferiority—Fate of the Negro should the North triumph—To distinguish and classify Men the great Problem.

I WOULD that I could induce the British public immediately to read and consider the life of Las Casas—that good heroic man, who, excited to indignation by the wrongs inflicted by his fellow-countrymen, the Spaniards, on the Indians of the then newly-discovered New World, devoted his great ability to their service; and in his zeal did them more harm, caused more suffering and destruction among them, than Pizarro and all his fellow-ravagers; becoming the founder of negro slavery in America, and, with the most philanthropic intentions, establishing the terrible negro slave-trade between Africa and the continent which Columbus gave to Spanish Christianity.

And so again, in this day and in this country, there are still not a few who, refusing to be enlightened by late events,

would blindly rejoice at a great crime: at almost any means which, in the name of freedom, should place millions of the black race in the way and at the mercy of its most unrelenting enemies, the people of the present United States:—for that they have been and are its bitter enemies—that they will find means to root out the negro, now doubly odious, from their midst—no man can pretend to doubt.

The time has now arrived, therefore, when it is possible, desirable, and necessary, to consider calmly, upon its own merits—not confusing it with other somewhat connected matters—the question of negro slavery in the Confederate States of North America.

Can a just, humane, and enlightened man approve of the “peculiar institution” at present existing in the Confederate States, and as it has existed in that part of the world for many years? That, I think, is the fair, definite, practical question.

The question is not whether human slavery is abstractly right or wrong; nor whether it originated in injustice; whether a better system is imaginable and desirable; nor whether it is destined to disappear as the world improves. These, I say, are not the questions; because no country, no statesman, is mainly guided by such considerations: they are proper matter for philosophical discussion, but are necessarily set aside in the actual business of human government; which is most wise and most beneficent when it confines itself, in the first place, to making the best of existing circumstances, and in the next place, to cautiously and gradually improving circumstances themselves.

The question is a practical one. Under now existing circumstances, is it not better for the negro himself, and for mankind at large, that he should remain under the rule of his old master in the Confederate States, than that he should fall into the hands of the white men of the North?

Here, then, are the main facts of the case we have to consider:—

1. The United States, with a white population of, say twenty millions, and a territory enough for five or ten full-sized nations, desire to regain power over the people, the commerce, and land of the Confederate States.

2. The Confederate States consisting of some twelve millions of human beings, possessed of ample territory, contributing far more to the wealth of the rest of the world than the United States do or have done; justly boasting of a peaceful, industrious prosperity, of an almost total immunity from the evils of want and famine, and from domestic or political commotions to the extent of bloodshed; demand only to be left alone to develop their own resources, and to be admitted to a place among independent national powers.

3. A portion of these populations are negroes: a race of people regarded as inferior, and unentitled to political or social equality, by all the whites, it may be said—the exceptions being so inconsiderable. The President of the United States has told them (those of them, that is, within his domain,) that he and the whites over whom he rules wish that they would leave their common country—which they, the whites, regard as a white man's country—in which, amidst all its millions of square miles of idle fertile land, they can find no room for their half-million of free negroes,

but will pay their passage to a foreign country. Some of the States have even passed a virtual sentence of slow extermination against the whole race, forbidding them to enter within their boundaries; a sentence which the people, so little scrupulous in most matters, will carry out to its evident intention, by making the life of the free negro so intolerable that he will finally disappear.

4. But the mass of the negro population of North America live in the Confederate States, in a state of slavery, under circumstances and laws which make their masters interested in their physical well-being; so that they are a strong, healthy, well-fed, and on the whole well contented labouring population, increasing in numbers, and sharing in the prosperity of the country: their condition being best in the oldest and most cultivated parts, and worst in the new wild regions, just as is the case with the whites. In short: in the North, the negro is regarded by the white sovereign people—whose will is law, and whose prejudices, therefore, are law; expressed usually by statute law, but, if necessary, by lynch law—as an exotic, an anomaly, an alien, a nuisance. In the South, he is acknowledged to be necessary to the independence, the welfare, industry, and progress of the country; he is valued, the adult, at about one thousand dollars a head, twice as much as a fine high-bred horse is worth, and is under the most watchful and powerful of all protectors—individual self-interest. Now, under which power would any humane and rational man place these negroes? The answer is self-evident. And these are the only alternatives, however disagreeable both may be.

It is not an abstract question, nor a very abstruse one.

Terrible evils arising from slavery at once strike the stranger. There is possibly not an alleged fact in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* which could not be proved: yet it is, I may say, wholly untrue as a picture of negro slavery as it then existed. Imagine a person similarly gifted with the writer of that book, to collect a number of shocking instances of ignorance, wretchedness, crime, cruelty to animals, wives, and children—of meanness, snobbishness, servility, rascality in tradesmen, dishonesty in officials, stupidity in magistrates, and so on—occurring in England, and to make a book out of it, just putting in here and there some few redeeming traits of manliness and goodness, to make it seem impartial, and then circulate a translation of it in Central Africa. Why, the King of Dahomey would thank his Mumbo-Jumbo that he was not an Englishman!

To judge fairly of the effect of slavery on the negro, his condition in his native country should be compared with his present state. Without ignoring the evils of slavery, which is probably for the negro a transition state, I contend that for him bondage in the Slave States of North America is better than his life in his native Africa, where slavery is one of the least of his miseries. And what is his condition in the Northern States, where he is nominally free? The State of which President Lincoln is a citizen will not let this free negro enter within its borders! Ticket-of-leave men can go there, if white, but not even Uncle Tom himself. And though this law does not prevail in all the free negro States, yet the feeling on which it is founded is universal. The free negro is disappearing from the North, as a matter of course. Those in the South prefer staying there, though they would be more welcome

to go than to stay. Hard as it seems to convince people of the fact, it is a very simple matter: the negro has not so much mind or so much brain as the white, and cannot keep pace with him in the life-struggle of competition. Were ten thousand negroes to find their way to England they would be still more rapidly crushed out; disappearing through the workhouses and prisons, and perishing amidst the dregs of our towns. Such is the fate of large numbers—the morally and intellectually weakest—of our own people; who, however, are naturally superior to the average of any negro population.

But it is urged that more might have been done for the negro; he might have been raised higher in the human scale. Probably. And a good deal more might have been done for the white man than has been done. But our coloured friends have not much reason to complain, as the world goes.

What are the fruits of the “peculiar institution?” How has it worked for the black, the white, and the world in general? Compare the condition of the negro in the Southern States with his condition elsewhere. Compare his history in those States, since his first introduction, with his history in other parts of the world for a like time: look, in fact, at both sides of the question.

Turn to Africa. Is there any reason to believe that the natives have in the least improved for the last thousand years, or that their condition is better than it was? War, want, slavery, wretchedness, brutality, are natural to the race. About this very time the horrible King of Dahomey is celebrating the “grand custom” of his kingdom, and slaughtering thousands of his “subjects.”

In the Slave States of North America the negro is, in the main, cheerful, healthy, well-fed, and rapidly increasing in numbers. He has made much progress in the appearances and decencies of life: wearing coat and trousers after our cut; going to church very generally, instead of worshipping fetiches; and abstaining from cannibalism. Instead of slaughtering and selling his neighbours, he seldom goes beyond stealing white men's chickens and young pigs. We imagine him to be groaning under a horrible system of slavery, while he is living a life of peace, plenty, and progress. Yes, I make bold to say, *progress*. From the lazy, murdering, thieving, fetich-worshipping native African, he has been converted into one of the most useful and productive of the world's labourers, supplying millions of Europeans with the raw material on which to employ their skill and industry.

Let the tree be judged by its fruits. The state of things that does most good for a man or a number of men,—that I will give my vote for, whatever its name. By slavery the African is trained to habits of industry; his good qualities have more scope; he is relieved from incessant want, fear, and warfare; his vices are greatly restrained, and his deficient capacity is supplied by the care of his master.

On the other hand, how has this institution of slavery affected the white man—the master? Let his conduct in the present trying circumstances speak for him. Never did a people deliberately enter upon a more unequal contest than the Secessionists. The North at first could not believe the South to be serious; and now, month after month, with their millions of men and hundreds of millions

of dollars, they have assailed in vain the States through which they expected to march unresisted and triumphantly. The final appeal to arms, *the stern trial by battle, is the grand test of a nation's manhood*; and judged by that test the South seems in no degree enfeebled or corrupted by the system of slavery which has grown with her growth, and has in truth mainly contributed to her power and prosperity. *Judged by that test, the Slaveocracy of the South are far superior to the Demagogocracy of the North.*

The people of all parts of the Union have ever liked and respected the Southern character. Any Yankee would feel highly complimented by being mistaken for a Southerner, unless he guessed you were soft-sawdering him. The negroes themselves—and they ought to be good judges—have a decided aversion to all foreigners and Northerners as masters; greatly preferring to serve those who have been born in their midst, and who, understanding them, do not expect too much of them, but make a very liberal allowance for their vices and weaknesses.

It were very easy to give a variety of facts tending to show that the negro population of the South is in a very prosperous and improving condition: viewing them physically, mentally, and socially, and, lastly, comparatively with other negroes. From amidst several millions, spread over a vast territory, it is a simple matter to collect facts enough, of any kind desired, to prove almost anything that prejudice on either side can believe or assert. It will be sufficient, however, on this subject to present the reader with what no one will deny, and what is *now* universally seen to be the truth, by all who have paid ordinary attention to the newspaper records of the present war.



I will use nearly the words and keep to the spirit of the press, giving nothing but what I have good reason for believing to be quite true.

As to the free negroes, North and South, the general feeling of all North America, Canada included, is thus expressed by an editor, speaking of those in his own neighbourhood, where they were universally numerous. What has been added to our strength as a producing community, it is asked, by the influx of negroes? We find, upon examination, that some two or three hundred of them are idle loafers, either living off the fruits of gambling, or whose masters have, with their freedom, given them property or money. While a few may be found, like men, engaged in agricultural employment, the majority prefer to live about the town, and earn a precarious subsistence from day to day. When they get money it goes like water. The darkey loves his good dinners, his good clothes, and the other etceteras of life too well to resist gratifying his taste as long as there is a shot in the locker. Nor are they thrifty, when supplied with means to start in the world with. A gentleman from the South, who has quartered upon an extensive farm some of his emancipated slaves, during a late visit detailed the following facts:—he found everything going to ruin about the place, and work thriftlessly done; the negroes living like nabobs, supporting numbers of their friends whose purses were empty; and, in a few years, if things went on as they were going, they must come to poverty. What good will such a class of persons do the community? In fact, the free negro generally, north and south, east and west, is the gipsy of America: except that he

sticks to one spot, he has a somewhat similar reputation. And it happens, too, that the fortune-tellers, of whom there seems to be one more or less recognized as a professional in every considerable town, and in many country neighbourhoods, belong to this class. At least, the five or six I have known of, in various places, have been free black or yellow people; who are consulted principally by girls: for fun, of course, they will tell you; but not without a mixture of that love of the strange and unaccountable, that superstition which belongs to most of us in some form, irrespective of education.

No doubt there are some few full-blooded negroes equal mentally to the average Englishman; just as there are some few people, evidently of English pedigree, unmingled with any inferior race, who yet are below the average negro in moral and intellectual power. Perhaps in no respect is the difference between the African and the Anglo-Saxon more visible than in the very important point of disposition for work. There are, it is true, some true-born Britons who may justly be accused of laziness; but, generally, it arises in them from their not having found their mission, from discontent, or from liver disease. Whether it is a gift of nature, or a habit acquired by ages of training, I know not; but in inclination for labour, physical labour, one Englishman is equal, I should say, to two negroes; and an English ploughman, working in England, does as much work as two or three Negro field-hands, taking into consideration quality as well as quantity. But it is when left to themselves that the difference is most striking: the one sets up some amusement equal to the hardest kind of work—skittles, wrest-

ling, foxhunting—if mixed with a little danger all the better; the other, if he could have his grossest animal wants satisfied, would indulge himself to death. This is not the case, I need not say, with the black man alone: it is more remarkable in him, however, on account of his fine, full, muscular development, especially as to the upper parts of his body, his weak point seeming to be about the shins. Those who have to pay for work done in different parts of the world consider that a labourer in England does from three to five times as much as a sepoy, Chinaman or other more or less coloured person. The moral difference here operates, it must be remembered; the Englishman being less of an eye-servant than the others.

It seemed to me that the black man is a more nocturnal animal than the white; he likes to bask in the hot sun, but he seems to wake up at night, and then, if ever, to enjoy a little exercise. Socially gathered round a bit of fire, with something to eat, and a little whisky, and the society of the fair sex, and a good deal of singing and laughter—such laughter as would cure a dyspeptic, if he could but do the like a few times—then the negro shines, and will get up a “break-down,” about which there is an amusing clumsy cleverness, such as you might expect from a frolicsome, nimble young elephant. Few things are more comical and characteristic than a fight between two negro lads (though, perhaps, I ought to be ashamed to say so): they butt, and kick, and swing their fists wildly about, yet apparently at random, and without seeming to hurt each other. But they are much fonder of fun and sleep than of fighting.

I think there can be no doubt that the regular and

moderate labour and diet to which the negro slave is being accustomed by his master, is the best practicable system of education for this careless, lazy, sensual race; destined yet, we may hope, to do a fair share of work for himself and the rest of the world, and by means of honest labour to be reclaimed himself from black, disgusting African savageism, and also to subdue to the use of mankind that, to us, malarious land on which he has idly squatted from time immemorial.

Let us now return to the free negro. To the general character above given of the class there are, of course, many exceptions. I have known the case of a free negro, in Virginia, owning houses, employing white and black workmen, living in a pretty dwelling of his own, and generally respected. One of the most noteworthy free negroes was perhaps Pierre Chastang, of Mobile, where he was born in 1779. He was the slave of Jean Chastang, till in 1810 he became the property of another master. During the Indian war, Pierre, then known to the citizens as a brave, honest, trustworthy man, was appointed by Jackson patroon or captain of a Government transport, to carry provisions to the troops. The undertaking was perilous, as at that time the whole country was infested with hostile Indians, and but few persons could be found to take charge in an expedition attended with so great a risk of life. Pierre was, however, successful, and reached the troops in safety with a supply of provisions. In 1819, during the ravages of the yellow fever, Pierre rendered essential service to the city, by taking care of the sick and protecting the property of the citizens. He, and one or two other persons, were compelled to act as nurses and

sexton; but the sickness and mortality were so great, that it was difficult to have the patients properly cared for: three, four, and five bodies were taken at a time in a cart, and deposited in a pit. As a matter of course, all who could get away fled from the pestilence, leaving their property in charge of Pierre. On the return of the merchants in the fall they found everything safe, and as some appreciation of his services and honesty, a subscription was at once taken up for his emancipation and to purchase him a horse and dray. Since that period, his avocation as a drayman has enabled him to support his family quite handsomely, and at the same time amass a snug little property. No person in this community (says a Mobile journal), white or black, was ever more highly esteemed and respected, and no one in his sphere has been a more conspicuously honest, benevolent, and upright man than Pierre Chastang. He always acted on the golden rule of doing unto others as he would be done by.

Now, as to the slaves. Let me give a short biography of one, a servant of General Washington, still residing on the farm of a Mr. Smoot, of Alabama. He was born on the property of Colonel Fauntleroy, of Rappahannock, Virginia, in 1751, and while Washington was in Philadelphia, attending the Continental Congress, he purchased him, giving thirty pounds for him. Soon after, General Washington took command of the army, taking Jerry with him as his body servant; which position he occupied until the close of the great struggle for American independence, taking an active part in all the battles in which Washington was engaged. Jerry recounts with great accuracy many prominent incidents, and shed tears while

relating the hardships experienced by the soldiers of the American forces.

After the close of the war, Jerry was taken to Mount Vernon; where he remained till, becoming discontented in consequence of his wife moving to a distant neighbourhood, he was sold to the owner of his wife. A few years after, Jerry's wife died. Becoming dissatisfied with his master, he was again sold, and finally was carried to Richmond, where he was purchased by the father of Colonel Hugh P. Watson, now of Montgomery, Alabama. Mr. W. kept Jerry until his death, when he fell into the hands of his young master, Colonel Hugh P. Watson.

When the war with Mexico took place, Colonel Watson volunteered, and as soon as Jerry heard that, he said his young master should not go unless he, too, went with him; so he went with the Talladega boys. Jerry would not only take every opportunity to kill a "Greaser," but, when he could not shoot one, would win their money from the "yallar devils" (a phrase of his when speaking of the Mexicans). Jerry declares that he and one more of the Talladega volunteers (whose name he uses freely) were the only Americans that could beat the Mexicans at "monte," and, as a proof of it, he brought home quite a number of lumps of gold, which he took great delight in showing. When the Talladega volunteers came home, he returned with his young master. Major Smoot finally purchased Jerry's wife, and Colonel Watson gave him permission to go where and when he pleased. He now labours most of his time in feeding pigs, gardening, and doing such work as he likes.

I merely relate these things to show that negro worth

and ability are sometimes recognized; though not so invariably, it must be confessed, as is desirable; also, to illustrate the fact, that there is a considerable scope for ambition open to the slave; that he is not confined to one dead level, but is in the best, though not in the fullest sense, a member of society: that he can rise, though not to be President. He is condemned to "keep his place," but that place is not very narrow: not so narrow, I think, considering his average ability, as many races and classes are practically confined to. And when we remember that Northern party abolitionism has of late years kept the South as it were in a state of siege, it will hardly be denied that this system of slavery allows the negro the great essential of civilization—means and opportunity of improvement and development—at least as liberally as is practically enjoyed under many other forms of government by men considerably above the African race in mental development.

It is clear from these facts that the negro has the aid and benefit of the prudence, intelligence, and morality of the dominant white race; which, in return, has the benefit of his labour. Substantially, though somewhat in the rough at present, it is a just, wise, and mutually beneficial exchange. As a labourer, in the South, the white man would have lost the high qualities by means of which he plays so important a part in the world as a capitalist and producer; and now—when driven to it, though the most peaceable of men, and bound to be so by the delicate nature of his "peculiar institution,"—also as a soldier: but as a manager of labour, and as a provider and ruler of the labourer, he has done wonders. White and black

were both necessary to each other, and, generally speaking, as the world goes, have done their duty by each other; and surely it should be denounced as an execrable crime against society, to put the torch and the knife into the hands of these, still savages at heart, in order that the political abolitionists of the North may have the benefit of "the sympathy of Europe," and then, their objects gained, rid themselves altogether at their leisure of the blacks, and perhaps have the land of the South to speculate with—to sell to European free emigrant labourers, who, in a few years, would be treated by the North as a degraded and inferior race.

There are certain general facts, however, which may be now considered and admitted as settled, on which the reader will feel that he can rely in endeavouring to arrive at an understanding of the real condition of the negro slave.

And first of these is the generally strong and healthy condition of the slave population. No traveller has, I believe, asserted that he saw among them the signs of a lack of sufficient, wholesome food. If I were to enter into a comparison of their actual average dietary, to the best of my judgment, and after considerable inquiry, with that of our labouring population, the statements would seem exaggerated in favour of the slaves; but no doubt the superior healthiness of the climate of these islands, the better, more nourishing air (as from my own experience I may describe it) makes less food necessary here than in America for white men. And as to the amount of labour got out of the slave, I believe that the testimony of all travellers is to the effect that even the adult males seemed to be by no means over-



worked ; with the exception, made by some few observers, that, at the time of getting in the cotton, and, according to others, the sugar-cane, they were sometimes worked to excess. On many cotton plantations, however, the labour is easily got through by a system of tasking the hands ; giving to each a fair day's work (a negro's day's work), and then letting him work for himself, for pay, if he pleases ; which most of them do cheerfully.

Very satisfactory evidence as to this matter is afforded by the census of the United States, taken every ten years. Take a half-century : in 1800 the slave population in the present slave-holding States was 853,851 ; in 1850 it was 3,200,304. A strong and healthy population, increasing at this rate, must be physically better off than the great bulk of the people of the civilized world.

As to the moral and religious progress of the slaves, it is quite useless to say a little on a question so extensive. One thing is, however, almost self-evident, that the peaceful, orderly, industrious, and prosperous condition of the slave population in the Slave States—comparing negro with negro, comparing this population with even the other inferior or savage races of the world—implies the absence, at least, of the want, rapine, war and murder, that keep down the numbers of the human race over vast regions of the earth ; and, so far, is proof of a more moral condition.

But there is a sentimental point of view of negro slavery which demands some attention. Many feel interested in the quadroons and octoroons (to use a word familiar to the London public in connection with a sensation drama), of whom they have read in stories.

These people of mixed blood—truly “anomalies,” to use Mr. Seward’s term for his negro friends—one can hardly help pitying on first acquaintance; some because of their repulsiveness, having a sort of unnatural look; others, because they evidently have feeling, capacity, and appearance above their destiny. From the fortunate fewness of their numbers, they seem to a stranger to be necessarily isolated, and constantly reminded of their anomalous origin and position; which are somewhat analogous to those of a prepossessing, well-educated person in England, of illegitimate birth, suffering, for no fault of his own, under the hard law, which sentimentalists would unanimously repeal, that visits the sins of the parent upon the child.

Among them are occasionally fine men and women; the latter having frequently good features, with what a romancist might call a voluptuous look, compared with the more intellectual expression and less active animalism of an American countenance, or of that of a cultivated European: for the rude, hearty, coarse, healthy look of well-fed, hard-working, and fresh-air-breathing people in England is very rarely met with in North America. They are generally considered to be inferior in physical stamina to either pure race; and it is said that they die out in a year or two, on repeated intermarrying—becoming consumptive, I believe: an assertion which seems to be founded on fact, seeing how few they still are in number.

I have heard good-hearted, sensible persons, who felt no scruples about black negro slavery, contend that these yellow people ought to have their freedom, on account

of their superior intelligence, compared with the genuine negro—not reflecting that such a policy would be offering a high reward to vice among the coloured population.

Undoubtedly, a man of this origin, of good capacity and with a good share of pride, is in a very unfortunate position. He has to pay to a superior race the same deference which in some parts of the world poverty pays to wealth. It is said, indeed, that the poor free man lives in the enjoyment of a hope to escape from his lot: I think, however, this is a source of consolation more frequently read of than met with. The hour or two's indulgence on Saturday night, the Sunday relaxation, the occasional holiday—these are what the mass of, at least British poor working men and women look forward to, and keep their spirits up and their discontent down with; hope to escape from their hard lot as hewers of wood and drawers of water for the more fortunate, animates very few of them after the first few years of manhood: just so the negroes, bond and free, black and yellow, seem to get used to their condition, and to make the best of it. The free, intelligent mulatto, whose position one would think most irksome, very seldom leaves his native place: though the lightest coloured slaves, hardly distinguishable from white men (but these are very rare—probably not five, certainly not ten, such being found in Richmond), are rather dangerous property, as, in case they get discontented, they can travel more readily by the “underground railway” than their darker brethren. The famous Frederick Douglass is one of these mulattoes. Generally speaking, it seems that the coloured people who have been most remarkable for their virtues or intelligence have been of

the pure black race; of whom there are perhaps as many grades and sub-varieties as among Europeans.

The reader will by this time have seen that the negro race in the Southern States forms a community, or rather a class of its own, intimately connected at many points with the rest of the society to which it belongs; having advantages sufficient to keep its mind from stagnating, but not all the hopes and fears which act upon men enjoying more freedom than it has yet earned. It has social distinctions and a public opinion, too, of its own; the former based partly upon occupation and duties, but still more upon the standing of the family the slave belongs to. The housekeeper who has charge of the keys, and sees to everything, of course looks down on the field hand, and if offended by one would perhaps call him "a dirty black field nigger."

The private opinion of these people, as to their condition and the "peculiar institution," it is not very easy to learn. They would no doubt be very willing to change places with their masters; but they are certainly not such impatient abolitionists as their Northern friends would have them to be. The better class of servants, those most trusted, take no little pride in themselves, their station in life, and their family; they have very little respect for poor people, and it is they who use the terms "poor whites," and "poor white trash," among themselves; alluding to poor, idle and thriftless whites of the lowest class.

The negroes look upon the Southerner as superior to foreigners in general, especially to Dutchmen; they have very little liking for Yankees, who have decidedly a bad

name for having very little sympathy with them, not understanding how to get along smoothly, and especially as being hard masters and overseers. Nor will it be easy for the Northerners to remove this well-founded opinion of the negro population; who will strongly suspect their kind intentions, unless a safe opportunity can be given to the negro to commence plundering and gratifying his passions, when fear and fury on both sides would oblige him to go on and run amuck. This could only be attempted when the able-bodied men were absent in great numbers, as on military duty; and should they, between two enemies, fail to wreak ample revenge, the Northerners would gladly aid them. The Cawnpore and Dahomey savageries into which the negroes would rush, would give their Northern allies justification and opportunity to wipe them out. The calculation of the Lincoln and Seward Government is:—"The niggers will kill the whites, and the whites will kill the niggers, and thus end for the present the eternal nigger question."

I have found myself gradually, though rather unwillingly, led to give too many pages to matters relating to this much misunderstood, and just now very important portion of the inhabitants of the North American States; all the more interesting, since it has been resolved to set them loose upon the unconquerable Southerners—"in order to secure the sympathies of Europe!"—and at least to get back the territory, if not the citizens, of the South.

Great calculations have been made on British anti-slavery feeling; as if there were anything in common between British West India Emancipation and the grasping political Abolitionism of the Northern States, except that

they use the *name* of emancipation. As practical men, obliged to choose between two evils, Englishmen must reconsider this question, without regard to their former opinions under other circumstances. Slavery may be denounced as abstractly unjust; but there is very little in this world that coincides with our ideas of abstract justice. It is urged that it originated in wrong, in cruelty. Admitted. How many Governments and nations had their origin in violence and war? Shall we overturn that which answers well, because it began ill?

Every human being is entitled to the treatment, the circumstances, the institutions, the liberty, the control, and whatever else is best for him. It is not the colour of his skin, nor his religious belief, age, place of birth, quantity of money, that gives him his rights; it is his capacity, moral, physical, and intellectual. The lunatic, the idiot, the criminal, the helpless, are all men and brethren, and are entitled to be treated by their more capable brethren as is best for those unfortunates and the general weal.

But it is said, you have no right to impose a condition on another which you would not allow him to impose upon you: you are morally bound to do as you would be done by. Now here is a fallacy, arising from a literal, narrow interpretation of the command, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," which, like some other precepts, cannot be taken literally. A parent compels a child's obedience, but does not obey in return. Women everywhere are in an inferior political condition; and human beings do in various ways rightfully assume and exercise power over others, their fellows, without con-

\*sulting them, without discussion, and without regard to numbers or majorities.

Negro slavery, as it exists in the Confederate States, is a beneficent institution, because the two great classes are in their natural places—the negro at work in the field, the Anglo-Saxon controlling and managing. The child of an English lord or millionaire and that of an English ploughman, transposed in their cradles by accident, and growing up, each unconsciously, in his altered sphere, might probably fit the places they had got shifted into, the one as well as the other; both being of the same, or very nearly allied, races. Of course this could not happen with a negro child and his young master, for even if nature had not made the black distinguishable by his colour, his features would betray him; and if these did not, his mind, manner, character, would; these being all alike negro: his features, brain, complexion, capacity, all being in harmony with each other. In a household or on a plantation in a country cursed, as we say, with negro slavery, the visitor, the servant himself, and the master, all feel that people are in their right places; and there, consequently, is a satisfaction, a content, a mutual familiarity, and good understanding, rarely witnessed in free society. Neither race by itself could have produced so advanced a civilization as now exists in the South. I know of no other races—I can imagine no other social system—which could have so speedily subjected those regions to the service and sustenance of man. Had the wishes of Washington and Jefferson been carried out—that is, had they and the men of their day ventured to abolish domestic negro slavery, from Virginia to Texas, the whole Southern country would

at this time be an Indian hunting ground, or have become as wretched, degraded, and useless as Mexico; which has a liberal, philosophical, free and equal Constitution—on paper.

Families and races of men differ in natural character. As no two leaves of a tree are exactly alike, so every individual human being differs from birth from all others. In everyday life we all acknowledge this truth; none but here and there a philosopher imagines that the men, women, and children around him would all have been alike in conduct, disposition, talent, had they grown up in like circumstances. Mankind are not born free, are not born equal; they have no inalienable rights, except to be treated as is most for their own and society's good. Some men are fit for one thing, some for another; some men are better than others: none excel in everything; each has his specialty. The customs, laws, pursuits, circumstances, institutions, under which one race will thrive and improve, would degrade, disorganize, ruin another.

But to the English mind the institution of slavery is so shocking, so cruel, that it refuses to believe in its advantage or necessity even for negro savages. The very name is hateful: the complex idea which that name represents—including the atrocious slave-trade and the horrors of the middle passage—is abominable and altogether intolerable. But the meaning of the words "negro slavery" is very different now to the English people, and is every day changing. Could Englishmen, sitting in comfort and safety, keep in mind an approximate idea of the brutality, the ferocity, and repulsiveness of the average negro when left to himself, they would not be so intolerant of a system



Which has made him one of the most useful of all labourers in the work of civilization, and also, some may think it worth mentioning, one of the best paid. When the working men and women of the North were crowding to the soup-kitchens at the time of the last money panic, and others were enduring cold and hunger in silence and secrecy, no slave had a meal stinted; and now, when war is ravaging their country, only those servants will suffer who are foolish enough to be deceived by the temptations held out to them by the invaders. Now the negro prefers victuals to liberty; and certainly it does him more good.

In the simplest form of society, such as that in which the native American was discovered, we find each savage tribe claiming certain districts of country, living by the chase, in scanty numbers, unceasingly at war with other tribes, and as a general rule, torturing and killing prisoners. Tribes, however rude, which live more or less by agriculture, are also almost continually at war; want and revenge making this the normal condition of savage life. The conqueror regards it as his natural right to kill his captive, and in many parts of the world to eat him too. The most promising of savages, the New Zealander, was a confirmed cannibal, animal food being almost unattainable by other means; while the Red Indian looked upon cannibalism with disgust, having abundance of game. But the savage who practices agriculture to any extent can often make use of his prisoner; so he is not obliged, in self-defence, to kill him, nor so sorely tempted to eat him. Were a chief of such a tribe to forbid the making of slaves, the warriors would of course

give no quarter to their enemies: for savages want no neighbours. The African is thus born and bred amidst slavery, of a worse type than that in which they live in the Southern States of America.

I am defending negro slavery as it exists in the Confederate States, not slavery abstractedly or generally. I am not for slavery, any more than you, reader, are for war, because you think it necessary at times, and justifiable when necessary. Time, place, and circumstance modify all laws, rules, and principles; so that what is wise in one place or time would be foolish in another. Slavery is an evil; still in human affairs we have often but a choice of evils allowed us: and not always even a choice. To the poor Red Indian—we always give our sympathy to the utterly vanquished—to the poor vanishing Red Indian, the original lord of the soil, negro slavery has proved a fatal evil; for without it the white man would never have subdued the Southern wilderness, nor have exterminated the labour-hating native American. The choice of evils for the slave in the Confederate States is, at present, between his present servile condition under his white master on one hand, and such freedom as the North offers him on the other.

Scarcely a man of any attainments in anatomy, medicine, or physiology, will deny that the form and proportions of the average negro brain indicate a much lower degree of moral and intellectual power than that with which nature has endowed the average white man. In civilized countries those whose heads or brains approach most nearly to the African type fall into the lowest classes; sink down into the dregs of the community. A person

in England whose cerebral organization is nearly as low as that of the average negro will rarely conduct himself so as to be recognized by any self-respecting class of the people, from the labourer upwards, as a respectable man. The children, the boys and girls, the legal infants of any white race, are more capable of self-government than the adult negro population of any part of the world—bond or free.

It is not merely the colour of the skin that distinguishes the negro from the white; his whole character is different: lower, more sensual. In England this is not understood. An importation of 10,000 real negroes into this country would very soon alter the national feelings regarding them. Our countrymen in Australia find the filthy, mean, cowardly, miserably-living, and cheaply-labouring Chinese intolerable. In the Northern States the negro is felt to be an alien, an outcast, a nuisance; the people envy him the land he occupies, and would gladly have an excuse to drive him into the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Does not President Lincoln invite them—those under his rule, who are mocked by being called free—to leave their own native country, the United States, and go, at their generous fellow-countrymen's expense, to a distant, barbarous land? That, O British friends of the negro! is the freedom the North has in store for him.

Perhaps the worst feature in the war now waged to bring the seceded States back into the Union was the hypocrisy on this subject. Attempts were made to enlist the anti-slavery sympathies of England with the North, on the ground that the North aimed at befriending the negro, and abolishing slavery. But were the South to say, "We

will surrender all our slaves if you will receive them, free, into your midst," Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln would not dare to accept the proposition. The myriads of men in arms hovering around the South would be only too delighted to have some excuse—such as an insurrection among the slaves—to shoot the niggers down like wolves or Indians; and thus kill the poor goose that has laid the golden eggs for the whole Union.

What American abolitionist would not rather see his daughter dead than married to a "genuine nigger," however well dressed and well educated? Slavery, as it exists now in the Confederate States, gives the black man the best chance of gradual improvement he has ever had.

This we may be sure of: the Northern mind is already made up, that when the South is conquered, the negroes must go to some regions better fitted by Providence for their civilization and free self-development. Some such cant as that will be employed. A passage somewhere, anywhere, will be offered them; they will be free to go or stay; but the United States will be too hot for them: they will find there no encouragement, no protection, no justice; and they will disappear. •

There are, indeed, some who, viewing the matter ethnologically, believe that—by a stern yet beneficent law of nature, ever operating to produce and multiply, and fill the earth with higher and higher developments of all kinds of animal life, including man—the inferior human races, such as the red man, the negro, the Australian, are doomed to extinction by the spread of races superior to themselves in mental power. But such a universal law

as that—and that there is such a law, seems clearly settled—admits of many exceptions and counteractions; and, such law being admitted, it by no means follows that the time has come for the negro, or any other variety of our family, to vanish from the scene in which they are, no doubt, destined to perform a useful part. It seems to me that there is still plenty of work for the negro—work which he can do better than anybody else—work which no superior race can long stick to and remain a superior race. Any one with a little verbal ingenuity may easily collect a number of isolated facts, and argue long and plausibly to the contrary. The abolitionists have plenty of proof that white men can perform better than the negro the agricultural labour of the South, frequently quoting some German settlements in Texas. But analogy and history give very strong proofs, supported rather than rebutted by recent experience, that a climate like that of the South—the Gulf States especially, which the Northern generals found in more than one sense too hot for themselves and their men to fight in during the summer heat—would very soon exhaust and degrade agricultural labourers of British or Northern origin. But to return.—

To treat all men, all human beings, alike, were it possible, would be the height of folly and injustice. The French political theory, based on an imaginary natural equality, has collapsed: it was impracticable, impossible. *To discriminate among men, to put each in his proper place, to place more influence in the hands of the most moral, intelligent, and cultivated members of society—that must be the task for future reformers.*

A twelvemonth ago I would not have attempted to de-

find an institution long since tried and condemned, though without a fair hearing. But circumstances have changed; new and important facts have been brought to light; surprising, unwelcome, and almost incredible events have unsettled and greatly modified the opinions of every man in this country, and in Europe, who is not more stubborn than facts themselves. A vaunted and admired, and to outward view, mighty political system, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Few are as yet aware of the silent effect on men's minds of the "American news" that has come week after week for the last twelve-months. Not that society will go backwards, but it will go no farther on the road travelled by the United States; not even though urged or invited forward by the purest patriot breathing. The task of the good citizens of that country is a difficult one; being, among other things, to purify and organize its suffrage, and to erase from its Declaration of Independence that great French fallacy, which has been to Columbia the direful spring of woes unnumbered, the text of Yankee abolitionism—the alleged truth, the palpable untruth, "that all men are created equal."

## CHAPTER XV.

Early Settlers of the now Northern States—The *Mayflower* and the Puritans—Colonization of Virginia and the now Confederate States—Handsome young Englishwomen sold in Virginia—Cavalier Emigrants—Rebels sold—Huguenot Immigrants—The Puritans and Roger Williams—The Yankee Character—Respect shown to Women—On the Stump—Know-nothings—Popular Sovereignty insulted—Insanity on the subject of Natural Grandeur.

THE persecuted and persecuting Puritans were the first emigrants, and gained the upper hand in those rigorous regions lying farthest north of the American territory claimed by the British Crown; and have given their peculiar tone of life, manners, and habits to New England, or the Eastern States, and since to the North-West in a considerable degree. Of these men, and their pioneer bark, the *Mayflower*, a great deal has been said which I think the future will unsay; to me they seem to have been merely unco' guid and rigidly righteous Englishmen, rather narrow-minded and fanatical, brooding long and bitterly over their own wrongs, and thinking no more than most men (not so much as some in those times) of others' rights: a thrifty, close, tenacious, brave, persevering people, somewhat illiberal and unsocial, it may be said, in their mode of life, although well educated and of the higher classes; exclusive and strictly sectarian; with all

the faults and virtues, in short, of persecuted, defeated, proud, unsuccessful but unconquered Englishmen, embittered by theological controversy.

It would be interesting to ascertain what element of the population the Puritans mainly belonged to; for there are, no doubt, portions of the English people having hereditary tendencies and peculiarities almost as marked as those which distinguish the Irish from the Saxon race. It is common and easy enough to refuse to acknowledge such facts; but it is useless to attempt to study the capacity, the destiny, and character of a nation, unless we admit these hereditary distinctions of race.

Opposing influences and different classes prevailed in the English settlements formed in the territory which has since been called the South. Sir Walter Raleigh promoted its exploration, and the first attempts to colonize the country to which was given the name of Virginia. Of the first hundred and five adventurers more than fifty were "gentlemen," having among the objects of their expedition the propagation of Christianity. Subsequently emigrants of various classes, including the more useful and laborious, went out; but altogether they were a bad lot (according to a recent Virginian historian, Howison), with some exceptions, and at times they suffered terribly.

At first the settlers were entitled to a hundred acres per man, which was found too much, and reduced to fifty—a surprising fact, till we remember that the landholder was his own labourer. Soon a "General Assembly" met, composed of burgesses, probably elected by a suffrage nearly universal. It was the natural course of things. A thousand reputable settlers went from the mother country,



and King James commanded a hundred convicts of the worst kind to be sent to help them.

Women being scarce in Virginia, the managers of the colony, residing in England, obtained ninety young females, who were voluntarily shipped off. To defray expenses, they were sold, the price a piece being 120 lbs. of tobacco (worth 3s. per lb.); and they were bought readily. Sixty more were sent, said to be young, handsome, and chaste. These importations were repeated, with proper care, it is stated. Certainly, the personal appearance of the population at the present day confirms what is said as to the good looks of these women.

To the north of Virginia, Lord Baltimore founded a colony with two hundred persons of good family—Roman Catholics.

The Virginians remained true to Charles after he was defeated by Cromwell. The founders of the colony had left England before the civil and religious dissensions began, and retained their affection for Church and King and the mother country, all together, as they recollected things. These feelings and prejudices they long cherished; and when afterwards in England the royalists were defeated by Cromwell, it was natural that any cavaliers wishing to emigrate, should turn to the South, which still merely remained in *statu quo*, rather than to the Puritanized North.

Thus, North and South are really descended, in all probability, from similar classes of the British population; though Puritanism developed itself powerfully in New England, while the planters of the South took a pride in preserving the social habits, and, as far as convenient, the political and religious institutions of Old England.

Some portion of the population of Virginia is descended from a number of the routed followers of the illegitimate Earl of Monmouth: a portion of whom, Bancroft, I think, says, were sold for ten or fifteen pounds a piece to be slaves in the colony. Of the number of these unfortunates, and the nature of the slavery, I am not aware; but they seem to have had no great reason to complain of their punishment, as they soon acquired independence and tranquillity in hospitable Virginia.

A few, probably 2,000 in all, of the crowds of Huguenots, who were driven from France towards the end of the seventeenth century, found a home in Virginia, and became a portion of its regular population. From these French Calvinists, I believe, Lieutenant Maury is descended—one of the few really scientific men whom America has produced.

The fertile and beautiful central region—the valley of Virginia—attracted a number of Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania, who shared it with German emigrants; and, both together, are acknowledged to be among the best farmers of the State.

Meantime, the negro had been imported. In August, 1620, a Dutch man-of-war sailed up the James, and landed and sold to the planters twenty negroes from Africa. The black slave flourished, but the free Indian continued to disappear. Soon after the American revolution the renowned orator, Patrick Henry, introduced a bill into the Legislature of the State, providing that any free, white, male citizen marrying an Indian lady should receive a bounty of ten pounds sterling, and five pounds on the birth of each child, and be exempt from all taxes on person or

property; and giving similar encouragement to white female citizens marrying Indians. This bill passed its first and second reading, and was likely to become law, when Patrick Henry was elected Governor of the State, and his bill, wanting his support, was rejected on the third reading.

Virginia peopled large tracts in the south and southwest, outside her own domain. Conducting agriculture in the exhausting and wasteful mode common to all the States while good land was to be had in them, her sons preferred to migrate and locate themselves on the rich virgin lands of Kentucky, Alabama, and other more distant regions. Kentucky, especially, is a young and heartier Virginia.

South Carolina is said to claim an aristocratic descent from Old Scotch families for many of her people. Louisiana has much French blood in portions of her population; and her Creoles are still as French, as the Eastern Virginians are English. It may be worth observing, that the various sources of population have not amalgamated as yet so extensively as might be supposed even from the remarks of American writers. Thus, in Pennsylvania, there are extensive and beautiful portions, which have from the first settlement of the country been peopled by Germans; and several generations have passed away, leaving a pure German-speaking population, ignorant of English, thinking themselves quite as good as the native Americans, and a good deal better.

Thus, it will be understood how all smaller matters were swallowed up in two great features. The Puritanical spirit distinguishing the North, negro slavery the South.

The New England tendencies fully developed themselves in the famous *Blue Laws*. It is, perhaps, not too much to say, that no white men were ever subjected to a system at once so petty, contemptible, and tyrannical. This system has sunk deeply into the character of the numerous and influential descendants of the Puritans: a rigid, self-righteous, intolerant, brooding disposition; an excessive regard for proprieties and appearances; restraints on social gaiety, enjoyments, and amusements; a tendency to go to extremes, to magnify one idea, and to dwell upon it, are its predominant characteristics. It is one of the curiosities of Yankee rhetoric and literature, that an impression has been created in England that the Puritans were the friends of liberty. If any one thinks so, let him read the *Life of Roger Williams*, by Romeo Elton, published by A. Cockshaw, Ludgate Hill.

The *Mauflow* folks were highly respectable, moral, conscientious, and possibly enlightened people for their times. Smarting under persecution, they had a keen sense of their own rights and their own wrongs, and went into the wilderness to secure liberty—for themselves and those of their own way of thinking. It is undeniable that, with the whole body of English Presbyterian clergy, protesting against the views of Cromwell and his party, "they detested and abhorred toleration," and believed, with Edwards, of that time, that toleration would make the kingdom a second Babel.

When Roger Williams came among them, and took the liberty of worshipping God according to his own Nonconformist conscience, he had to fly from their midst in the month of January, through unknown forests, to strange

Indians, and, on the banks of the Mooshausick, commence the establishment of

“A State where none shall persecution fear.”

Of the many genuine first-rate men who went to America with a view of developing themselves and their ideas, this Roger Williams was one of the best and foremost, although he was only a Welshman, born in 1606, in Carmarthen, at a place called Maestroiddyn-fawr. Sir Edward Cope, seeing something in him, kindly sent him to be educated at the now Charter-house School. He became a nonconforming Puritan, and to escape from the tyranny of Laud, he went to transatlantic Boston, where he was received with great joy by his Puritan brethren. But on account of some nonconforming niceties, and because he had expressed an opinion that the magistrate had no right to punish a breach of the Sabbath, nor any other “breach of the first table,” the authorities would not allow him to settle as teacher at one of their churches, when an opportunity of doing so offered itself. From time to time he gave his brethren a good deal of trouble; he was as near a thorough radical as could live in “the Augustan age of Christianity.” Cotton Mather, no small authority, declared that “he had a windmill in his head.” He contended that unregenerate men ought not to have oaths administered to them; he was too much of an Englishman to take a sort of oath of allegiance to the Government of Massachusetts; he denounced a law requiring every man to attend public worship, and maintained that the magistrate could not rightfully interfere to stop heresy in a church. The upshot was that ministers and magistrates

agreed that Roger Williams should suffer banishment — a heavy punishment, under then existing circumstances.

So this time, to escape from the tyranny of Puritanism, he went into the red-man's wilderness. On reaching Plymouth, the governor begged of him to go away, not wishing to offend the bitter Massachusetts ministers and magistrates; so he departed also from these brethren, and finally settled in the spot where now stands Providence, which he founded and named in remembrance of "God's merciful Providence to him in his distress."

These facts illustrate the Puritan character; they show that the *Mayflower's* passengers did not tolerate toleration; that the original Puritan Fathers had not the slightest tinge of what in the present day is called liberality, in matters of either Church or State. Providence grew, and was for some years a pure, direct democracy. Those who joined the community had merely to subscribe to a covenant, or promise to submit themselves to all orders for the public good made by the major consent of the present inhabitants, masters of families, "*only in civil things.*"

This, it is said, is the first instance of a Government recognizing perfect freedom of conscience; and Rhode Island has, I believe, remained true to the principle. Massachusetts, too, long remained true to her principles and spirit, the very same as that which Burns drew and fixed for the information of the future in "Holy Willie's Prayer," and some other pieces.

These Puritans, men of substance and education, scorned the ignorant and godless rabble, and abandoned their homes in order to govern themselves and worship in their own

way; admitting to the same privileges others of their own way of thinking, perhaps. But no king or priest would have reprobated more than they the universal-republican theorists of this day. Quite inapplicable are the lines often quoted with regard to them :—

“ Oh! call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod !  
They left unstain'd what there they found—  
Freedom to worship God.”

Bold, intelligent, formidable, even conscientious, men they were: very much of what is most admirable in the United States is their work. But “liberal,” in the modern, moral, political, or religious sense of the word, they were not; nor are their descendants.

The Yankee is, strickly speaking, the New Englander; New England, which has now no legally recognized existence, consisting of the five North-Eastern or down-east States, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, Rhode Island, New Hampshire. The Yankees on the one hand, and the Virginians on the other, took the lead in the population and development of the United States. I have, therefore, selected them in endeavouring to give the British reader an insight into the character of the United States population. Louisiana, Texas, South Carolina, New York, and, in fact, most of the States, have interesting, instructive, and reliable unwritten histories; but the limits of this volume compel me to pass them over.

Let me add a hope that before long the British statesman and politician, having to deal with, and, in some fashion, govern, people of so many different races, or varieties, or species, or families (whichever name it may

be finally determined to adopt), each having their peculiar hereditary tendencies, peculiarities, and capacities, will study nations and communities scientifically, ethnologically. For it is among the grossest of cruelties and absurdities to endeavour to compel all peoples to suit themselves to the same mode of government. Yet, there is a constant, strong, and very natural desire on the part of Englishmen to consider the laws and institutions of Britain the best possible for the rest of the world; as great a mistake as it would be to treat the grown man and the mere child alike, on the ground that they are both human beings.

Among the developments of his mental character which most clearly distinguish the genuine United States man from his European ancestors, his more active and highly-cultivated secretiveness is prominent. In ordinary life, he has a control over his feelings, features, and words, to which the Englishman or German is a stranger, and in which only old world Talleyrands and Metternichs rival him. I know not why travellers have seldom noticed this important fact, unless it is that they have been very much in the habit of taking Americans at their own estimate of themselves; and I daresay my transatlantic friends generally will repel, with some surprise and indignation, such a charge upon their national idiosyncrasy.

The United States Ambassador said, in a recent speech at the Mansion House, for which he was complimented by Mr. Seward, that his countrymen were "too open, too candid, too careless, in the expression of their opinions." Of course, there is a true side to this remarkable assertion. When talking with a majority, or in the midst of his party,



even the Bostonian is seemingly careless, free, and reckless of speech. But what an Englishman means by candour and freedom of speech is a rare luxury in any part of the United States, and only enjoyed in the family circle, or between tried friends—"between you and I and the gate post," as they say in Virginia. In Europe, the statesman, the politician, the courtier, the public man who lives and talks with an eye to votes, the man or woman bent on fashionable distinction and popularity, these and such like, possess, and, to the trained eye, display, a quick, constantly ready, self-concealing, and self-controlling power, in a far greater degree than the average of the respective peoples to which they belong. We have only to remember how much the Northern man lives in public, generally belonging to some political party; so that while he has, as I said before, a small fraction of sovereignty, he is almost perpetually and wholly a courtier, ever in the presence too of a most watchful, jealous sovereign; and we can then understand how the tongue, the face, the manners of the republican American become ready, pliant, appropriate—how he learns to have himself well in hand: which self-command can never be acquired without the constant aid, as phrenologists would say, of an ample secretiveness.

All this may seem inconsistent with the more manly, mutually considerate, and gentlemanly bearing of Americans towards each other, regardless of class or station. But it is not. We must remember that human nature is made up of contraries. The English agricultural labourer has less of this self-controlling power, of which we have been speaking, than the gentleman, the doctor, or parson, to whom he awkwardly touches his hat when they meet.

And let not the reader sneer at the word gentlemanly, as applied to the manners of Americans. They are something better than mere tobacco chewers and spitters. Those habits form a monstrous feature in the English caricature of the United States people and their peculiarities; but after all the praise which has been fulsomely bestowed on Americans, their best national qualities and distinctions are by no means sufficiently dwelt upon and understood. A pretty work-girl may, during the proper hours, walk up Broadway or down the Bowery, and neither "Mose," with his red shirt, his trousers tucked into his boots, and his hands in his pockets, his strong cigar cocked up at an angle of forty-five degrees, loafing near his loved "machine," ready for a fire or a "muss;" nor the well-dressed loungers about the hotels and restaurants and corners, are likely in any way to annoy or molest her. The fighting man, the gambler, the Irish labourer, the tobacco-spitting defiant-looking rowdy, all make way for her, habitually, without thinking of it. Or if a poorly-dressed woman enter a crowded street-railway car, such as has lately been introduced into London, the young workman or well-dressed clerk nearest her, rises and offers her his seat. You may walk months, ay, years, I might say, in the crowded thoroughfares of American cities and never see a woman step off the pavement into the road to pass a man, or any number of men, coming from an opposite direction. And the not uncommon London diversion of male idlers, following and accosting respectable girls and women in the streets, is very rarely indulged in in any American city or town. For these good traits, I think Englishmen may pardon speaking

through the nose (in reality, the defect alluded to is, not speaking sufficiently through the nose), chewing tobacco, and even greater small vices.

A public man must talk smoothly, pleasantly, and flatteringly to the sovereign people, just as much as his courtiers and *employés* must to Louis Napoleon. In some respects—in courtesy, gregariousness, disregard of moral obstacles, and in excitableness—the United States people have inclined to the French national character. Now and then, it is true, a candidate for office will get a majority by treating the people with audacious frankness and honesty. The novelty of the thing tickles their majesty: the experiment would become more dangerous every time it was repeated; but it seldom fails, being seldom tried. A Mr. Russell, candidate for the auditorship of Mississippi, tried this method of political strategy, and succeeded. His style was thoroughly yet uncommonly American. Being called on for a speech, he rose and said:—

Fellow-citizens, you have called on me for a few remarks. I have none to make. I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker. I do not desire to be a *speaker*. I only want to be an *auditor*.

There is a boldness, carelessness, *bonhomie*, almost *abandon*, in the following, which will give the reader a fair idea of perhaps the best sort of stump-speaking one sometimes hears in America, and can hear nowhere else:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I rise—but there's no use of telling you that, you know I am up as well as I do. I am a modest man—very—but I have never lost a picayune by it in my life;

because a scarce commodity among candidates, I thought I would mention it, for fear if I didn't you never would hear of it.

Candidates are generally considered as *nuisances*, but they are not. They are the politest men in the world—shake you by the hand, ask how's your family, what's the prospect for crops, &c., and I am the politest man there is in the State. Davy Crockett says, the politest man he ever saw, when he asked a man to drink, turned his back, so that he might drink as much as he pleased. I beat that all hollow, I give a man a chance to drink twice if he wishes, for I not only turn around, *but shut my eyes*.

Fellow-citizens, I was born—if I hadn't been I wouldn't have been a candidate; but I am agoing to tell you where. 'Twas not in Mississippi, but 'twas on the right side of the negro line; yet, that's no compliment, as the negroes are mostly born on the same side. I started in the world as poor as a church mouse, yet I came honestly by my poverty, for I inherited it; and if I did start poor, no man can say but that I have held my own remarkably well.

Candidates generally ask you, if you think they are qualified, &c. Now, I don't ask your thoughts, I ask your votes. Why, there's nothing to think of except to watch and see that Swan's name is not on your ticket, if so, *think* to scratch it off and put mine on. I am certain that I am competent; for who ought to know better than I do?—nobody. I will allow that Swan is the best auditor in the State; that is, till I am elected—then, perhaps, it's not proper for me to say anything more; yet, as an honest man, I am bound to say that I believe it's a grievous sin to hide anything from my fellow-citizens, therefore say that it's my private opinion, publicly expressed, that I'll make the best auditor ever in the United States.

'Tis not for honour I wish to be auditor, for in my own county I was offered an office that was all honour—coroner, which I respectfully declined. The auditor's office is worth some 5,000 dollars a year, and I am in for it like a thousand of brick. To show my goodness of heart, I'll make this offer to my competitor. I am sure of being elected, and he will lose something by the

canvass, therefore, I am willing to divide equally with him, and make these two offers: I'll take the salary, and he may have the honour; or he may have the honour, and I'll take the salary. In the way of honours I have received enough to satisfy me for life. I went out to Mexico, eat pork and beans, slept in the rain and mud, and swallowed everything except live Mexicans. When I was ordered to "go" I went. "Charge," I charged. "And break for the chaperell," you had better believe I beat a quarter nag in doing *my* duty.

My competitor, Swan, is a bird of golden plumage, who has been swimming for the last four years in the auditor's pond, at 5,000 dollars a year. I am for rotation. I want to rotate him out, and to rotate myself in. There's plenty of room for him to swim outside of that pond, therefore, *pop* in your votes for me—I'll *pop* him out, and *pop* myself in.

I am for a division of labour. Swan says he has to work all the time with his nose down upon the public grindstone. Four years must have ground it to a *pint*. Poor fellow! the public ought not to insist on having the handle of his mug ground *clean off*. I have a large, full-grown nose, and tough as sole-leather. I rush to the post of duty. I offer it up as a sacrifice. I clap it on the grindstone. Fellow-citizens, grind away—grind till I *holler enuff*, and that'll be some time first.

Time's most out. Well, I like to forgot to tell you my name. It's Daniel (for short, Dan. Not a handsome name; for my parents were poor people, who lived where the quality appropriated all the nice names, therefore they had to take what was left and divide around among us; but it's as handsome as I am) R. Russell. Remember every one of you that it's not Swan.

I am sure to be elected, so, one and all, great and small, short and tall, when you come down to Jackson, after the election, stop at the auditor's office—the latch string always hangs out. Enter without knocking: take off your things, and make yourself at home.

This is broadly, characteristically American—Southern and Western especially; for the Yankee, the Down-easter,

can rarely even assume such a good-humoured recklessness.

One of the influential and remarkable men in the United States, for a time, was Ned Buntline, generally looked upon as the originator and chief of the Know-Nothings—a secret, anti-foreign, native-American party, which was near sweeping everything before it. I should like to give some details of the life of this political leader, but I fear they would throw suspicion on the credibility of all the contents of this volume; for his career is an impossible one—out of the United States. It illustrates strikingly some of the ugliest features in American politics, especially the total disregard as to the means by which success may be achieved. This Ned, chief of the native Americans, was cowhided in Broadway, in mid-day, by one of the chiefs of the social evil for insulting and calumniating her; yet he could at any time command the support of large numbers of highly respectable men; and any candidate for the Presidency would have paid high for his support. In *Ned's Own*, he says:—

Talking of Englishmen puts me in mind of the cruise of the yacht [his own] last Friday. At sunrise on that day, the star-spangled banner was run up to her mast-head; immediately *under* it, Union *down*, was seen the flag of that nation which proudly boasts that the sun never sets on its wide domains—the flag which is red with Ireland's blood [yet the Know-Nothings were especially opposed to the Irish], the blood of the wronged and starving poor. Having sailed about for a time, she heaved to under the stern of the English steamer to fire a salute . . . and having fired a gun for every State in the Union, I fired the English flag from my gun, as a finale, according to my previous promise.

I can hardly expect the English reader to believe that the man who could thus act, and then publish, and glory in such silliness, was at the time, and afterwards, acknowledged leader of the new and powerful Native-American party.

I have alluded to the career of this politician to illustrate the strength of what is called Native-Americanism—a sentiment of which the visitor and traveller hears and sees very little, of which the press gives but a faint idea, and which is cherished, as it were, in private, and strengthened by secret associations of native Americans. I believe, that could the native-born white population of the eastern cities carry out their wishes, the majority would at once stop immigration from Europe; still more from China or elsewhere. And they could, I assure the reader, give very good, if not quite sufficient reasons, for so doing.

Now and then the sovereign people are treated to a dose of rough truth; but it has no effect, being so seldom administered. For instance, John W. Boyd, formerly editor of a Pennsylvania paper, was recommended for the mayoralty of Hagerstown, but declined the honour, publishing his reasons at length. In the first place, he thought the position wouldn't suit him; in the second, he considered it would bring him neither honour nor profit; thirdly, in his own words,—

I have not the courage to place myself under obligations to every Tom, Dick, and Harry, or to shake hands with ever scaly blackguard, at the imminent risk of catching more than I bargained for. Fourth, I have not the patience to inquire into the state of every man's health.

He would willingly serve his fellow-citizens, but, he adds—

To put myself in a position in which every wretch entitled to a vote would feel himself privileged to hold me under special obligations, would be giving rather too much pork for a shilling. [A common expression.] I, therefore, most emphatically decline the intended dishonour.

Of a different style, and from another sort of journal, is the following extravaganza, with more pretentious variations. These effusions of morbid egotism, thousands read in the belief that they are imbibing something true and elevating:—

The editor showed how much more rapidly we had progressed than England, and assigned, as the reason, that while the Crown and aristocracy of England consumed most of the earnings of the masses, Republicanism gave her sons most that they earned, thus stimulating enterprise, &c. On this principle, he prophesied, that if we were true to the genius of liberty, *we should be the arbiters of the whole world*, in a commercial, agricultural, moral, intellectual—in EVERY point of view; that, *besides bringing the world at our feet*, Republicanism would free Canada in twenty years [written 1848]; and in fifty, render even the British throne a sounding brass, or batter it to pieces, and scatter its dust to the winds.

Similar predictions were made of all Europe, and of Turkey, India, China. How completely do the recent revolutions [1848] in Europe accord with these predictions, except that they have occurred much sooner than the editor anticipated!

Our readers will remember the importance we attached to Republicanism. We have called it “the great salvation” of our race. We rate the Declaration of our Independence as the second great era of human destiny. The French Revolution is only one of millions of effects produced by ours; only an amplification



of that principle of self-government conceived and executed by our Puritan forefathers. In truth, they regenerated the whole world; deposited the powder, laid the train, and set it on fire.

We have given liberty to France, and signed the Declaration of Independence for Ireland, for Scotland, for even England. The decree has gone forth—Henceforward the world is free! Republicanism has undermined not their thrones merely, but their Church and State monster, their horse-leech taxation system, all the prerogatives of the privileged orders. All that now remains is the mere execution of these mandates.

Nothing can now arrest that complete revolution, which is now regenerating our race, and ushering in the Millennium. Woe to all who attempt such arrest. England will doubtless try her best, but the trial will be her overthrow. That old throne has perpetuated her tyranny by an amount of sagacity employed by no other nation. But her death-warrant has been signed, sealed, and delivered, and now only awaits the erection of the guillotine.

If, as I pray she will, she pursues that proud, people-scorning, murderous policy, which her recent demonstrations indicate as her policy, her imperial queen will be a crownless subject within two years. Let her concede to her subjects whatever they demand, let her consent to become the subject of her sovereign people, and she may hold on for a few years to many regal prerogatives; but, as sure as she fires on the people, they will rise in their might and put down her and her throne: and everything savoring of hereditary aristocracy will be hunted up and shot down. Most of us will hear the mighty crash of that stupendous structure of tyranny and blood, and when she falls, our race is indeed redeemed. England's lords, do your worst, and you will do your best.

The foregoing is not from a hot-headed daily or weekly political paper, but from a self-styled moral, social, philosophical, and scientific monthly journal, having a large circulation among an extensive, and intelligent, and liberal-

mind class in the Northern States. The extract is a fair specimen of the presumption, arrogance, and overweening egotism, characterizing very much of what has been for years swallowed by the people of the United States as intellectual food.

Most worthy of remark and serious consideration is the total point-blank contradiction which recent events have given to the wild, boastful predictions in which the North has so freely indulged, with regard both to its own imagined splendid future and the ruin supposed to be hanging over the pitied and despised Old World. There is danger in prosperity; but self-glorification is sure to bring down its own punishment. "Of much speaking cometh repentance; but in silence is safety."

These illustrations of the wild, unreasoning extravagance of Young America when talking about his country, must not be regarded as mere occasional temporary effervescence of animal spirits. With a large portion of the present generation the state of mind which gives rise to such language and thought has become habitual when descanting upon American affairs. To men so excited, the dictates of prudence and experience, a regard for common sense, justice, or truthfulness, are mere old-fogyism. Principles, talent, education, knowledge, are of no avail, unless they joined in with the movement of the hour.

Yet it seems natural to form great expectations of the destiny of America—of Anglo-Saxon America. Thus Alison—generally, perhaps, more careful in making or acknowledging sweeping assertions and grand theories than in smaller matters—says: "But if the sun of British greatness is setting in the Old, it is from the same cause

rising in renovated lustre in the New World. . . . In two centuries the name of England may be extinct, or may survive only under the shadow of ancient renown; but a hundred and fifty millions of men in North America will be speaking its language, reading its authors, glorying in its descent."

There was a time when the progress of the white races in Mexico and in South America seemed equally sure. No doubt Spanish writers beheld as great a future for their countrymen in the valleys of the Amazon and the La Plata, and over the vast regions of the southern half of the New World. And it is worth the consideration of the young and ardent democrat of Europe, that the strongest and healthiest and wealthiest communities in the Western World (leaving the United States out of the question) are Brazil, Cuba, the Confederate States, and Canada: the first a monarchy with negro slavery; the second, with negro slavery also, and a dependancy of a monarchy; the third a republic with negro slavery; the last, a voluntary member of the British empire—from which it would at once secede rather than admit upon its immense territory the negroes whom Mr. Lincoln so modestly invites to leave their country for their country's good:—While those republics in the same hemisphere which have enforced abolitionism, practised amalgamation, and carried out the theory of political equality, without regard to race or colour, are every year becoming more aboriginal.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The Catholic Irish-Americans—The “Democrats”—First Suggestion of the Atlantic Cable—Irish Press—On England—On United States Politics—Irish Influence.

TOWARDS understanding the affairs of the North American States, it is necessary to consider the great, and often commanding influence of the Irish population, and the principles, tendencies, and spirit of that important element in the public affairs of those States. The Irish emigrants, to a great extent, settle in the most accessible cities and towns, instead of going and making a clearing for their own individual selves in the forests and prairies. This arises from various causes, but mainly, I think, from Celtic carelessness and sociability; and for this habit, which increases the poverty and misery of the cities, they are often reproached by their native-born American fellow-citizens. However, it increases the Irish political influence, on account of their unanimous subordination to their leaders. They almost always adhered to the Democratic party, when there were but two great national political parties. The other was the Whig, to which the English usually belonged, partly because it was the protective, or high-tariff party; and the English in the States being generally, whether workmen or capitalists, interested

in some skilled labour or business, are unwilling to compete on equal terms with the cheap labour of Europe.

The word "Democratic," in this party connection, must not be supposed to have the English or European sense of the word. Without entering into the origin of the term, it may be sufficient to say that the Democrats were the advocates of State Rights: that is, as against the encroaching tendency of the United States Government. They also called themselves, especially in the South, Strict-Constructionists: confining the United States to the exact powers and limits laid down in the Constitution, which, indeed, made Congress a mere managing committee in inter-state and foreign affairs; as the reader will better understand on turning to the New York Constitution in this volume. In fact, a great part of the political history of the Union consists of the struggles for maintaining the constitutional integrity of the several States against the tendency to give the widest possible, or, rather, the most popular, interpretation to the powers conferred on the United States by the Constitution.

How it happened that the Irish were thus on the side of Constitutionalism, and allied with the South, it would take too long to explain, and it may be passed by as one of the many things in that country which no one would have expected: I would only observe that it was very much owing to early exhibitions of the native-American or anti-foreign spirit; which has always been very strong, but kept down by the extensiveness of the suffrage and the frequency of elections. These unnatural combinations greatly increased political insincerity and demoralization. The manufacturing interest infused its natural jealousy of British

power and industry into the Whig party; while the Southern interest had to humour the paramount feeling of their important Irish allies in the North—hatred of everything British. In fact, the system was every year becoming more and more self-stultifying, and the legitimate powers and objects of the political machine were diminishing amidst its increasing vastness and complications; till at length the friction became too great, and the huge thing would work no longer.

However, that the Celtic Irish emigrants—an utterly foreign and distinct, and very hostile population, in fact—have greatly controlled the destinies and changed the history of the United States, there can be no doubt: they have played a more important and, for a long time, winning part in the political game than twice their number of the Yankee population, owing to their co-operating, national, and religious ties, their active political organization, and their concentration at the Northern centres of population. Perhaps the United States contained the most discordant population that ever possessed equal legal rights under one flag: the consequence being a dangerous want of stability and self-confidence in the Government.

But let us see what the Irish have to say for themselves. I have before me several papers, published, with one exception, in New York City, on the same day, just after the laying of the Atlantic cable. The first is called the *Irish Vindicator*; it contains an article headed “Who first suggested an Atlantic cable? — an Irish bishop admitted to be the man.” The reader probably recollects that the Atlantic cable was honoured with one of the grandest celebrations ever got up on any occasion in the

United States. Wherever possible, the bells were rung, the red-shirted firemen paraded with their machines and bands of music, the military companies turned out, cannon were fired, the British and American flags floated together from churches, shipping, hotels, everywhere, over the streams of excited people; an old revolutionary veteran, ninety-nine years old, who had fought for separation, rang a glad peal for the eternal reunion of the two nations; countless speeches were made, enthusiasm ran over; at night, there were bonfires, illuminations, transparencies, crowds cheering, more speeches, and fireworks enough for five ordinary Fourths of July.

Next day, the papers were full of congratulations about the celebration, the universal opinion was that the millennium was at last close at hand, at least for Anglo-Saxondom. The *Irish Vindicator* thus improved the truly joyous occasion:—

An event has lately happened which renders the Repeal movement in Ireland an American object. The laying of the Atlantic cable renders it inexpedient that Ireland should any longer be the vassal of England; and it is on these grounds that we consider the agitation which has recommenced on the other side of the Atlantic as one eminently deserving the attention and the encouragement of every American, as well as of every Irishman. It may, indeed, now be called an Irish-American question. Even this was dimly hinted at in the President's message, when he said,—  
“In this view will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be for ever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in their passage to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities?”

It was impossible for a statesman not to see that this great triumph of peace, as it has been called, might become, in the hands of a power like England, an engine of destruction; for

while it brings the colonies and fleets of that nation within a whisper's length, we are as far off as ever.

The neutrality of Ireland thus becomes the only chance to obviate the evil influence this wonderful achievement would have upon America in the event of hostilities.

Another paper, the *Irish American*, ornamented with a small cut in its head of a spread eagle with a sham-rock in its beak and a harp on its breast, has an editorial on "The Cable," from an American-Irish point of view, sneering at those who "panted to be foremost in the jubilee of extravagance and folly with which the success of this great *British* project is to be commemorated."

The cable, the spinning-jenny, the reaping-machine, the sewing-machine, the printing-press, all these, and such like, are the triumph of materiality over humanity. They all tend to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. They nibble from the working man's loaf, already scant and hard, a little and a little to feed the rich man's swine. Will the cable cheer the artizan? Will it moisten his food, or sweeten his drink, or purify the air of his garret?

It will be guessed that the mechanical Yankee, who every year takes out more patents than all the rest of the world, or thereabouts, can have little liking for those who thus revile all sorts of machines.

It is as well sometimes to know how our neighbours talk about us. A well-conducted periodical, the *Irish Miscellany*, thus describes the effect of Cherbourg on the English mind:—

The English press and the English people are in a panic. They believe that Napoleon the Third, no matter what his language to the contrary may be, is preparing for their destruction.



In vain he tells them that they need not fear him. In vain the French press declares that Cherbourg, although strong, will prove a harmless thing. The English see more than harm in it. They behold in Cherbourg, after eight centuries of enmity between themselves and the French, a real, living menace of a French invasion—a starting-point from which may issue in a year, or in six months, the power which shall make them the vassals of Gaul. And at the very idea of such things, they shriek and howl, as if they saw the day of doom, and had no hope of escaping. Well, let them enjoy their terror and dismay. They are invaders themselves. They have felt no pity for the nations they have outraged and scourged. They are torturers and enslavers, and they never felt a pang of remorse for all their butcheries.

As to the cable, the same Celtic weekly, says:—

Who will gain the profits which most people think must be derived by Ireland from the fact that the Atlantic cable is fastened to her shore? Will the fortunate men be Irish, or moneyed English, or canny Scotch, or keen Americans?

What good will the cable do to Ireland as a nation? Will it be a new chain wherewith England will bind the sister kingdom to the wheels of her chariot? Let us wait a little while, and think, before we indulge in any exuberant demonstrations of joy.

It is very easy for the English mind, with its well-developed self-esteem, to treat all this with contempt. But this spirit has been perseveringly infused, to a great extent, into American politics; and the American press found itself compelled, with about equal sincerity, to flatter the Irish and bespatter with abuse everything English. Universal suffrage and the ballot, it is amply proved by American experience, result in the predominance of one or more factions—a minority of the people played off against the majority by professional politicians.

The following extract will give some idea of the sort of game that politics had become; of the intricacy of political combinations, and of the part played by the Irish. It is intimated that some wire-pulling is going on between certain party managers, which may end in selling the Irish to the Know-Nothings:—

The Whigs got back to power in 1853, but had a short lease of it, the Know-Nothings having stepped in under Governor Gardner, and held possession for three years; at the expiration of which they had to disappear before that interesting and consistent combination, the Black-Republicans, whose party creed embraced the abolition of slavery, the endowment of the negroes with all the rights and privileges of citizenship, and the disfranchisement of all white men not born upon the soil, or who professed the Catholic faith. This party, with Governor Banks, formerly a Democrat, and a warm lover of the “exile from Erin,” is now in power. It is the strongest political organization in the State, but probably not strong enough to stand up against a thorough union and co-operation between the Democrats, the defeated and disappointed Gardner Know-Nothings, and the sixteen or twenty thousand Old Line Whigs, who are not now, whatever they may have been in 1844, much exercised in spirit in regard to the foreign vote.

The reader will see from this that a politician needed to have the head-piece of a Morphy or Paulsen to watch all the moves of the political game played on the vast board of the United States.

We do not consider the Old Line Whigs as being in the market. The great bulk of the ex-Whig party were Know-Nothings and Abolitionists to the heart's core. . . . For fifteen years they stood upon the principle of “no more Slave States”—a principle which carried in its train the ultimate subordination of the Slave States to the Free States;—a principle

now put forth with distinct prominence by the Black Republicans, who, in this particular at least, are entitled to the credit of calling things by their right names. The Black Republican party, or Banks party, is the largest in number, but does not embrace a majority of the voters. The Democratic party is now the next in point of number. The Gardner Know-Nothings, or anti-Banks men, are not, as an organization, a national party; and the national Know-Nothings and the national Whigs united would by no means be strong enough to overcome the Banksites. By uniting with the Democratic party, the Republicans may be ousted. But how is that union to be effected? The old Whigs can unite with the Democrats, as there is now no controlling practical question in the way, if they are sincere; but how is it with the Know-Nothings?

It is noteworthy that the publications from which I have taken the preceding extracts, to illustrate, especially, the anti-English spirit of the American Irish, display in their stories and matter generally less of the sensation style of literature than similar publications addressed to English and American readers. This is not what one would expect.

It has been said that the descendants of the Irish are absorbed into, and become assimilated to, the rest of the American native-born population. After many observations as to the actual fact, and also relying upon the doctrine that different races have different innate peculiarities, I am satisfied that the descendants of Celts remain Celts and produce Celtic tendencies. They may not remain Roman Catholics, nor out-door labourers; but in views, principles, and tendencies, they do not become the same as the Anglo-Saxon. I believe it will even be found that no very extensive amalgamation of the races has as yet taken place in Anglo-Saxon America.

This much, however, is certain, that the welfare of the Northern States imperatively demands that the undue influence of the Irish in American politics should cease. No country can flourish under a system which diverts so large a portion of its political energies into anti-national designs and interests. The Irish in the Northern States are more sincerely the enemies of England than they are the friends of their adopted country. I suppose no respectable Irishman will assert that the honour, interest, and safety of their new domicile would be weighed for a moment by his fellow-countrymen and their leaders, if an opportunity occurred for plunging the States into a war with hated England. This is a difficulty demanding the earnest consideration of the native Americans of the North; if they cannot overcome it, they will live in a house divided against itself.

I know the sophistry that is used on this subject. We live in days when there are thousands of speakers who can argue in any direction on any subject, and put things in a way to suit their hearers, whoever they may be. It is often said by Americans that their population, by continuous immigration from the earliest times, now combines within itself all the best qualities of all nations. What becomes of the various bad qualities of those nations? By what filtering process are they left behind? Or why reject the good qualities of the Chinaman, the negro, the Indian, by refusing to amalgamate with them? The fact is, *there is no shadow of reason for believing that a superior race is improved by mingling with an inferior; and we have no proof that two distinct races have ever been benefited by amalgamation.* It has been shown by Dr. Knox that

hybrid breeds of men either die out, or return to one of the parent stocks.

The original Red-man is almost exterminated from North America; he is about apparently to "disappear"—how much there is in the choice of terms!—without having excited much sympathy or virtuous indignation. He once seemed to be in a fair way to disappear also from South America, before the Spanish immigration; but the Spaniard amalgamated, and now is likely to be lost in the returning and increasing numbers of the native population. With the principal exception of Brazil, South America is undoubtedly returning to its aboriginal condition. Is it possible that long-continued civil wars, mutual devastations, the supremacy of mobs, the removal and destruction of capital, the stoppage of commerce and immigration, the oppression of moral and intellectual superiority, epidemic monomanias, and other causes co-operating, might, in time, degrade some, or all, of the late United States to the condition of Mexico, of Central and most of South America? It is only a few years since these latter talked, and boasted, and prophesied of themselves—our statesmen and philosophers joining with them—just as grandly and confidently as the people of the United States did after their Mexican conquests.\*

\* When Canning, who "was looked up to as the head of the liberal party throughout the globe," in the year 1822, procured the recognition by Britain of the independence of the South American Republics, claimed by Spain as part of her dominions, he said he had "called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old;" meaning that though the Holy Alliance was triumphant in Europe, he had secured the cause of liberty by the establishment of those young republics. What has become of them? What have they done—what are they likely to do for human progress? Statesmen and politicians must study ethnology;—and then they will cease to commit such follies as the late French-Spanish-English expedition to Mexico.

However, in this land of sudden and unexpected changes, it is not impossible that the Irish may come to see the folly and injustice of their unceasing hostility to England. Nothing would tend so certainly to produce this desirable reaction as a serious determination to improve their own condition in their adopted country.

Yet, with all their weight and influence in the Northern States, the Irish Catholics are not satisfied—nor have they any reason to be. With their much-talked-of vote I fear they have done little for themselves, and less for their new country; while it has brought upon them the dislike and jealousy of the native-born American: witness the Know-Nothing party. An organ of the Roman Catholics, the *Tablet*, said:—

Under a Liberal Government a numerous class, defined by religious ideas or peculiar customs, should be represented according to their numbers. This is said to be a Liberal Government; the Catholics of the United States are upward of three millions strong. Where are their representatives?

A curious result of miscellaneous voting. For my part, I acknowledge no expediency, no sense, no justice in the principle of representing mere numbers; except under peculiar circumstances, as a rude temporary arrangement. Whether the three millions of Roman Catholics should, as such, be otherwise represented than they now are under the heterogeneous numbers system of voting, is another affair, and an important question. I would call the reader's attention to the next sentence, as unintentional evidence of the degrading nature of the "initiation process" through which the political aspirant has to pass:—

Catholics of a certain intellectual stature will not stoop to undergo *the initiation process* which is the "open Sesame" to a political career, and those who do can seldom be trusted to the extent of their ability, which is small indeed. If we wish to have a fair share in the political, as in the social life of this great nation, if we hope to have ourselves felt or respected beyond the rims of city ballot-boxes, if we would do ever so little to show how right principles might remove gnarls in our Federal politics and give a Christian tone to our Legislation, we will not rest satisfied until we have at least ONE MAN whom we can point to emphatically as the contingent of the Catholic body to the representative intellect of the country.

This testimony by Irish witnesses will help the British reader to believe and to understand that, notwithstanding all their voting and their patent ballot-boxes and their universal suffrage, so called, *the best portion of the American people, the settled, working, and producing classes, are virtually unrepresented.*

The excellent men who organized the political system of the United States, expected things to turn out quite otherwise than this. They thought that the citizens generally might be relied upon to use prudently and intelligently their political power, out of a regard to their own interests, as well as from better motives. They expected that at least a sufficient majority of the sovereign people would make it their business to watch and understand public affairs and public men, and that thus the government of the country would be the result of the common sense and common interests of all classes, and be administered by the wisest and best men of the community. Nothing was more reasonable: the theory satisfied most of the wisest and best men then living. But as so often happens, the

theory broke down when it came to be put into practice. One old-established well-known truth, familiar to every one, and having very much to do with the question, had been entirely overlooked: namely, the truth expressed in the popular saying, What is everybody's business, is nobody's business.

Industrious men had little time or inclination to study politics in the proper sense of the word. The wise government of a country certainly demands as much care and serious thought and steady application of mind as almost any other business; and those who were bent on their own concerns, in fighting their way up in society, and studying the immediate welfare of their own families, had no time to study the conduct of statesmen, or to think to any useful purpose upon such dry matters as are embraced in the "dismal science" of political economy. So the bulk of the community only took part in affairs of state under the influence of some personal consideration, or for the sake of mental diversion and excitement, without studying the public welfare, almost totally uninstructed indeed in the first principles, or secondary either, of political and social science.

Still, an orderly and industrious community, with Anglo-Saxon heads on their shoulders, would be able to get along with very little government, making mistakes now and then as to men and measures, then discovering them, taught by experience, and setting them right. But things gradually changed for the worse. The highly important business of politics, vitally concerning everybody, but really honestly and thoroughly attended to by almost nobody, gradually fell more and more into the hands of a



set of men who found that the management of the business could be made to pay. Numbers of men found political life much more pleasant and interesting than the ordinary modes of making a living. It called into exercise the gambling and sporting propensities, the love of opposition and excitement, which are often strongest in those most averse to steady industry and to that drudgery which every honest working man—whether he labours with his brain or his hands, or with both together—must go through. An indefinite, but real, class of politicians arose; the institutions of the country, the constant changes and elections, made a great deal of political work; politics became an actual profession—a very liberal one, since anybody could enter it who could make a speech, talk plausibly, and go among the people, drinking with one, arguing with another, and generally serve his party, without being over particular. The word politics entirely lost its original meaning, and signified party tactics. A man might be an active and leading politician, without having studied for one hour any of the subjects involved in all good government.

Thus, although the United States had at starting, perhaps, as fine a population, as to their origin; their bravery, their habits, and general circumstances, as any country in the world could boast of, great corruptions and most dangerous dissensions soon threatened the welfare and existence of the Union; which was, indeed, founded mainly for self-defence, and was kept together more by fear than by the strength or wisdom of its constitution. As foreigners of all sorts from Europe, some of a very bad sort, came over in constantly increasing numbers,

bringing with them a larger than average share of intellect and energy, but, if anything, a smaller amount of morality than belonged to the general character of the countries they left, and to that of the people amidst whom they sought life and liberty, both of which in many cases they had forfeited ;—as this foreign population increased, and cities grew in size and influence, good government became more impracticable, and yet more needed.

And when one considers the heterogeneous composition of the people, the sovereign people, in the Northern States, it is surprising that the governments of the several States are so well carried on as their great increase in wealth and population prove them to be ; while the fact of the existence of the Federal Government, extending over such vast regions, can only be understood by consulting the attractive power of the public treasury, the charms and advantages of a seat in Congress, the innumerable offices in the gift of the President, all centred at Washington, making it a sort of Mecca to any one who had served the party in power.

Native-born Americans, cherishing a half-concealed contempt and dislike for the foreigner ; Germans, a powerful, distinct people of themselves—liking the Yankee as little as he likes them—having their own leaders, press, and political organizations ; Irishmen, forming a still more independent sub-nationality ; Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Frenchmen, Italians, Scotchmen ; last and least, Englishmen ; besides various crude “isms,” whose advocates are ready to sacrifice all their party views for the sake of pushing along their respective favourite hobbies : the greater portion of this body also kept in a state of chronic

excitement and irritation; the vast political machinery, or competing machines rather, always at work, conducting or preparing for elections, employing a considerable number of hands, many of them educated or preparing for the law, but practising politics. Such has the population of the Northern States now become—an aggregation of people, not a nation.

It is easy to be seen that in such a state of things, able, thoughtful, honest, and experienced men, who have the moral and intellectual qualifications for statesmanship, will be kept more and more in the background, and mere spouters will be most applauded, and occupy the front of the political platform. Every election is entirely managed by the party leaders, their staffs and subordinates of all grades; and no citizen can succeed in, or even enter upon, public life, without becoming a member of the political profession, and conforming to all its usages. Public meetings, committees, conventions, canvasses, speechifyings, newspaper influences—all these form part of the process through which he has to go, and in which, indeed, consists his education for his calling. Above all, he must stick to his party—whatever it does, whatever any of its members may do. Such is the system which has resulted in the mournful fact that at this moment the people despise and detest the rulers they have elected, and, among all their public men, have not one in whose ability and integrity any considerable number of them place any confidence.

## CHAPTER XVII.

United States Abolitionists—Clashing Theory and Practice—Abolitionist Meeting—Desire for Disunion—Equality—Woman's Rights—"Free Love"—Daniel Webster—Wendell Phillips—Majority ruled by a small Minority.

WHEN, in the year 1776, the American colonies of Great Britain seceded from the mother-country, the colonists, it may be fairly said, were all Abolitionists—from Washington downwards—slave-holding Abolitionists: that is, all looked upon slavery, then existing in almost every State, as inconsistent with the unfortunate assertion in the Declaration of Independence, that all human beings were born free and equal, and with an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I say unfortunate, because the assertion is so glaringly and vitally untrue.

But though Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Americans generally, who fought for and established the United States, were in those days, strictly speaking, Abolitionists, it must not be supposed that they had much in common with the Abolitionists of later days, who have zealously and bitterly reviled and denounced, and finally dissolved, the Union.

The history of Abolitionism is very interesting and instructive, though by no means pleasing; for it shows

how cant and monomania may for a time triumph, and how a persevering one-idea few may, in a democracy, coerce an opposing majority of vastly superior numbers.

In 1848, and for some years after, Abolitionism, as an aggressive faction, was quite an insignificant and contemptible little party—much to my surprise; for what I had read in England had led me to expect that it was, as to numbers, a formidable, popular movement: just as in the United States many sincerely believe that the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society has aided and encouraged American Abolitionism to bring about the present conflict, and that in so doing, it, the British Anti-Slavery organization, has been supported by the British aristocracy and Government, with a view to destroy the great American Republic.

Nor has genuine Abolitionism—that is, an acknowledgment of negro equality—ever made any progress in the United States. The only change it has produced is a strong desire to get rid of the negro altogether, as an anomaly and a nuisance—to send him to Central America, to Africa, or after the Red Indian—anywhere, out of the white man's way. The only sense in which the Northern people are Abolitionists, is that they would willingly abolish negro slavery by abolishing the negro—at least, from their part of the world.

Yet the Abolitionists, by sticking to each other and to their one idea, by sacrificing to it all other State and Federal considerations, and being always ready to give their vote and influence to the party that would go farthest with them, have succeeded in producing effects mon-

strously disproportionate to their numbers; giving to the world a terrible lesson as to one of the great weaknesses of a nominal democracy. Imagine the Peace Party in England to succeed in controlling the Government of the British Empire by a series of manœuvres and intrigues: such a triumph is that which the heterogeneous Abolitionist party has actually achieved over the Government and people of the United States.

I attended one of their meetings in the Tabernacle—a large chapel in Broadway, New York—in May, 1857. The audience consisted principally of women and children, with a few white men, some Quakers and Quakeresses, and here and there a coloured person; all, it seemed, native-born Americans, or United States people, to speak more definitely. Mr. Garrison was President—an honest man, I believe, but unfortunate in that his mind seems to have stuck at the assertion in the Declaration of Independence that all men are born free and equal. To question that assertion has never occurred to him; to do so would be to upset all his notions of right and wrong.

A Mr. Foss rose and said that he thought their fathers, in forming the Government, had done wickedly, and their children were now reaping the fruits of their wickedness. They entered into a compact with the slave power. George Washington, Jefferson, and the other leading men, acted Jesuitically. He prayed for the hour when the Government should be dashed to pieces. Then the slaves would twist their masters' necks.

Mrs. Abby Kelly Foster was glad that the slave power had succeeded in Kansas (the *Macchiavellienne*)—meaning that such success would exasperate the North, and, by

embittering sectional hatred, promote her very philanthropic designs.

The Union had no friends. "As to the word Union," said one, "they all knew it was a political catchword; it was equivalent to the word 'loyalty' in monarchies, which makes men think themselves patriots when they are only flunkeys."

Another read some resolutions, in which was introduced the expression used by some one else—"I would, in God's name, say, Give us a Palmetto man always, and for ever, because where there is a Palmetto man there is always a will" (South Carolina is the Palmetto State—a noteworthy acknowledgment of Southern superiority).

Mr. Garrison thought their prospects gloomy. The people had no conscience. His only hope was in the destruction of the blood-stained Union.

Mr. Edmund Quincey wished for the dissolution of the Union, that Massachusetts might right her own wrongs; she could easily send ships to Charleston and lay it in ashes. Any State in the Union would contract at a low figure to whip South Carolina; Massachusetts could do it with one hand tied behind her back.

A runaway slave spoke; he would rather see the slaves emancipated by insurrection than by any other means. He saw some did not like this remark—a friend was, he saw, snapping his eyes at him, ready to pounce upon him like a tiger on a lamb; nevertheless, that was what he longed to see.

True, all this is folly. But folly is not to be despised; especially in a corrupt miscellaneous Democracy. The

utterers of this folly were respectable, more or less educated, well-meaning people; they have dissolved the Union, and enriched the soil of the South with the blood and bodies of a quarter of a million of men in their prime. Folly, errors, or fanaticism, deserve consideration, seeing how great a share they have in human affairs.

Those whose negromania brought about disunion were continually crying for it, till it really came, and now they are as rabidly crying for re-union. As I wish to leave no doubt on reasonable and cautious minds as to my leading assertions, I insert the following advertisement of about this date:—

CALL FOR A NORTHERN CONVENTION.—Whereas it must be obvious to all that the American Union is constantly becoming more and more divided, by Slavery, into two distinct and antagonistic nations, between whom harmony is impossible, and even ordinary intercourse is becoming dangerous;

And whereas Slavery has now gained entire control over the three branches of our National Government, Executive, Judicial, and Legislative; has so interpreted the Constitution as to deny the right of Congress to establish freedom even in the Territories, and by the same process has removed all legal protection from a large portion of the people of the Free States, and has inflicted, at many times and places, outrages far greater than those which our fathers rose in arms to repel;

And whereas there seems no probability that the future will, in these respects, be different from the past, under existing State relations;

The undersigned respectfully invite their fellow-citizens of the Free States to meet in Convention, at Cleveland, Ohio, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 28 and 29, 1857, to consider the practicability, probability, and expediency of a separation of



the Free and Slave States, and to take such other measures as the condition of the times may require.

*Committee of Arrangements.*

THOS. W. HIGGINSON,      WENDELL PHILLIPS,  
F. W. BIRD,                  DANIEL MANN,  
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,

JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, *Secretary.*

More than 6,400 names have been appended to this call, representing every Free State but California.

I should be sorry to be understood as stigmatizing all these men as mere partisans, or unconscious hypocrites. Many of them finding the evils nearest to them too troublesome to deal with, have turned their attention to undeniable wrongs and sufferings connected with negro slavery; and (to use the words of Daniel Webster, uttered in the same debate on Slavery and California, on which Mr. Seward's previously quoted speech was given) when such questions come to be discussed especially in religious bodies, and from a sectarian point of view, too many will be found with whom things are either absolutely wrong or absolutely right:—men who, with clear perceptions, as they think, of their own duty, do not see how too hot a pursuit of one duty may involve them in the violation of others; or how too warm an embracement of one truth may lead them to disregard other equally important truths; who deal with morals as they might with mathematics, and think that right may be distinguished from wrong with all the precision of an algebraical equation. Such men come to think that nothing is good but what is perfectly good; that there are no compromises to be made

in deference to differences of opinions ; no modifications on account of circumstances or difficulties.

I very much regret that I have been obliged in these pages to present too generally the least pleasant aspect of United States affairs and character to the British reader. No country has provided greater minds ; and when its brief history from the Revolution to the Dissolution shall be written, it will perhaps be seen that they have done great things. Of the statesmen above quoted, the two-idea'd but eloquent Wendell Phillips says, "I dispute the value of the Union ; I do not believe in it. Grant all it claims as the parent of *wealth*, it has not produced *men*. Daniel Webster said that the virtue of the colonial institutions was that they produced Washington. The sin of the Union is that it manufactured Webster. Carlyle says the test of Governments is the men they make. Where are *our men* ?" Here Mr. P. paused for a reply, but none of his friends seized the opportunity of suggesting that he was one of them. The fact is, there are too many merely clever men in the United States : hence, of late years they have talked about an empire on which to employ their superabundant ability.

*Garrison's Liberator* was one of the leading and most thorough organs of the old true Abolitionists—the honest Abolitionists, it is but just to say, who declared their principles, and stuck to them through thick and thin. The motto of this *Liberator* declared the United States Constitution to be "a covenant with death and a league with hell." When Abolitionists had brought about the disunion it desired, and dissolved the league it had so bitterly hated ; and while the North are still striving

madly by force to restore that Union, that motto is withdrawn.

The cry for disunion was raised very early, almost as soon as the Union documents were dry, and sometimes by much stronger men and cliques than those who have been the tools of Mr. Seward. Respectable sensible people, with a few exceptions, smiled knowingly at the cry, and when the wolf really did come, they could not and would not see it.

The people of the United States have had warnings enough of the ruin threatening their Union. But they would not hear; they scorned to pause and consider: they trusted in their money and their numbers, in 'cuteness and the almighty dollar.

In the beginning of 1850 the *Boston Liberator*, the organ of the Abolitionists of that section of the land of steady habits but most unsettled mind, recommended that no time should be lost in getting up petitions—the Legislature of Massachusetts being then in session—

1st. For the *secession of Massachusetts* from the Union, that being a political, moral, and religious duty, for the neglect of which “damnation is certain.”

2nd. For the abolition of all legal enactments concerning the observance of *the* or *a* Sabbath, and for more religious liberty.

3rd. For the abolition of that hideous and abortive instrument of punishment, the gallows.

[And yet these rose-water enthusiasts would regard a negro insurrection as an occasion on which they might piously sing, “Oh! let us be joyful.”]

4th. For political equality before the law, without regard

to sex ; because the women of the State, being made to pay taxes, and being amenable to its criminal laws, ought to have a vote, and to be eligible to office.

5th. For political equality before the law, without regard to age, of children, criminals, lunatics, idiots, they paying taxes indirectly, and being bound by the law ; above all, being human beings, born free and equal, one as good as another, with the inalienable rights of man—of humanity, that is—or else the theory announced in our Declaration of Independence is all bosh. [This 5th, no doubt, would have been recommended, but it was necessary to draw an arbitrary line somewhere.]

All this is but the logical result of the dogma of human equality ; which, indeed, even Mr. Garrison has never had the courage to urge to its full consequences.

Others are bolder and more consistent, and follow out more fully and faithfully the equality and “higher law” principles laid down by such men as Garrison, Greeley, and Seward.

“Free Love” is but a logical amplification of these principles. The reader has, no doubt, heard of this little sect, of which the following paragraphs will give him, perhaps, a sufficient knowledge. They are from a sort of Declaration of Independence, called forth by discussions held among the less advanced and mere common respectable members of the community, as to the best means of ridding their neighbourhood of the “Free Lovers,” who had established themselves at a place in the West, called Berlin. The fair rebel is, or was, editor of the *Age of Freedom*.

Born in Berlin, I consider myself “naturalized,” feel I have the privileges of a “native American,” and I expect to remain

here. Thinking as I must on all subjects ; acting as my highest convictions impel me on all occasions ; advocating such faith and such life as is good to me always, I expect still to remain. Rejecting all religious dogmas ; repudiating all arbitrary marriage bonds ; believing in no government save the ever acting laws of all being—I shall utter my thoughts as I am moved—and shall utter them here. Scorning that purity manufactured by legal force—despising that virtue based only on the opinion of the world—the truth I feel shall not be stifled in my soul, anywhere on God's earth.

Seeing clearly that woman, as well as man, has the natural right to the fullest action of all the faculties and passions of the soul ; that she must be self-owned and self-whole ; that her womanhood and maternal relations should be sacredly held in her own hands :—I bid her keep herself—never become a slave—never yield to the mercenary obligations of the marriage-bond ; but accept alone the truest life up-welling in her own soul ; letting a wise lovingness be ever the only parent power that shall give her a child ; and despite threats, despite churches and priesthood, despite the howling of the rabble, and the unlawful persecutions of legalized power, despite misrepresentations, and calumny, and abuse, and vilification, this truth will I proclaim from my native hill-tops, and send it reverberating through the valleys where my childhood wandered. I shall still sit among the orchard blooms that draped my cradle ; they shall give their fragrance to my life, and shroud my grave with the rose-hued mantle ; and yet that life shall be lived unuttered ; that grave shall be no coward's tomb. The scented slopes, where my childhood's winged hours went by, are still to give their sweetness and their sunshine to my riper years ; and the mother's love and the father's smile are still to be mine for the faith they have in their child ; and yet more for the supream faith in Truth.

All this is but the natural and logical consequence of the assertion of the principles of absolute human equality,

and the still more dangerous doctrine that each individual conscience is superior to the law of the land when the two conflict. Under such disorganizing dogmas, so unhappy, and discontented with themselves and their environments, are numbers of the Northern people, that every novelty and well-puffed quackery finds a fair field among them, and a better chance of success than in any other English-speaking community.

It is a paradoxical fact, that while the genuine Yankee population—I use the term, not in its Southern and offensive sense, but as the Massachusetts man accepts and uses it—that is, the people of the five New England States, are in their everyday life pre-eminently of an acute, calculating, practical, cautious, secretive character; and, to a stranger's observation, deficient in enthusiasm, wanting even in warmth of social affection, and altogether a hard, dry, unamiable, money-loving race, compared with the rest of the Caucasian world; yet New England is the great nursery of extravagances and delusions that have arisen, or flourished, and spread in the United States. Extremes follow extremes. The puritanical restraints on social life produce a tendency to reaction, which impels the weaker minds to find excitement of some kind.

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, who knows sixty or seventy languages, but who is very ignorant of human nature, a benevolent man, full of good intentions, sought to unite all parties and both sections of his country in a fair, humane, peaceful, and honourable plan for compensating the Southerners disposed to emancipate their slaves. "Union for Emancipation and Emancipation for Union," was his motto, and he started with these views the *North*

*and South* journal and a National Emancipation Society. I need not say his plan fell to the ground; although everybody he spoke to on the subject, I believe, highly approved of his scheme.

For every disease a remedy may be proposed, and prove worse than the disease itself. Below what we thought the lowest depth a still lower deep opens. We have often but a choice of evils, each great and almost unbearable, all hard to choose among; the least evil being the greatest good. In human affairs very often bad is the best, as the saying is, and it is hard to imagine a condition of things which could not be worse. These are mere truisms; but, these truisms are apt to be forgotten. Common experience says, let well alone; but it is also often best to let *ill* alone for a time—to suffer wrong, and silently see injustice. For, in many respects, this world of ours is a very hard, unmanageable, and imperfectly understood world—quite a different one from what each of us thinks he would make, if he had the power,—seeing no necessity for human misery. Practically, indeed, in their own affairs, men seldom forget these truths; it is only when judging or advising others, that they become impracticably transcendental.

The history of this once despised Abolition party should be studied by all those who would Americanize British or any other institutions. By sacrificing everything else to their one object, namely, the destruction of negro-slavery in the Southern States, they succeeded in setting the North and South against each other. But their principles made no progress. The mass of the Northern people would at this moment be delighted to get rid of negroes

and Abolitionists together; more especially of the latter. Still, the Abolitionists stuck to their one idea. They watched and studied the political game—they understood the working of their country's institutions; and the millions of the North, with all their boasted education, intelligence, freedom, free speech, free press, and so forth, have found themselves somehow fighting for a party and principles with which they had no sympathy: to which, in fact, they were strongly opposed.

These Yankee Abolitionists would also identify their schemes with British West India Emancipation, and claim the sympathy of British anti-slavery feeling; but the whole history of the course of this country on the subject is the most complete rebuke of their illegal, selfish, and unprincipled proceedings.

There are some who have a good deal to answer for, in having taught their fellow-countrymen to form so false and contemptuous an opinion of the slaveholding South that they thought to ride over it rough-shod and easily triumphant.

To all these one-idea'd meddlers the slaveholding Anglo-Saxon of the Confederate States can truthfully say, "Let your charity begin at home; show some wisdom in your own affairs, before going forth to set the world in order; at least, leave me alone. In my reviled and calumniated country, the black man and the white live side by side peacefully and mutually helpful; both increasing in numbers and well-being, both sharing in the benefits of civilization; and although the black man is still in a very inferior condition compared with his white master, yet he is in a very superior condition compared



with that of his ancestors—his African grandfathers and grandmothers in their lurid Africa, sunk in hideous time-immemorial abominations. Under our system, he runs no risk of extermination, and enjoys the best opportunity yet offered him of showing his capabilities; no longer a mere savage, he plays an important part in the progress of civilization, which elsewhere is crushing him out of existence.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

State Constitutions—New York Constitution—Theory of Equal Rights abandoned—Extent of State Sovereignty—Coloured People—Extent of Powers of the United States Constitution—A Treaty between Sovereign States for Foreign and Inter-State Purposes—Fugitive Slave Provision in the Constitution of United States—Repudiated by Pennsylvania, &c.—Constitutionality of the South—Written Constitution no Safeguard against actual Powers—Constitution of Mexico for Example.

It is a considerable difficulty, in the way of forming a correct public opinion on important matters, that a large portion of the public have a habit of skipping the dry parts of the volumes they condescend to read. To arrive at the truth, a little such reading is often necessary.

The British public have heard and read a good deal about the Constitution of the United States. It should be remembered that it is, in fact, a one-sided instrument. Fairly to understand the document, it should be compared with the Constitutions of the several States.

After reading a Union representation of the Federal Constitution, an ordinary careless reader might suppose that the United States had a Government as centralized and consolidated as that of England or France; but each State had large powers and rights reserved. The following abstract of the Constitution of New York State may be taken as a specimen of those separate Governments

which must be included in any complete view of the political system of the Republic. Having perused it, probably the reader will be inclined to wonder what was left for the Government at Washington to do. He will be apt to think that, whatever might be the letter of the law, its spirit would certainly impel a State with such a Constitution to judge for itself as to its own rights and wrongs, in case of any real or supposed attack upon its welfare and independence.

Gentlemen of high position and commanding influence, have compared the secession of the several Southern States from the Union to a secession of Ireland, or even Yorkshire or Cornwall, from the British Government; they ask, "If you commence secession, where are you to stop? If the South may leave the Union, any State may leave the South; the west of a State may secede from the east, and so on." Of course, men can always argue thus in morals and politics; in those domains of science, Nature has drawn few clear, visible, straight lines. In this case, self-interest, self-preservation, nature, and a little common sense, combine to limit national powers and boundaries. If it be for the good of mankind, that the whole continent of North America should not be directed and controlled by an aspiring and overbearing central government at Washington, it surely does not follow that this compact, tight little island of Great Britain—not so large as the average of each of the thirty-two States forming the huge United States—should be divided into two or three kingdoms or republics.

The United States is a sort of abstraction created by the independent States: they can constitutionally alter

its constitution, but it cannot meddle with theirs. If Massachusetts should again compel its people to attend worship every Sunday, or make polygamy lawful, the United States cannot legally interfere in the matter. A perusal of the following document will show the nature and extent of the independence of the several States, and illustrate the great constitutional doctrine of State rights.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

*(As revised by the Convention of 1846.)*

We, the people of the State of New York, grateful to Almighty God for our freedom, in order to secure its blessings, do establish this Constitution.

The trial by jury, in all cases in which it has been heretofore used, shall remain inviolate for ever.

The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall for ever be allowed in this State to all mankind.

The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require its suspension.

Every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right, and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press.

In all criminal prosecutions or indictments for libels, the truth may be given in evidence to the jury.

The people of this State, in *their right of sovereignty*, are deemed to possess the original and ultimate property in and to all lands within the jurisdiction of the State.

All feudal tenures of every description, with all their incidents, are declared to be abolished.

All lands within this State are declared to be allodial.

Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, who shall

have been *a citizen* for ten days, and *an inhabitant* of this State one year next preceding any election, and for *the last* four months a resident of the county where he may offer his vote, shall be entitled to vote.

But no man of colour, unless he shall have been for three years a citizen of this State, and for one year next preceding any election shall have been seised and possessed of a freehold estate of the value of two hundred and fifty dollars over and above all debts and incumbrances charged thereon, and shall have been actually rated and paid a tax thereon, shall be entitled to vote at such election.

No person of colour shall be subject to direct taxation, unless he shall be seised and possessed of such real estate as aforesaid.

This last clause is merely a conscience salve; but it is an abandonment of the principles of the sovereignty of the people and of the rights of man—so much vaunted in orations and editorials: principles not clearly laid down in this Constitution, nor acted upon by any State of the Union, and entirely ignored by the United States Constitution. This clause is an adoption of the maxim that taxation and representation should go together.

It will be seen by these extracts that the suffrage is very extensive in New York State; but many restrictions, conditions, and qualifications entirely set aside the imaginary “rights of man” basis, and acknowledge the right of the State to say who shall and who shall not have a voice in the making of the laws. Expediency, not abstract right, determines who are to have a share of political power. Human equality, the rights of man, the right of self-government, are as completely abandoned as though none but native Americans, with freeholds, and over fifty years of age, were allowed to vote. The “inalienable rights

of man" theory of the First French Revolution, and of the somewhat longer-lived United States "Declaration of Independence," is now practically given up, except by the true Abolitionists. The right divine of numbers and majorities to rule, sleeps for ever side by side with the divine right of kings, and many other cast-off errors of the past. The right of man to a voice in the making of the laws he is compelled to obey, is reduced to a matter of fitness and expediency in the United States, as much as in Russia.

• This New York Constitution goes on to say:—

• All elections by the citizens shall be by Ballot.

The Legislative power of this State shall be vested in a Senate and Assembly.

The principal legal difference between these two bodies, which may be said to amount to nothing, is that one is elected by voters according to Senate districts, the other by the same people, but arranged or divided into Assembly districts. The *form* of the British Constitution was in the minds of the founders of this and of all the other Constitutions of the States, and of the United States Constitution also: it was, perhaps, impossible, even if desirable, to adopt the *spirit* of that inconsistent, unphilosophical, yet serviceable old system. We must not fall into the error of imagining that those who framed the United States Government had merely to ascertain the wisest and best system: prejudices and interests, ignorance and selfishness—personal, local, and public, often conflicting—existed then, and had to be consulted. But, to proceed:—

No person being a Member of Congress, or holding any judicial

or military office under the United States, shall hold a seat in the Legislature of this State.

The executive power shall be vested in a Governor.

No person except a citizen of the United States shall be eligible to the office of Governor.

The Governor shall be Commander-in-Chief of the military and naval forces of the State.

The Governor shall have the power to grant Reprieves, Commutations, and Pardons, after conviction, for all offences except treason and cases of impeachment.

A State which recognizes laws as to treason, must evidently be possessed of a very large amount of independence and sovereignty.

Every bill which shall have passed the Senate and Assembly shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the Governor; if he approve, he shall sign it. [If not, then there is a mode by which the Legislature may make it law, without his consent.]

There shall be a court of appeals, composed of eight judges, of whom four shall be elected by the electors of the State for eight years [by the people, the voters, that is], and four selected from the class of justices of the supreme court having the shortest time to serve.

There shall be a supreme court, having general jurisdiction in law and equity. [Elected also by the people, divided into judicial districts.]

Any male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, of good moral character, and who possesses the requisite qualifications of learning and ability, shall be entitled to admission to practise in all the courts of this State.

The State is divided into counties, and a county judge is elected by the voters, holding office for four years.

The electors of the several towns elect justices of the peace, whose term of office is four years.

Tribunals of conciliation may be established, to which recourse might be had by mutual consent.

In certain cases the State may contract debts, not exceeding in all one million of dollars, except to suppress insurrection or to repel invasion, then *ad libitum*.

Corporations or associations for banking purposes may be formed under general laws only.

The Legislature shall have no power to pass any law sanctioning, directly or indirectly, the suspension of specie payments by any person, association, or corporation issuing bank notes.

The Legislature shall require ample security for the redemption in specie of all bills or notes circulated as money.

The Militia of this State shall at all times hereafter be armed and disciplined, and in readiness for service. [The Governor is Commander-in-Chief.]

Captains, subalterns, and non-commissioned officers shall be chosen by the written votes of the members of their respective companies.

Field officers of regiments and separate battalions by the written votes of the commissioned officers of the respective regiments and separate battalions, and so on.

The Governor shall nominate, and with the consent of the Senate appoint, all major-generals and the commissary-general and others.

The commissioned officers of the militia shall be commissioned by the Governor.

All officers of the State, except a few of very inferior duties, have to swear or make affirmation to "support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of New York."

This Constitution shall be in force from and including the first day of January, 1847.

Done in Convention, at the Capitol, in the City of Albany, the ninth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and of the Independence of the United States of America the seventy-first.



Provision was made in the following manner for ascertaining the sense of the people as to adopting this Constitution:—

Form of the ballot to be used by those electors who vote for the Constitution as proposed to be amended—

Constitution.—Amended Constitution—Yes.

For those *against* the proposed new Constitution—

Constitution.—Amended Constitution—No.

At the same time, the people were called on to decide upon the political condition of the coloured people by ballot:—

Constitution: Suffrage.—Equal suffrage to coloured persons—Yes.

And a similar ballot, ending “No.” I guess the noes had it. Finally, said the Convention:—

If the Constitution now proposed be adopted the happiness and progress of the people of this State will, under God, be in their own hands.

*Albany, October 9, 1846.*

It will be seen from this Constitution how large a share of sovereignty was reserved by this State when it and its sister States established the Federal or General Government at Washington. After reading it one might be puzzled as to what the United States could find to do in a State so well provided for; and certainly, were the President and Congress suddenly to vanish, the business of the several States would seem to be in no danger of any great damage or interruption. In fact, the duties and proper objects of the Congress at Washington were few and clear, though important; but the political machinery by

which it was supported was wasteful, clumsy, and, for its proper work, inefficient. A great error the American Congress fell into was the fancying itself a British Parliament.

All that the *United States Government* has to do, all that it has a right to meddle with, is laid down in Section VIII. of the Constitution of the United States. The true theory of the Union evidently was, that the Congress at Washington was a Congress or Council of the States for the management of their foreign and inter-state affairs: each State retaining its full sovereignty in all domestic matters. Just as France and England might appoint a council and make an agreement for certain international purposes. Clause 3 of this section of the United States Constitution gives Congress power—

To regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes.

4. To establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies.

5. To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin; and fix the standard of weights and measures.

7. To establish post-offices and post-roads.

8. To promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries.

10. To define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offences against the law of nations.

11. To declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal.  
12. To raise and support armies. 13. To provide and maintain a navy. 14. To provide for calling forth the militia to support the laws of the Union, repel invasion, &c.

Clause 16 shows the State jealousy of the United States Government :—

16. To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers.

Each State also must have a Republican form of government, which amounts to nothing; and an important clause relates to fugitive slaves.

For these purposes—to perform these few functions—Congress is empowered :—

1. To levy and collect taxes, duties, imports, and excises, to pay the debts, and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States.

The term “general welfare” ought not to have been allowed in a document so definitely and particularly enumerating the powers it granted. The rest of the Constitution merely relates to the means of carrying out these few objects. An amendment was added declaring that—

The powers not *delegated* to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

And another, with a similar view of guarding the States against the United States :—

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be constrained to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

All these objects, for which the Constitution was formed, and for which alone, if it confined itself to its duties, Congress meets, are such as any two or more independent

States or nations may at any time agree to settle and regulate by treaty, for the promotion of peace and civilization. Probably, several of these objects will be considered by a congress of some of the European States, before many years have passed.

Is it not clear, from this enumeration of the powers of the Federal Government, that the sole use and duty of that Government was to regulate, so far as the Constitution gave it power, foreign and inter-state affairs only? The Government at Washington has nothing to do with, is in no way responsible for, the laws or doings of any State, so long as the few Federal functions are not interfered with; and, of course, each State is still more independent of each and all other States. New York, for instance, may establish the feudal system with regard to land; and its neighbour, Connecticut, may carry out by law the most complete agrarianism or communism. There is no power that can legally interfere in either case. They are as independent in all domestic matters as France and England. The United States constitution is but a treaty between Sovereign States.

One principal aim of the combination of the several weak and young States was to have a common flag. Each State has its own flag, which is raised over the edifice in which its Legislature is sitting. The only permanent territory of the United States is the few square miles amidst which the city of Washington stands (which were given, I believe, by Maryland) and also a few fortifications.

If, in the present troubles in North America, there is one thing clearer than the intention of the North to get

rid of the negro question, by getting rid of the negro, it is that the South is fighting for constitutionalism, against the strong and growing tendency in the North to decide every dispute by the *vox populi*: to compel everybody and everything to bow down to public opinion, however temporary, illegal, or unconstitutional. This, in fact, however flattering it may sound to European democrats, means the control of the whole population and of all the separate States by the professional wire-pullers, politicians, and electioneers—the class of men whose skill and industry are devoted to keeping up and leading political excitement, and who pay themselves and each other by a share of “the spoils.” “To the victors belong the spoils!”—that was the motto of every triumphant faction; the city of Washington being the principal rendezvous where, after victory, these spoils were divided, or, rather, scrambled for.

The last constitutional disturbance in the United States related to fugitive slaves. The letter and spirit of the constitution of the United States guaranteed the rendition of these “persons held to service,” as it called them; just as a runaway apprentice, a deserter, a criminal, may be agreed to be delivered up by one Government to another, on being regularly demanded. Such a law was a matter of necessity before the States of the South would join the proposed Union. But the conscience of the North, growing of late more tender, as the country grew more and more corrupt, easily found means to avoid the performance of their part of the constitutional compact; and sometimes for one, sometimes for another reason, that provision of the constitution so important to the comfort and peace

of the Border States especially, became of little or no effect.

By the Constitution of the United States, "No person held to service or labour in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due." From very early times, before the separation from England, this had been the custom—by courtesy and from mutual interest; and the best men of the young republic concurred in embodying it, first into the Articles of Confederation, and afterwards into the constitution, as a matter of inter-state policy, justice, and necessity. It was an extradition clause in the mutual constitutional treaty. For many years it was satisfactorily effective—years when the United States had a more homogeneous, law-abiding population of British descent. When Missouri, having the requisite population, demanded admission to the Union, her people reserved to themselves the right of allowing or disallowing negro slavery; and, having gained admission, they chose to retain slavery. Then sectional agitation began, to end only in the separation of the sections.

The execution of the above clause was impeded, and finally became impracticable, through mob-law, or, worse still, legal violence. For instance, in 1843, the General Assembly of the State of Vermont enacted that no magistrate, or legal authority of the State, should recognize, in any way, any process under the Act of Congress, respecting fugitives from service: no gaol was to be used; no officer might, under penalties, assist

in the recovery. In this spirit many of the States acted; while abolitionists sent emissaries into the South to urge the slaves to run away, and organized the "underground railroad," by which they evaded pursuit more effectually, and were distributed over the free-labour States, amidst a population which despises and hates them. This is but one of the sources of disunion. But if the above are the facts of the case, without any material omission, is it not clear that the South was on the side of constitutional government against the encroachment of anti-constitutional power?

But, after all, *it matters little what any given constitution is in print or on parchment.* It may read very well, or very ill; but how does it act? How is it carried out? Does it suit the people, the times, the circumstances? These are the questions. The Constitution of Mexico, on the whole, reads as well, to a man of the popular liberal school, as this New York Constitution. If England were to annex the Fiji Islands, a similar Constitution might be given to them—the Cannibal Islands. Laws and Constitutions are trifles when they pretend to bind and limit real power bent on aggrandizement and unopposed by any power as real as itself. Any Government may assume any form or fashion of constitution that suits the taste of the day, and yet retain in full force and spirit a system nominally condemned and abandoned. It is rather surprising that no politician of the Southern States has ever proposed a plan by which negro slavery should be abolished in name and in letter, and still the negro be kept in a servitude as real and even severer, but by more euphonious means. Were Mr. Seward

a Southerner, he could concoct such a system in three days.

But as to this New York State Constitution, distinguished by its extreme development of the Democratic principle. the final test by which it must be tried is, its results. How has it worked? What have been its fruits? Or, to put the question fully and fairly, is there good reason to believe that this ultra-democratic constitution has improved and elevated the condition of the people under its influence? The first inquiry would be as to whether the people of this State are now more moral, more intelligent and reasonable, or in a happier and more civilized, prosperous, and progressive condition than when they were British colonists, or than when, in the days of Washington, they had become a young independent republic. History will record, or ought to record, that in reading and writing, in a certain quality called smartness, and also the possession of general wealth in the politico-economical sense, and a participation in many improvements in the arts and sciences, the people have during this period considerably advanced; but that in all other respects they have retrograded: especially in domestic happiness, in public virtue and ability, and in the character of that now large and ruling class, the public men. In this assertion, I believe I shall be borne out by two-thirds of the native-born adults, men and women, of the State.

We must not put much faith in written constitutions. Mexico, which has tried universal suffrage, abolitionism, and amalgamation, and has lately been declared by three great European Powers unfit to manage its own affairs, has a constitution, which the famous Abbé Siéyès would



have been proud to acknowledge as a masterpiece: a constitution which great numbers of our young men, and some old ones, would pronounce infinitely superior to the indefinite, illogical, antiquated, gnarled affair called the British Constitution. Here are some of its principles and propositions:—

The Mexican people recognize that the rights of man are the basis and the object of social institutions.

All are born free in the Republic. Slaves that set foot upon the national territory recover by that single act their liberty, and have a right to the protection of the laws. Education is free. Every man is free to adopt such profession as he may prefer, the same being useful and honourable.

The expression of opinions shall not be the object of any inquisition, judicial or administrative, except where the same is an attack upon morals, assails the rights of third parties, incites to any crime or offence, or disturbs public order. The liberty of writing and publishing works on whatsoever subjects is inviolable. The right of petition is inviolable.

None shall be restricted the right to assemble peaceably for any lawful object whatever.

All men have the right to possess and carry arms for their security and legitimate defence.

There are not, nor shall be recognized in the Republic, titles of nobility, prerogatives, or hereditary honours.

What more could any Americanizer ask?

The citizens are entitled to vote at popular elections; to be voted for, for any office subject to popular election.

Those are citizens of the Republic who, having the quality of Mexicans [natives, that is], have also the following requisites:—

1. Eighteen years of age, if married; or twenty-one, if not married.

2. An honest means of livelihood.

The national sovereignty resides essentially and originally in the people. All public power springs from the people, and is instituted for their benefit. The people have at all times the inalienable right of altering or modifying their form of Government.

The exercise of the supreme executive power of the Union shall be deposited in one sole individual, who shall be called "President of the United States."

In fact, we might suppose ourselves to be reading the Constitution of the other "United States," which has been thus imitated by I know not how many republics in the New World: almost all of them now in a Mexican condition, and some of them promising or threatening to revert to aboriginalism—if I may so speak—from the practice of amalgamation and from putting all races on an equal footing.

The reader will excuse this digression. In fact, it is hardly one, because Mexico has long been regarded as manifestly destined at earliest convenience to add three or four stars to the star-spangled banner, according to the inalienable right of the strongest:

The simple plan—

That he should take who has the power,  
And he should keep who can.

That is the nature of things in this struggling world, in which might makes right, whether we like it or not: and when it comes into collision with inferiority, moral, intellectual, or physical, pays little regard to either the most perfect glass ballot-box or the most ingenious constitution.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Unsettled State of Society—Want of Home Influences—The West—Emigrating—Malaria—The Land—Land Speculations—Effects of Success and Prosperity—Trading in the Progress of the Country—The Railway System—Western Land Mania—The Panic—John Bull's Stamina acknowledged—Charitableness and Generosity of the People.

I AM sorry I have not been able to enter more into the domestic life of the United States people; they are so different at home from what one would suppose after witnessing their reckless political and public life. There is a constant struggle going on between the instinctive tendency of the German and Anglo-Saxon races to form a home, in the English social sense of the word, on the one hand; and the counteracting influences of the political condition of the country, the rapid development of business and population, the temptations to change for the sake of rising in the world more rapidly, on the other. The women, the mothers of families especially, very many of them, lead, from these causes, a life of incessant worry and disappointment; again and again they arrange the family nest in some new spot, and when they are able to sit down with some satisfaction are suddenly obliged to abandon the comfortable home. The husband thinks he sees somewhere a fine opening; the family pack up and

away they go, perhaps into the midst of the most unsettled population in Christendom—that of the West.

The neighbourly character of the people, the ease with which they form new habits and new acquaintances, make these changes much less serious affairs than they would be to English people. And it is partly this unsettled state that makes Englishwomen the most discontented people in the New World. I have known some of these whose husbands have done well, living in a style far above what they ever expected at home, with American-born sons and daughters, respected and prosperous, who were yet ever longing to recross the Atlantic, and fly to—perhaps some dingy street in London. Yes, strange as it may seem, this great metropolis, with its fogs and mud, and miles upon miles of dirty brick houses, and myriads of strange faces, with its characteristic, noblest feature—its beautiful, far-seen dome—is scarcely less loved by many of its widely-scattered sons and daughters (the last especially) than his native valley or mountain is by the home-sick Swiss.

Among the things that led me to America was the West; to see Niagara, the prairies, the buffaloes, and the wild red men; as to all of which I was either disappointed (from curious accidental circumstances) or changed my mind. The West is more beautiful on paper or in song than in reality; and even the romance of danger has departed from it with the unpitied and un pitying Indian. In fact, after living a while in the United States, out of the few great cities, one sees so much of nature that one is little inclined to travel merely to see her in some fresh aspect; those who go to the mountains or the sea-side go there to

get cool, and to enjoy themselves without undergoing excessive perspiration. The real and the imaginary West are about as like and unlike each other as the actual aborigines and the sentimental creations of the novelist's brain which pass under the name of Indian.

Men and newspapers talk very glibly about emigrating and going to the West, as if it were a pleasant trip, or a friendly visit to one's rich relations; little thinking of the suffering, and disappointment, and waste of life attending the migration. There are no statistics on the subject that I know of, and if there were, I doubt whether the reader would place much faith in United States' figures; but disease makes sad havoc among the early settlers in the wilderness, and even in the villages and towns of the West. The perfectly healthy prairie and forest emit a poisonous miasma when their virgin soil is disturbed by the plough; pale, yellow, haggard faces become quite familiar; ague, chills and fevers are thought nothing of, or at least spoken of lightly, although they finally ruin the constitution, and break up many a too hard-working family. Of the able-bodied men who go to the West and take to farming, the majority, I fear, are entirely disappointed; although they may have promoted the growth of the country and raised the value of land, and many of them will have accumulated more for their children than they would have done at home. The subject of European emigration, however, is too interesting and important to be entered upon in the few remaining pages of this volume.

Men often make blessings into curses, but heaven converts the curses back into blessings. The prodigious wide-spread wealth which, for incalculable ages, nature

has been slowly treasuring up in the Western continent, till the once bare rocks are now covered in excessive abundance with precious fertile soil, capable of supporting and satisfying even the omnivorous Anglo-Saxon; this wealth, or means of wealth, has long attracted the greedy gaze of that class now recognized as "speculators"—a class whose object may be defined to be to discover how to make for themselves, at the cost of others, something out of nothing; or to procure hard substantial cash, in exchange for ingenious, promising, and tempting schemes for money-making. Ever since the days of Columbus, speculators, or peculators, have from time to time contrived to make a living out of these rich virgin lands by some easier means than honest agriculture; but the railroad had become, at the time I speak of, the gigantic machine for transferring money from the producers to the speculators.

Speculation in real estate has for many years been the ruling idea and occupation of the Western mind. Clerks, labourers, farmers, storekeepers, merely followed their callings for a living, while they were speculating for their fortunes. There are no statistics which show how many Yankees went out West to buy a piece of land and make a farm and home, and live and settle, and die there. I think that not more than one-half per cent. of the migration from the East started with that idea: and not even half of these carried out the idea. The German immigrants, indeed, were better entitled to be called settlers; but all classes and people of all kinds became agitated and unsettled, and had their acquisitiveness perpetually excited by land speculations in some shape or

other—new railways, roads, proposed villages and towns, gold mines, water-powers, coal mines—some opportunity or other of getting rich all at once by a lucky hit.

Prominent among the causes of the downfall of the Union must be ranked the easy yet brilliant conquest of Mexico by the armies of the United States, the discovery of the gold fields of California, the great and sudden prosperity and wealth of the country and the people in general, and the immense national resources in the shape of land, the market value of which was greatly increased by every venturesome pioneer. Even in this slow Old England, we often enough see the bad effects of too easily or too suddenly acquired wealth; in the United States, vast numbers of the population became excited with dreams of sudden wealth, and the idea of a life of labour was scouted as the suitable destiny of mere timid, unenterprising, weak people, or plodding Dutch or English, but altogether beneath the notice of Young America.

The people of the West became dealers in land, rather than its cultivators. Scorning cheap clocks, wooden nutmegs, and apple-parers, the Yankee, stepping from the almost ridiculous to the decidedly sublime, went out West, and traded in the progress of the country. Every one of any spirit, ambition, and intelligence (cash was not essential), frequented the National Land Exchange, a vast concern: extending from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

By convenient laws, land was made as easily transferable and convertible as any other species of property. It might and did pass through a dozen hands within sixty days, rising in price at each transfer; in the meantime producing buffaloes and Red Indians. Millions of acres

were bought and sold without buyer or seller knowing where they were, or whether they were anywhere; the buyer only knowing that he hoped to sell his title to them at a handsome profit.

To keep up and encourage the great western staple, the Progress of the Country; to inflate as largely and rapidly as possible the magnificent bubble, public improvements were called for: canals and railroads were made or proposed, from the established centres of trade, commerce, and travel, to the indefinite West. Where was the money to come from to create these costly works, on a vast scale, in a savage territory, to give value to that territory on the Land Exchange? It was a grand problem, one would think, but really as simple as the discovery of America. Endow the railway with a few millions of acres of the lands it runs through and brings into the market; then sell these acres to pay for constructing the line, and to yield the shareholders their interest.

To extend and facilitate these land transactions, these speculations in the Progress of the Country, the system of selling land on time was adopted. The instalments of the purchase-money were made payable within various periods (frequently ten years) at low interest, in the first instance. Thus, A., after much thinking, and watching, and saving, or borrowing, secured a corner lot in his favourite city (that was to be), or his half-section in some future garden of the Union (often actually indicated in the deed of sale by the latitude and longitude); this he sold at a profit to B., on a few years' credit (secured, of course, by mortgage); B. did the same to C.; and so on.



It happened that, while this system was going on, the United States Government rewarded the services of those who had borne arms in the wars of the country, by giving them Land Warrants for 80, or 160, or 320 acres, according to services—in all amounting to many millions of acres. So in 1856 the railroad and canal companies and the holders of these Land Warrants were everywhere selling, selling, selling, in large or small parcels of land, until everybody in the West had a share of God's earth, quietly increasing in value at the rate of perhaps a hundred, or at least twenty per cent. per annum—it was hoped.

As an example of the effects of this real estate mania, take Chicago. There land, for building purposes, was dearer than in the larger Eastern cities; and house-rent twice as much as in New York. In 1857 it is probable that upwards of eight hundred millions of dollars were invested in idle Western lands, and lots in proposed cities, which had been paid for to the extent of one-fourth, the remainder continually being paid in instalments.

Of course, this business, then, required a good deal of money, which was forthcoming—while prices were still rising. But the progress of speculation had got far ahead of its object or subject, the Progress of the Country.

The Western merchant or storekeeper came to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, bought goods on credit of the jobbers or importers, went home, sold them, and invested the proceeds in lands and lots. Land was becoming the circulating medium. The importers had to obtain an extension of time to pay the European manufacturer his dues—unless he would take a few sections of land in such and such a latitude and longitude.

Of course, such a business as this, engrossing the attention of perhaps a majority of the population, could not go on long. Unfortunately, the bankruptcy and misery that followed the long put-off day of settling accounts are already almost forgotten. The whole domestic history of the time, which ended in the panic of 1857, affords a striking illustration of the state of mind which has become habitual in the Northern States; the tendency to seize upon some project or idea, to dwell upon it, inflate it, make it into a mania, run it into the ground, as they say, and then forget all about it. But what is most important to consider is, that the leaders and promoters of these ruinous, demoralizing manias are, in public opinion, respectable, intelligent, and educated people.

The American is not a sullen, obstinate animal. When the *Arabia* brought to New York, in November, 1857, the news that the English were not scared at all the American bank suspensions which had taken place in the New York and other Northern states; that Delhi was taken and the terrible Indian mutiny crushed; and that the American horses, Prioresse and Babylon, were badly beaten at Newmarket, there was a grim smiling acknowledgment that after all there was yet a good deal of life and pluck in John Bull. For instance, thus said a morning paper (I prefer to let the people of the United States and their press speak for themselves):—

We may learn a wholesome lesson from the British reception of our financial troubles. There was no flurry in the street, no clamour in the newspapers. The suspension of the banks was hailed as “a very good thing” on the whole; and as for specie, it was proclaimed that England would send as much as we wanted,

provided we paid for it. This is the tone and language of a sensible, practical, ripely intelligent people. We could do no harm by copying them sometimes. When the time comes that we shall know the inside history of the revulsion and bank suspension of 1857, perhaps it may be found that this community did not distinguish itself in that year for coolness, sagacity, courage, or common sense; and possibly it may occur to the future historian of these times to illustrate his meaning by contrasting with our flurry and panic the manly attitude of some other people in a like crisis. England would present an obvious parallel.

No doubt the New York mind was rather disappointed that the wide-spread ruin, bankruptcies, and suspensions of the States affected British equanimity and confidence so much less than was expected. Since then it has been still more astonished: so thoroughly had all those who pretended to be the teachers and enlighteners of the people, indoctrinated the public mind with the idea that in the Old World everything was decaying and degenerating, and that the only hope of its people was in copying the institutions of self-styled "America."

Still, amidst the deep, lasting, wide-spread distress that followed years of extravagance, the people generally of all classes in the States behaved nobly; rich and poor alike liberally assisting those most in need. One instance I recollect may be worth recording:—A respectable-looking man, dressed in shabby black, was noticed hanging about one of the butcher's markets, and at last was seen by one of the boys to take a piece of meat from a stall and walk off with it without paying. The lad told his employer, who had the man watched, and after mentioning the fact to his neighbouring tradesmen, a policeman was requested to follow the thief; not to apprehend him, but to learn what

he could. The officer accordingly rapped at the door of the man's room, and was told to walk in. "I know what you are come for; you're right," said the thief, coming forward: "but look here," and he pointed to his wife and children, crouching against one another, cold and hungry, in the wretched room. The policeman said nothing, but left the room, and going to those who had sent him told them how things stood. Whereupon after brief consultation among the butchers, a boy was hurried off to the poor family with some more meat and other things, and with a message which encouraged him to keep up his spirits till better times came round.

Many and abundant facts of the kind I could relate, were it necessary to prove that the people whose follies and weaknesses I have been dwelling upon for useful purposes, are highly charitable and generous; though even these virtues, vile politicians have endeavoured to pervert and degrade, by getting up demonstrations of benevolence for "buncombe" purposes.

But I must conclude; leaving, scarcely touched upon, many matters which it were highly desirable that Englishmen—public men especially—should understand. My principal task, I have found, has been to expose the realities that lie beneath deceptive names and forms, to remove appearances, and show the real state of things. In doing this, I feel satisfied that any dispassionate United States man will allow that I have extenuated rather than exaggerated the faults and vices of his country and countrymen which I have pointed out, and that no one well informed on the subjects will deny that a much more unfavourable account might be given of matters, public and private,

in the United States, without garbling, or unfairly selecting and presenting facts. I have, indeed, almost unavoidably and very unwillingly, passed hastily over the more pleasing and admirable features of the versatile and many-sided character of the people under consideration. We should never forget how difficult it is to give even a full and fair judgment concerning our fellow-countrymen. The Northern people, despite their courage, ability, skill, and determination, have been and are labouring under a system controlled by office-holders, office-seekers, and office consumers; a few successful demagogue politicians being the managers, and the whole forming a most dangerous, irresponsible ruling class. Such a class must look upon every independent man of integrity and ability as a natural enemy, and keep him down if possible. The party carrying on the war, is in constant dread of a popular reaction against the war itself and the ruling faction: this explains the late removal of the 'only general in whom the army had some confidence. This system is the enemy which the people of the North have to subvert, or they must fall into the rear of progressive nations. But, before either of these events occur, Europe may be surprised by beholding a reconstruction of the Federalism of the States; for between the masses of the American people there is no rivalry or enmity sufficient to prevent such a reunion.

THE END.





